

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

APRIL 22, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

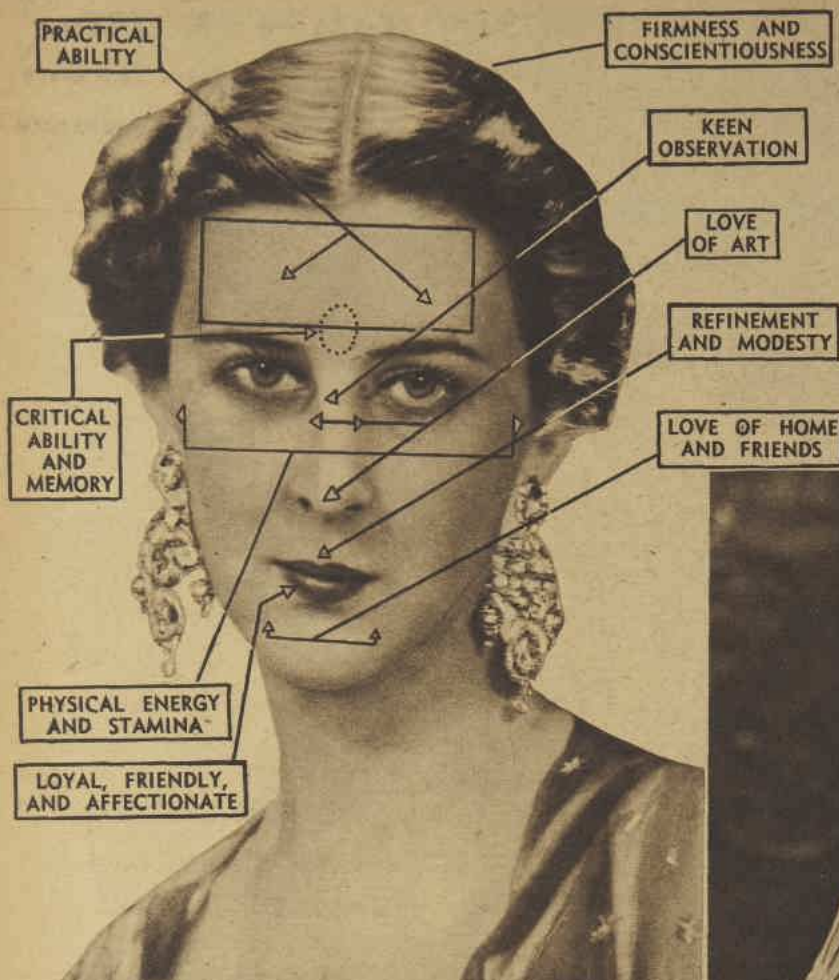
Published in Every State

PRICE

30







HERE IS the character chart of the Duchess of Kent. Outstanding points are her intellect, wisdom, and capacity for art.

THE beautiful face of the Duchess of Kent is one of the most photographed in the world, and already, through newspaper reproductions, Australians know well her thoughtful, dark eyes, patrician nose and shy, lovely smile.

In a few months' time we will be able to see the Duchess herself, when she comes to Australia as wife of the Governor-General.

Photographs of faces, especially the faces of famous people, are always intriguing for the characteristics they reveal or conceal.

A celebrity may smile for the camera and yet conceal painful shyness; a hard-headed business man may have the eager eyes of a young boy, a chorus girl may have the straight, small nose of an aristocrat, or a pugilist the brow of a genius.

A well-known "reader" of faces in making the chart of the Duchess gave the following reading:—

"The science of face reading gives clues to the character according to the shape and size of eyes and mouth and the bones which construct the face," he explains.

"The Duchess of Kent's face combines great beauty with a perfect balance of intellectual, emotional and physical energy.

"It reveals her kindly, sympathetic, sincere and idealistic nature, and a considerable amount of practical ability.

"Her well-developed forehead is broad and high, showing a clear understanding, an ability to compare facts and to think logically, and possession of intuition.

"Her critical ability is revealed by the fullness of the upper centre of her forehead. This enables her to plan wisely and, combined with a very good memory, to retain the knowledge she has acquired.

"Fullness across the eyebrows gives evidence that she is a keen observer. She is always interested in her surroundings, and her first impressions are quick and clear.

"Width between the eyebrows, a characteristic of the Duchess' face, denotes brain faculty and individuality.

"The depth at the inner corners of her eyes, combined

with the eyebrows rising to a point at their outer angles, explains her love of all beautiful things and her discerning taste in art.

"Her eyes are correctly spaced (the width of one eye apart). They are set straight, conveying truth, breadth of view, powers of comprehension and a capacity for absorbing varied ideas.

"The fact that the upper part of her head at the crown is very high denotes moral power, firmness and conscientiousness.

"Her face in the centre—between the ears—is wide. This indicates physical energy and excellent stamina.

"Her nose, of the Grecian type, is another indication of her love of the beautiful and interest in art.

"Fullness under the eyes (the faculty of language) explains that she can speak eloquently and that she is a good linguist.

"Modesty and refinement are indicated by the deep groove down the centre of her upper lip.

"Her mouth and chin are clearly defined and full, revealing sincere devotion to family and friends.

"This, combined with the firm, kind and sincere elements of her chin, completes the outline of one of the most lovable faces I have been privileged to read."

## Duchess of Kent

### One of the most lovable faces

AN expert in character reading from the face has charted the charm of the Duchess of Kent. He says: "Here is beauty—intellect, art, wisdom, and vitality. It is one of the most lovable faces I have charted."



A CHARMING profile study of the Duchess of Kent. There is a patrician touch to her features, indicating leadership and loyalty.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Famous Surgeon

SIR HUGH DEVINE, recently elected president of the Australasian College of Surgeons, has been described by eminent overseas authorities as one of the world's greatest surgeons. His surgical ability, combined with mechanical genius, has enabled him to invent many new surgical instruments. He was knighted in 1936 for his services to Australian surgery.



### Touring Australia

MISS HELEN TOPPING, representative of the Japanese Christian writer, Toyohiko Kagawa, is now in Australia on a three months' lecture tour, sponsored by the Kagawa-operative Fellowship.

Miss Topping joined Kagawa's staff of secretaries just after the war and a few years later began lecturing and lecturing throughout the world as his representative.



### Honor For Aviator

SQUADRON-LEADER ERT KELLETT, of the R.A.F. flight of Victoria, has won a new world record for a solo flight—Ismaia (Egypt) in a biplane. He was awarded the national Harmon Trophy for Aviators' International League. In January he tied with the Hughes American aviator, winning by the International Aeronautical Federation for a gold medal, which was not awarded.



*Glamorous*  
of course—  
she uses  
**ERASMIC**  
Face Powder

**ERASMIC**  
has the perfect  
skin-toning for YOU.

**BLONDE?** The dainty, fragile type... you'll find Erasmic's NATURAL the perfect shade to blend with your pearly skin.

**BRUNETTE?** The lighter, golden-brown type... SUNTAN is your shade... and a warm rosy, flattering shade it is too!

**TITIAN-HAIRED?** With that cool, transparent-looking skin, you must use Erasmic's RACHEL... to provide an alluring contrast to your lovely locks.



Erasmic Vanishing Cream—perfect powder base, 1/- a tube. Erasmic Cold Cream—perfect cleansing cream, 1/- a tube.  
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES





## Sir Hubert Wilkins' mind messages from Arctic snows

### Amazing test - in mental telepathy

Friend picked up messages 3000 miles away

One of the most amazing experiments in mental telepathy is revealed by Australian explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins, who has left Adelaide on his way to England.

While he was in the Arctic a friend in New York got his brain messages with extraordinary clarity.

BY means of these thought messages Sir Hubert and a companion, Harold Sherman, American author, carried on "conversations" although Sir Hubert was in the Arctic Circle and his "companion" was in New York, 3000 miles away.

An American magazine investigated the amazingly accurate telepathy talks at the time, and Sir Hubert confirmed them when interviewed in Adelaide by The Australian Women's Weekly.

"It was the most amazing thing that ever happened to me," he said. "There was no possibility of outside assistance."

The sender of the telepathic messages was cut off from radio contact and civilisation in the snowy wastes of the Arctic Circle.

Sir Hubert met Harold Sherman on the eve of his flight in 1937 to search for six Russian fliers lost near the Arctic Circle.

Both Sir Hubert and Harold Sherman believed in telepathy and clairvoyance.

The Russian fliers had disappeared on a flight from Russia to California, via the North Pole, and Wilkins was employed by the Soviet Government to search from the air the rough country in Alaska, north-west Canada, and the ice-bound ocean beyond.

The two men agreed to experiment in telepathy.

Three nights a week between 11.30 and midnight eastern standard time, Wilkins was to seek solitude and "open his subconscious."

At the same time Sherman was to sit in darkness in his study in New York, and, making his mind a blank, try to "get" the telepathic messages Wilkins would send at the same time.

At intervals Sherman mailed his transcript of these impressions, and Wilkins reported upon their accuracy.

To provide a scientific check on their experiment, Sherman also mailed a copy of his impressions to Samuel Emery, a mutual friend and a sceptic regarding what they called "extra sensory perception."

After reading the reports Emery put them away. Later Doctor Gardner Murphy, a psychologist at Columbia University, was also enlisted as a witness.

When radio conditions were favorable Wilkins sent correspondence to the New York "Times." The "Times" head radio operator began his contact with the experiment as a sceptic. At the end he testified that at no time during the six months did Harold Sherman seek

any information about Wilkins and his activities, and admitted that Sherman actually had a more accurate knowledge of what was happening during the search for the lost fliers than he himself was able to gain in his attempts to keep in touch by radio.

For the first three months of his journey through Canada and Alaska Wilkins was so preoccupied with weather, equipment difficulties, and search flights that he was unable to fulfil his part of the experiment.

Later, Wilkins was able to keep his appointment with Sherman occasionally.

#### Report of "talks"

THE following comparison shows the amazing accuracy of the pictures seen in the dark by Sherman as he sat alone in his study.

**Sherman's Impressions.**  
Oct. 28: C. is with you. Carries good-luck charm.

**Wilkins' Report.**  
Cheesman joined expedition 1315 days. Carries a penguin. (a-m all waddy charm.

**Possibility of going via Alaska** because of warm weather in Canada. This also received intensive thought during day - and St. Barrow was often in mind.

**Nov. 8: Barrow.** This word came to me after I first saw mental picture of a whaler.

**Nov. 11: You in company with** military attire - some women, evening dress - you appear to be in evening dress yourself. (Sherman knew with his clairvoyant mind that Wilkins carried no formal clothes and recorded his surprise when his subconscious mind recorded this impression.)

**Nov. 22: You following Mackenzie River in flight - weather, fog and snow - dawn at town with old stone fort - expect flight on to-morrow morning - Akilavik mail.**

**Nov. 26: Strong impression - ping-pong ball. Is there table in town where people play?**

**Dec. 7: Do not know why, but I seem to see crackling fire shining out in darkness at Akilavik - get a de-**

**any information about Wilkins and his activities, and admitted that Sherman actually had a more accurate knowledge of what was happening during the search for the lost fliers than he himself was able to gain in his attempts to keep in touch by radio.**

ALTHOUGH he was in the Arctic Circle Sir Hubert Wilkins' thought transference messages were received with amazing clarity by Harold Sherman in New York, 3000 miles away.

**Sherman's Impressions.**  
Nov. 1: Fire impression, as though house burning. . . . You can see it from your location on ice. I first thought fire on ice, near your tent, but impressions persist it is white - house burning and quite a crowd around it people running or hurrying toward flame. . . . bitter cold stiff breeze.

**Wilkins' Report.**  
Your plane looks like a silver sheet in moonlight. . . . I seem to be almost under nose of it standing in snow - looking up - it lowers over me. I've never seen plane of course, but it seems to have high bow with two huge drop-pilers either side of cabin or cockpit. (A long detailed description of the plane followed.)

**Nov. 17: 17th comes to mind as real take-off for search flight - day later than you had originally contemplated, seem forecast unfavorable weather arising to prevent action on 16th.**

**A prominent citizen in Akilavik has died - and I seem to catch glimpse of funeral service - strange sensation this connection that an Akilavik doctor is also an undertaker or undertaker associated.**

**Is there some man you deal with Akilavik by name of Webb or Weber? Name comes to me and man seems medium height, heavy-set, heavily clad, hooded garb.**

**(The amazing accuracy of this particular "impression" is only marred by the fact that Sherman saw Wilkins in Akilavik when he was actually at Pt. Barrow.)**

**Dec. 21: Sudden severe pain comes to me - right side of head.**

**I am not sure that it happened this day, but each one of us could not seem to avoid bumping our heads on a sharp-edged stovepipe in the kitchen.**

**Wilkins' Report.**  
Only four telephones at Barrow. It was an Eskimo's shack on fire. The chimney blazed up and the roof took fire but it was soon put out. Some damage resulted mostly from efforts of zealous firemen. Was pretty cold that night with a light wind.

**Description of plane.**  
practically exact.

**Weather was and remained unfavorable over whole moonlight period, 15th to 17th inclusive.**

**There was a funeral service. An Eskimo baby died. The natives act as their own undertakers.**

**An owner of a store at Akilavik is Peffer - about as description.**

## Holiday CRUISES



### ON THE AUSTRALIAN COAST

To relax completely for a few days, refreshingly free from daily routine, travel interstate by sea, and return, at moderate inclusive cost. To enjoy every minute of a longer holiday, plan an extended interstate tour, with the luxury and service of modern interstate passenger liners. Ask for literature about Round Tours to Fremantle (20 days), Adelaide (13 days), South Australian Gulf Trip (20 days), Melbourne (6 days), Brisbane (5 days), Cairns (13 days) and Barrier Reef Islands.

Enquire from:-  
The Adelaide S.S. Co. Ltd., 22 Bridge Street - 2 - BW 2911  
A.U.S.N. Co. Ltd., 247 George Street - 2 - B 7511  
Howard Smith Ltd., 209 George Street - 2 - B 7611  
Bullock Parker Ltd., 10 Bridge St. - 2 - B 1341  
Melbourne S.S. Co. Ltd., 19 Bridge St. - 2 - BW 1047  
Melbourne S.S. Co. Ltd., 1 Barrack St. - 2 - BW 1003  
(Offices also at Newcastle)

## TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA

Continued on Page 28





—Marcus Adams

A RECENT PORTRAIT of Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Elizabeth. The Princess celebrates this week her thirteenth birthday.

## Long stockings now for PRINCESS

Teens bring new duties and changed status at palace

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

This is an important week for Princess Elizabeth. Her birthday on April 21 brings her to her teens.

Plans are being made already for her coming-out in three years' time. Before then she will be confirmed—about Easter, 1942.

She has already begun to appear at public functions wearing long stockings.

RECENTLY there has been a big change in the Princess' position at the Palace.

No longer is she a little girl playing make-believe games with her sister in the garden on fine days, and in the nursery when it rains.

No longer is she naively solemn when she appears in public.

After her coming-out she will be presented at State banquets, undertake important public engagements attended by her ladies-in-waiting and unaccompanied by any other member of the Royal Family.

The Princess will then have her own tradesmen, her own accounts, her own income, and she will be addressed as "Your Royal Highness," even within the Palace, and not simply, as she now is, "Princess."

Meanwhile, the King's elder daughter is getting not precocious but simply grown-up. The King and Queen, who saw to it that she was not spoiled or petted as a child, are now seeing that she is given confidence in herself and opportunities to take the initiative.

She is being trained in a sense of her responsibilities, but not of her own importance.

All this is shown by definite changes in the Palace routine.

The staff now refer to "the school-room" and not "the nursery." The Princess' suite is treated as a separate part of the Palace.

Princess Elizabeth has her own sitting-room, furnished with a bureau, apart from the rooms she shares with her sister.

She has flowers of her own choice, specially delivered to her to decorate her rooms.

She and her sister take their meals in simple state. Two footmen, known as the Princesses' footmen, wait at table.

### Hostess at parties

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is now a hostess in her own right. Seldom a week passes but she entertains young friends specially invited by herself—not just the children of friends visiting her parents.

She now gives small lunch and tea parties, as well as the annual children's parties of which everyone knows.

On these occasions the Princess helps to arrange the menu with the chef.

She can be trusted to choose suitable food, for she has already mastered many of the mysteries of international menu language.

Another indication of the Princess' emancipation from the nursery is the way her programme is compiled. She and her sister work entirely independently of their parents' plans.

Nearly every Friday afternoon, for instance, they all go down to Royal Lodge, Windsor, for the week-end.

But if the King and Queen are delayed the Princesses set off as usual in their own car, driven by their own chauffeur and with their own little retinue. They also have their own bodyguard.

The Princess is a good mixer. She talks knowledgeably on many subjects, stops to speak to members of the Royal households, and always has something to say to strangers.

Her growing up has been marked recently by the wearing of more shapely shoes, and she has abandoned the hair ribbon her younger sister still wears.

For the first time she has begun to appear at public functions in long stockings. Her frocks and coats are longer and her elastic-banded halo bonnet has been replaced by a well-titled beret-style hat, with a gold brooch.

But the Queen still chooses her clothes. She has decided views and prefers her two daughters to be dressed alike as far as color and



THE PRINCESS at an Aldershot tattoo.



REVIEWING Girl Guides.



A MORNING RIDE in Windsor Great Park.

fabric are concerned, although Princess Elizabeth wears slightly more grown-up styles.

There are already indications that Princess Elizabeth will be in the not-too-distant future one of the most active members of the Royal Family.

She has already become patron of a charity, the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children. Recently she attended the pony show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, accompanied by her sister, but without any other member of the Royal Family, when she presented rosettes to the winners.

### Important engagements

A MONTH or two ago she organized the exhibition of dolls presented by the French Government at St. James' Palace, unpacking each exhibit herself and making all the arrangements.

And when the Polish Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, went to London for his vital meeting with the British Cabinet to discuss the Nazis' threat to Poland, Princess Elizabeth attended a luncheon in his honor.

There is even discussion on the Continent, particularly in France, as to her future husband. As she is heir to the British throne, her husband will become Prince Consort.

Those who have been mentioned so far as possible husbands include her cousin, the Earl of MacDuff, now aged 25; Prince Gorm, of Denmark, now 19; Prince Carl of Sweden, who is 22; and Lord Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's heir, now aged 16.

## "GEE-CHOCOLATE CAKE—I'D LIKE A TON OF IT!"



Chocolate Cake is always popular with the youngsters. Use Bournville Cocos to add a rich chocolatey flavour to your cakes and desserts. And remember, too—Bournville adds real nourishment as well as improving the flavour!

## FREE COOKERY BOOK

... see below

### CHOCOLATE ICING RECIPE.

2oz. Bournville Cocoa 1 gill water  
1lb. icing sugar Few drops of vanilla

METHOD:—Roll the lumps out of the sugar, then rub it through a fine sieve. Put the cocoa into a saucepan and mix to a smooth paste with the water. Stir over a low gas for a few minutes to cook it, then leave until cool. Add the sieved icing sugar and flavouring and mix all to a smooth paste. Stir over a low gas until the bottom of the saucepan feels just warm, then use as required. If the correct consistency, the icing should just coat the back of the spoon. If necessary, add more water or sieved sugar as required.

"They love this delicious chocolate icing... made with BOURNVILLE COCOA!"



## Send for this COOK BOOK

A New Charm Chocolate Cookery Book, beautifully illustrated and containing 91 tested recipes for delicious economical chocolate desserts, both hot and cold, will be sent to you on receipt of your name and full postal address, together with a penny stamp. Write to Cadbury's, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Cadbury's  
**BOURNVILLE  
COCOA**

C1339



# LOVE for SALE

Complete  
Short  
Story

Bill was trusting  
and almost walked  
into a trap, but  
there was Gloria!

Illustrated by . . .  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

**G**LORIA HAYWARD'S passion for the truth had been a thorn in her parents' side ever since she had been able to talk.

Gloria stated facts in a loud, clear tone and let social procedure take care of itself. She was the kind of little girl that cautious parents hide in the nursery when an important dinner-party is in progress. If she escaped it was more than likely that Mrs. Ellis would discover that it was ridiculous for a woman of her age to dye her hair, or Mr. Talbot would learn that his golf game was a source of great annoyance to her father when he was forced into a foursome as Mr. Talbot's partner. She was not a diabolical child. She was merely fiendishly simple.

It was this simplicity in Gloria which, at the moment, was shaking the Desant family to its foundations. The Desant family, which had been so wealthy, so assured of its place in the social world, had recently lost most of its money. Something had to be done and quickly.

Leila became engaged to William Hendricks, a young man who had recently come into a spectacular fortune which had been made in a chain of dance halls by an aunt he had never seen.

Fortunately the Desants had held on to their country house. Now, in the drawing-room, they were holding a council of war.

Leila paced the floor and said: "Why we had to have Gloria just this summer I don't know. Uncle Philip couldn't get ill last summer and send her. No. He had to get ill this summer and then have no money. I call it rotten luck." She glared at her parents as though it were all their fault.

"If only," Leila said, "I hadn't made fun of him. But I did. Everybody did. And Gloria'll tell him. You watch!"

"If we spoke to her—" James Desant said.

Leila threw up her hands and her eyes simultaneously. She gave an imitation of her father speaking to Gloria: "Gloria, my dear, Leila didn't mean that. Bill Hendricks was a fool to think that he'd be accepted by her friends. If he knew she'd said that he might not want to marry her. Isn't that so?"

**AGNES DESANT:** "It's quite true, James. Gloria will say just anything and everything that pops into her head. I never did like the child."

"She's my dead sister's daughter," said James Desant doggedly.

"She'll be your dead sister's dead daughter if she spoils things for me," said Leila. She whipped out of the room. Bill Hendricks, with his look of eager friendliness and perpetual gratitude and wonder at his good fortune, was coming to stay with them. His letters to Leila after she consented to their marriage had been humble and awe-struck. She had torn each of them into shreds, furious and sick at the prospect of spending the rest of her life with a man who asked advice about the sort of tie he should wear with a wing collar.

Gloria came in from the garden.

"When does the fattest calf arrive?" she said.

"What's that you have in your hand?"

"It's a frog."

Her aunt rose in unconcealed horror.

"You are to get that frog out of the drawing-room."

"He's sweet," Gloria said. "Look!" She opened her hand and the frog jumped out. "Oooh," said Gloria, making clutching motions. "He got away."

Agnes stood, a tower of outraged

matronhood, in the centre of the room.

"You are to get that frog out of the drawing-room."

"Have to find him first," said Gloria.

"And you are not to bring any more in."

Gloria nodded.

"And you are not," her aunt went on, "to discuss anything pertaining to—ah—family matters with Mr. Hendricks."

"Oh, does he speak English?" said Gloria.

"I had the idea that all he did was stand in corners and pay the bill when it came round."

Agnes put her hand to her forehead.

"I feel a headache coming on. I think I'll lie down." She went out of the room.

James Desant drew a deep breath, looking at his watch. In just one hour William Hendricks would arrive. He said:

"It scarcely seems necessary for me to tell you, Gloria, that it will be most painful for me to find that you have pursued your usual course of telling a perfect stranger everything you know by the time you've been with him an hour. I rely on you to maintain a decent reticence about things that are of no interest to Mr. Hendricks." He, too, left the room.

When Leila brought Bill Hendricks back from the station Gloria was standing looking out of her bedroom window. Up to that moment her picture of Bill had been a weird one. Each time she thought of him she had seen a creature resembling a turtle wearing a dinner jacket that didn't fit properly.

Now she saw a tall young man in a brown suit with wavy brown hair and pleasant eyes. Gloria felt a peculiar little chill up and down her spine. "Gosh," she said.

"When they reached the front door Gloria lifted her voice to say: 'Neville rang you up, Leila.'"

Leila said, "Thank you," between her teeth.

A moment later, without knocking, Leila came into her room.

"You are not to mention Neville again in front of Bill."

"You mean I'm not to give you any messages?"

"You're not to mention him."

"If you're worried about that time I saw you kissing him in a car at the club," said Gloria.

"I wouldn't. I just thought since you'd seen him so much and seemed to like kissing him so much perhaps you'd want to know he'd rung up."

"You little fiend," Leila went out, slamming the door.

When Bill came downstairs just before dinner he found Gloria standing at the drawing-room window. Bill said: "Hello," and Gloria turned round.

"I'm Bill Hendricks," he said.

"I know that," she said. "I'm Gloria Hayward, Leila's cousin."

Then something happened quite close to Bill's feet and Bill jumped and said:

"What on earth is that?" and Gloria said: "I expect it's a frog."

"Frog?" Bill said.

"Yes," Mrs. Desant said helplessly.

"And going into the most expensive restaurant he could find and ordering more than he could eat just because he wanted to pay a large bill for once in his life?"

"Yes."

"That," Leila said, "is what I'm going to put up with for the rest of my life."

"My poor baby," said Mrs. Desant. "Why don't you break the engagement?"

"And starve?" said Leila. She

hanged into the bathroom, slim and white and furious.

Gloria had taken Bill for a walk in the garden.

"What a marvellous garden," he said. "Just look at those lawns. You're used to all this, of course. But before I got my money I lived in one room looking on to a back yard. You and Leila are part of the life I didn't think was real. I'd see it on the pictures and think, 'People don't really live like that. Without thought about money—without looking at the price of things before they buy them.'"

"We look at the price," Gloria said. "We just wait until the salesman's out of the room."

"You don't see what I mean," he said. "How could you? You don't

He was carrying a small parcel and he looked too happy to be true.

By HAGAR WILDE

"It's the same one." She was down on her knees, trying to catch it. "I brought it in and they told me to take it out and I lost it. And then Leila came in and told me to get out before I could find it because you were coming and now here it is again."

He got down beside her and together they stalked the frog. He said finally, "Here it is," and cupped it in his hand. Gloria breathed a sigh of relief. "Throw it out of the window," she said. "Be careful not to hurt it."

They were invited, later that evening, to a party at the Clews'. Leila went upstairs after dinner to change her dress. She was white with rage. Her mother sat on the bed and listened to the trade. Leila pulled on one stocking, saying:

know what it is, Gloria, to reckon up that you have only so much a day for lunch and fares and cigarettes. Not to be able to do the things for your friends you'd like to—take them out to nice restaurants, give them presents." He took a deep breath as though he'd stepped out from behind prison walls. "I want to give Leila everything in the world. I want her to have everything a woman could want as a matter of course, but the things that will thrill her because they're rare and because I've gone to the trouble to look for them, do you see what I mean?"

Gloria felt a lump in her throat. She made a little gurgling noise of assent.

"A girl like that," he said in wonder, "marrying me! Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and start up for fear I've been dreaming—"

"We'd better get back to the house," Gloria said abruptly. "I have to change for the party, too."

"Could I wear a white linen dinner jacket?" he said anxiously. "The salesman told me I could down here. They call them tropical dinner jackets."

On the way home from the party Bill was enthusiastic about Leila's friends. They were, he said, the nicest people he'd ever met. They'd been so nice to him to-night that it made him want to do something for every one of them. Give a big dance, perhaps, and invite them all and have champagne. That would be nice, wouldn't it? To order cases and cases of champagne and say, "There you are. And there's plenty more."

"There you are. And there's plenty more."

"You don't see what I mean," he said. "How could you? You don't

Please turn to Page 28





# Heart-Broken Melody

Another instalment of our brilliant serial.

**H**ONOR breaks her engagement to Hugh in honesty when troubled by her infatuation for Paul, who cannot get legally free of his wife. After long strain they decide, Paul and Honor, to go away together, but he, at the last moment, cannot injure her life in this way.

Time goes on, but their separation is beyond endurance, and Honor goes one evening to the airport from where he is to fly on a trip. Seeing his wife and small sons with him, Honor feels ill, and is tired also. It is raining, and in the murk she is knocked down by a truck, whose headlights dazzle her.

She awakens weeks later in hospital with Hugh sitting close by. He offers marriage, but, moved deeply, she is compelled to consider her next trouble, her inability to walk again for several years.

After a stay in the country she returns to town, then Paul visits her and repeats the old wound. She realises the transience of his love. Relief from money worry is offered by her Uncle Kent, and she goes to the old country home and helps him, appeasing some of her loneliness by scribbling poems.

Two are accepted by a magazine. Happiness was returning. Finding an old diary, she is inspired to write, and has a few successes.

Characters outstanding in this story:

HONOR BROWNELL, fiancée of HUGH BRAINTREE.

ADELIN, Honor's sister.

TOM, brother to Honor and Adeline.

AUNT LUCIE, their guardian.

PAUL CARTWRIGHT, junior member of the firm of which

JUDGE COOPER is Paul's senior, and Honor's employer.

**A**LL this was uncertain, tentative, timid. With each finished story Honor feared there would never be another—except, of course, the just one more which was buzzing in her head.

And this was more dreamlike than ever, Honor Brownell selling short stories, and with a book coming out. It was all so different from what one had imagined, and yet thrilling enough too. The shy questions of the younger cousins, the awed respect of Tom, who did her banking for her, the funny side, the serious and scared side, the proud side all took their turns with her, and all helped to make life absorbing and satisfying. She had a long brown table for a desk in her room now, with her typewriter and her letter basket, and her two packs of small cards. Mattie or her uncle or one of the men on the ranch might glance in through the open door, to be sure her stove was well stoked, and would see her dreamily placing red knives on black queens, or hear the keys of her machine clicking steadily.

Now and then, at long intervals, she went down to the city for a night. But it was a painful effort, and Honor was always glad to get back to the sweet chill quiet of the mountains, to hear the stream running again and the mild lowing of the cows. Her dog would be down at the lower gate to meet her.

The old home life seemed strange; she did not belong to it now. Tom had a girl and Adeline a sweet-heart.

A literary group gave a tea for Honor, and applauded her joyously when she hobbled in, all the more because many of them had not realised that she was lame and that she was young. She bore it as well as she could, the kindly voices, the



Honor and Adeline went to New York together. They were met by Birge Persons, and Honor liked him at once.

eager comparisons of their work with hers, the dark clubhouse room scented with powders and hot tea, and was glad to escape at six o'clock.

Her book was published, the jacket displaying a picture of a covered wagon and a shawled girl standing beside it facing away from a desert sunrise. With Tom guiding her footsteps, she went down-town in San Francisco before Christmas, and saw it in the windows, with the hollid cards and the singing angels. "Shawled Lady," with Honor Brownell's name as large as the title. It was all a dream.

When Hugh came back from Norway his praise was the most eager of all. He was in a real ecstasy because Honor had found work and fame and happiness, and during a three-day stay at the ranch they had happy hours together. Honor had forgotten how bracing, how vital he was; she had not realised how good it would be to have him with them at breakfast in the autumn kitchen, talking hard with Uncle Kent, telling them all of his experiences in the Nordic countries, enthusiastic over Honor's dog, eager to have lunch up at the spring again, and cook steaks.

The companionship of the gentle, big, thoughtful man in rough old shabby tweeds was very sweet; the ranch seemed happier for his being there, and Honor missed him at every turn when he had gone back

to the Walburga. His voice seemed still echoing under the yellowed trees of the yard; she remembered the kindly, attentive look in his eyes; his artless, admiring questions as to her work. Hugh was always one of the finer people; he loved her as a proud big brother might, and she loved him too. Chained and crippled, she had not been afraid, she had not been ashamed to let him see it. There was no danger now.

**W**ITHOUT knowing it he had told her that there was no danger now.

Thorn Jeffers, a young English engineer, was to be at the Walburga for a few months, studying the method there, and with Thorn came his sister, Connie. Hugh had picked them up in England, and they had all come to America together. Hugh had pictures of them taken on ship-board. They would follow him to the west, and he was to drive them up to the mine on their arrival. Of Connie he said only, at different times, that she was a cute little thing, not pretty, but that two or three clever Englishmen were eager to marry her—that was one reason she was going away from home—that she—gosh, spoke about four languages, wore her clothes so darned well that a smart place in London just about gave them to her for the advertisement, and that she

cooked like nobody's business. Also, when he spoke of her he had a trick of half closing his eyes, of assuming a little half smile. So Honor knew.

It gave her a vague little sensation of hurt and heartache. She could not quite analyse it, but it was there. And after Hugh left the ranch she had to work quite hard for a few days, to read hard, to devote herself to Binns and to a new boxful of kittens. She made herself walk; she discussed flower seeds with her uncle and prune butter with Mattie. After all, Hugh was a domestic, lonely man. After all, their affair was now more than four years old; she was past twenty-seven now. After all, no woman as handicapped as she, whatever her literary talent, ought to marry an active man.

And gradually the little twinges lessened and disappeared, and she was happy once more in the daily miracle of spinning straw into gold.

On a certain spring day, not long before her twenty-eighth birthday, the unwonted warmth and sweetness of the air, the general effect of bird songs and the flashing of birds' wings, blossom whiteness and blossom scent, the good breath of turned earth upon which the sun has been shining, and buttercups varnished and alert in the green, wet shadows, lured her to a longer walk than she had ever taken before.

By  
Kathleen  
NORRIS

She felt strong and able, pegging slowly along, up past the laboratories and the barns, along the wood lane, down the little dip towards the spring. But the day had its enervating quality, too, and when Honor sat down on the great log that fenced the spring, and took off her hat to wipe her wet forehead, she was conscious of being tired. Whew-w! It would be a long pull home! Fool, to come so far. Uncle Kent had gone into the city to have a broken tooth fixed, there was no one in the laboratory, and she had not passed any of the farm-hands on the way. Well, one always got home, of course. But what a fool!

A meadow sweet with blue-eyed grasses, buttercups, poppies, dandelions, onion's flower and painted brush stretched down from the spring to the upper paddock, and Honor, sitting in the cool wet shade, looking down at the dazzle of sunset upon it, reflected suddenly that here was an easy—or at least the easiest—way home. Just to wade through the grass and flowers of that short length, and perhaps then to rest, hanging on the paddock bars, and perhaps to see Pete or one of the five Joes milking, and borrow a friendly big, hard, sweet-scented arm from one of them, would be to get nicely out of her difficulties, and to find herself once again safely at the kitchen table without having to confess her stupidities to Mattie or her uncle.

Illustrated  
by  
VIRGIL

She picked up her crutch, launched forth into the fragrant sea of color and scent. The grasses bound themselves together to check her; the buttercups powdered her white shoes and blue cotton frock with pale gold. Down, down, down, she had only now to go steadily down. But the earth was rough and lumpy beneath the deceptive covering and Honor began to stumble wearily, and wonder if the long roundabout way home through the lane might not have been the shortest, after all.

The ranch-house was on the ocean side of the ridge and faced west. She had climbed farther than she knew, well up on the flank of a hill, beyond the barns, and she had the setting sun full in her eyes as she came home. The flowered meadow seemed larger than she ever had thought it, and the blessed rest and shade of the paddock bars almost unattainable.

But she stumbled on, and was half-way across the waving tangle of the expanse when a sound made her turn and look behind her.

She stood still, wavering on her crutch, her whole body suddenly gripped in an icy chill of pure terror, her heart thundering. A mare, her head down and her ears flattened, her beautiful body one streaming line of speed, was coming down the ridge trail towards her. She whinnied as she came, a sickening sound of menace and hate, and stretched her great yellowed teeth out from a viciously upcurled velvet lip.

Honor knew this mare. She was a visitor on the ranch; she had been running with several other blooded mares and the famous Suggitt stallion in a lower pasture, and had got loose by springing a fence. For some days now she had been roaming the ridge pastures at large. The men could see her; they knew that when her wild mood lessened she would come home meekly to the herd; it was considered wiser not to attempt to chase or trap her.

Please turn to Page 43



# ONE of the FAMILY

*The giver is always richer in the end, in a world of takers*

**W**HAT about asking Kay for this week-end?" Andrew suggested.

Instantly, Suzanne began scribbling about in her mind to find some good reason for not having Andrew's sister-in-law for this week-end. Fortunately, there was an excellent one at hand. Suzanne had promised a month ago to give the maid all this particular Sunday off. She reminded Andrew of the promise.

"A week-end guest is too hard with the baby and everything," she said. Adding quickly, "Even with anybody as sweet as Kay."

Andrew agreed at once; he had forgotten about the maid.

Well, that was that. It had been settled easily enough for the moment. But only for the moment, Suzanne knew. Next week, or the next, Andrew would again suggest inviting Kay. And Suzanne would have to have her.

She would have Kay there every week-end in the year rather than let Andrew suspect that she was jealous of her. There was no reason for her to be jealous of Kay. Andrew was of a very different type from Maurice, and Andrew really loved her.

It was this whole-hearted devotion of Andrew's that had given Suzanne courage to marry him. Her first engagement, ending in disaster before she was quite twenty-four, had left her sore in spirit. Maurice, handsome, charming, as fickle as the weather, simply hadn't been the stuff of which husbands are made.

**A**NDREW was a everything that Maurice hadn't been — honorable, hard-working, kindly. Not stodgy, either; he played a good game of bridge and golf, had a nice sense of humor, and he had fallen in love with Suzanne the first time he saw her. They were married less than a year after Suzanne's broken engagement.

Kay was Andrew's sister-in-law, his brother Austin's widow. The brother had been killed two years ago in a motor accident, most tragically. But there was nothing tragic about Kay. Andrew's brother had taken out a large life insurance policy a few months before his death. Kay was well provided for financially. And in every other way, Kay was quite capable of providing for herself.

"I suppose we might ask her next week," Suzanne suggested.

"Fine!" Andrew said enthusiastically.

Well, next week-end was still a week away and Suzanne resolutely put it out of her mind. She eagerly welcomed the day and a half alone with Andrew and the baby. Andrew's love for her, always like a bright warm coat, seemed warmest and brightest then. Wrapped in its sweetness, Suzanne would feel completely happy, carefree, safe from the ghost. For her first engagement had left this ghost behind to haunt Suzanne's house of life, to keep her from ever feeling secure and happy for long at a time. It

was a secret, shamed distrust of love.

She could not doubt that Andrew loved her now. But Maurice had loved her once, too, in his way. How could you ever really trust love again, when it had once so cruelly betrayed you?

On Saturday there was the first dance of the season, but they wouldn't go. Suzanne had asked Andrew if he wanted to go, had said that she could get Maisie, a dependable local girl who would come in by the hour to stay with the baby. But Andrew had said cheerfully that he'd rather not go to the dance. "Don't let's plan to do a thing with anybody," Andrew had said.

So Suzanne drove down to meet Andrew's train at midday on Saturday with sandwiches and coffee; little Suzanne slept peacefully in the back of the car. They'd pick up Andrew and they'd drive farther out into the country for lunch.

Suzanne saw Andrew getting out of the farthest carriage. He was carrying a suitcase. He turned to help somebody out of the carriage. At first Suzanne stared in puzzlement, then in shocked, incredulous recognition.

It was Kay.

Suzanne managed to keep her smile, but she could feel it stiffen. Kay and Andrew came up to the car together, Kay smart as always in wheat-colored tweed.

"Suzanne, my sweet," Kay kissed Suzanne. "Darling, I'm simply barging in on you. Invited myself. My week-end date collapsed under me. The poor wretch has mumps— isn't that too utterly fantastic! You don't mind my coming?"

"Of course not," Suzanne said, hoping her voice didn't sound as hollow to Kay as it did to herself. "I'm delighted."

"I told you she wouldn't mind," Kay said triumphantly. "Andrew mulled some stodgy domestic details, but I told him I was part of the family and wouldn't mind a bit if I had to sleep on the ironing board."

"We'll call in at the house," Suzanne said. "We're taking our lunch out into the woods, and I'll have to make a few more sandwiches."

"Oh, marvelous! I adore picnics. Who is going?"

"It isn't a party," Suzanne said.

**By FANNIE KILBOURNE**

apologetically. "It's such a beautiful day I thought it would be fun to eat out of doors."

"It'll be good fun," Kay agreed, but her tone had lost its enthusiasm.

"I honestly couldn't think how to get out of bringing her," Andrew apologised to Suzanne as she hastily made extra sandwiches in the kitchen. "I didn't want to be downright rude."

"Of course you couldn't help it,



*Suzanne watched them go gaily off, her feelings very mixed.*

darling," Suzanne managed an amused and indulgent tone.

"She's a spoilt brat," Andrew observed. "But then, you're the only pretty girl I ever knew who wasn't."

"Oh, I was never quite pretty enough to get away with it," Suzanne laughed, instantly feeling better.

Luncheon in the woods was a failure. It was neither the gay picnic party Kay would have liked,

how she would always ask the maid to press a dress just as Nora was rushing with dinner preparations; would snub Suzanne's best friend, and invariably turn on the wireless at its loudest just as the baby was falling asleep; would finally depart, usually leaving a trunk telephone call to be paid for out of the Murrays' none-too-elastic allowance.

And yet whenever Kay tried, she could be so charming. No wonder men fell in love with Kay, Suzanne thought.

As Suzanne was thinking this, two men appeared on horseback. They proved to be Tom Seeley, and a week-end guest named Hughes. Both were obviously delighted to be introduced to the younger and more beautiful Mrs. Murray. They rode away, taking it for granted that they'd see her again at the dance that night.

"I suppose we'll have to go," Suzanne said later. "I can probably get Maisie to stay with the baby."

"Oh, yes, we'd better go," Andrew agreed. He had evidently forgotten all about having been tired.

And then, at the last minute, the hitherto faithful Maisie sent a note to say she couldn't come.

"You take Kay to the dance," Suzanne said to Andrew. "I really don't care about going."

"I'm not going off to leave you here alone," Andrew protested.

"Go, please, Andrew. You know Kay isn't the kind who'd just love to slip out of a party dress and sit down and play three-handed bridge all the evening."

"Well, perhaps it would be the easiest way," Andrew agreed. "If you really don't mind." He paused a moment. "Perhaps I can find someone at the club to wish her on. If I can, I'll be back early." A few minutes later Suzanne watched them go gaily off, her feelings very mixed.

He won't wish Kay on somebody else and come home early, Suzanne thought grimly.

Please turn to Page 12



# VIRGINIA CREEPER

Father and son made a tug-of-war from a slender mesh of creeper and both won...

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

Complete Short Story  
by  
Max Brand

STEVE TUCKER pitched on; old Champ, the hired man, did the loading. Tucker's back was too narrow and his legs were too long for the neat handling of sacked wheat or baled hay, but his very length gave him a greater leverage on a pitchfork. They were getting in the last of the haycrop on the land John Tucker had rented from the Mullihans. It had been planted for wheat but the crop had suffered for the lack of spring rains. The growth had been cut for hay which ran about a ton and a half to the acre. Now the sun was still high, but Steve Tucker hurried his work because there was a three-mile haul to the home barn and all the chores to do before dark.

The great forkful, rising high above him, crashed down on top of the wagon load where Champ walked back and forth, building the sides as straight and true as though he were constructing a stack to stand out all winter. He had a knack for doing this.

They got the last shock aboard and the tines of the fork shivered and sang as Tucker raked together the last wisps of the hay and tossed it up.

"I see Dago Joe when he was good, and Jump Waterson, too; but all I gotta say is you sure can pitch hay, Steve," said Champ.

"Go on," protested Tucker. "Anybody with two hands and a back can pitch hay, but a stacker is born, not made. You've got three tons and a half on top of that old rack."

He looked with admiration up the straight, shimmering sides of the load; then he climbed up to the driver's seat, stepping on the tongue of the wagon, then on the croup of the near wheel, and so to the high seat. Champ, with a pitchfork on each side of him, already had sunk down on the crest of the load. That was why Champ had not got on in the world. His brain stopped as soon as his hands had finished working.

The four horses looked absurdly inadequate for starting such a mountain of hay. The forward thrust of the load hid half the length of the wheelers.

"Hey, boys. Gittup!" called Steve. "Hey, Charlie, Prince! Hey—Queen!"

He always saved her name for the last. The old bay mare on the off wheel needed a moment for digging her toes into the ground and stretching her long, low body. The other three already had their traces taut and their hipstraps lifting, but the wagon was not budged until Queen came into her collar. As she made her lift, the near wheeler came back a little, fairly pulled out of place by her surge; then the wagon lurched ahead.

They passed the shack, the staggered corral, the broken-backed barn of the old Stinson place where that family had lived until the last generation, when the banks got them. The banks got everything, sooner or later. Two bad crops in a row would make the most provident farmer go borrowing and after that life was poisoned. The Stinson place, like a gloomy prophecy, was soon out of sight, but never out of mind. But now they came from the field towards the road. From the height of the field there was a big dip and a sharp rise to the top of the grade. Tucker sang out loudly, cracked the long lash of his whip, and got the team into a trot on the downslope.

They were barely out on the Mariposa Road when Mildred Vincent came by on her bay mare and a fellow beside her in real riding togs.

His boots shone through the layer of dust with an aristocratic glimmer, it seemed to Tucker.

"Oh, Steve!" called the girl, waving. "Oh, Steve, I'm glad to see you, Jerome, it's Steve Tucker, Jerome Bartlett, Steve. Can you come over after supper?"

"I'd like to come. Thanks," said Tucker.

He had taken off his hat and the hot sweat rolled down over his face and turned cool in the stir of the wind. He never was asked out for meals because he had to stay home to look after his bedridden father. Now the two galloped ahead, the stranger sitting well down into his saddle. He looked strong and straight and his tan had been built up on athletic fields and beaches; it was not the dark mahogany which comes out of work in hay and harvest fields. He rode



The tines of the fork sang as Tucker tossed up the hay.

hayload made a rushing sound against the barn and he jammed on the long, iron-handled brake when the centre of the wagon was just beneath the door of the mow.

The sun was growing large in the west now. "We'll pitch off the hay in the morning," he said to Champ. "You take care of the team and I'll get the cows milked. Put

some salve on the shoulder of Queen. Dig out the padding so the collar won't press on the sore to-morrow." "She oughta be laid up till that shoulder heals," said Champ. He was always solicitous of Queen's well-being.

"I know she should, but what can we do?" asked Tucker.

Tucker went to the house, scrubbed his hands with yellow soap, got the milking stool and two three-gallon buckets. They rattled together as he went back down the boardwalk to the corral.

"Hey, Steve!" called his father's voice from the upstairs window.

"Hey, dad," he called.

BUT his face did not light until he noticed the green pattern of the Virginia Creeper which was opening a beautiful green fan along the unpainted side of the shack.

"Hurry it up!" called John Tucker. "Yeah—hurryin'," said Steve, and went on in a gloom.

The weighted rope slammed the gate to the corral behind him and sent a long, mournful echo through his heart. Over at the Vincent place Millie and that neat young fellow, Jerome Bartlett, would be sitting out on the green of the lawn, laughing and talking.

It seemed to Tucker five years at least since he had laughed.

His hands and forearms were aching when he finished milking and carried the two brimming buckets back toward the house. The sun

was a great red face over the blue of the Coast Range; in the eastern sky the twilight color was gathering before the sunset.

He strained the milk into wide-mouthed gallon tins which he placed in the cooler outside the house. It was a tall frame of shelves with burlap nailed about it and water siphoning over it day and night from a big pan on top. The evaporation kept butter fairly firm even when the temperature was a hundred degrees in the shade.

He started the fire in the kitchen stove, put on the kettle of water, and heard his father calling, "Steve! Oh, Steve!"

So he went upstairs and entered the room. It was the best in the house, but that was not saying a great deal. Rain seepage had stained the roses of the wall-paper and the ceiling had never been plastered. One looked through the criss-cross of the laths up to the slanting rafters of the roof. The window, which looked to the west, was filled with the brilliance of the sunset and one little branch of a green translucent had crawled a foot or so across the screen.

"Look at this. It just came this afternoon," said John Tucker, heaving himself up in the bed. Sometimes he seemed to Steve stronger than ever above the hips, but below them his legs were dead. He held out a letter in a hand that had grown so white that the veins across the back of it showed as blue as ink.

Steve read:

Mr. John Tucker,  
R. F. D. No. 4,  
Box 188.

Dear Sir,

We beg to confirm our letter dated 18 May ulto, and regret that we have had no reply to our request.

While we beg to remit you here-with enclosed your bill up to the end of May ulto, we again ask you the favor to remit us cheque in settlement of same, as we cannot at all wait no longer for this payment on account of great difficulties we are crossing in trade.

Trusting to be favored and to save us further correspondence on this matter, we beg to remain

Yours obedient,

THE FIVE MILE STORE,  
Baccigalupi and Baccigalupi.

(Signed)

Joseph Baccigalupi.

As he lifted his eyes, his father growled through his beard. "They want to be saved further correspondence in this matter, eh? They can all be hanged."

"They're better to deal with than a bank," answered the son. "The interest is no higher and they don't stick a gun under your nose when the money comes due. The Baccigalupis are all right."

"Don't tell me what's right!" exclaimed John Tucker. "I can remember back when there were business people to deal with in California. I can remember when I could go into Stockton and have any bank in the town glad to give me five thousand dollars. Why? Because my name was good. That's why. They loaned money to men, in those days. Now they lend it to machines and dirt."

"I'll go down to-morrow and see Joe Baccigalupi, but—" said Steve. He clipped his teeth together.

"Wait a minute," said the father. "What were you going to say?"

"Nothing," said Steve.

"No, you'd rather go down in the kitchen and snarl behind my back, wouldn't you? Why don't you come out with what you've got to say?"

"I haven't anything to say," said Steve swallowing hard.

"That's a lie," said the father. "But before you go pull the screen open and tear the vine off of it. What is it, anyway?"

Steve went to the window and looked down at the tender shoot.

"It's a Virginia Creeper," he said. "I planted it the autumn before last—and look where it is already!"

"You planted a creeper? Want to fill the house with dampness and bugs? Want to give us all malaria and rheumatism? Haven't I told you that I'd never have vines growing on my house?" shouted John Tucker.

He banged his hand on the table beside his bed so that the lamp jingled and his pile of books shook over aslant.

"Yes, I've heard you say that," admitted Steve.

"Then what do you mean? Do I have to drag myself out of the house and go around it spying on you? Tear that vine off the screen now; and dig it up by the roots to-morrow."

Steve tapped his fingers against the screen. It gave back a dull chiming, a flat note without resonance.

"I'd as soon—" he murmured.

"You'd what?" barked the father. "I'd as soon," said Steve, "tear out a handful of hair."

"What are you talking about?"

Steve walked to the door of the room.

"COME back here and tell me what the devil you mean!" roared John Tucker.

"I'd better not talk," said Steve. "I'm worn out, like the ground. Barley and wheat, wheat and barley for sixty years. Now nothing but tar weed and wild oats—I'd better not talk."

"Speak up what you mean. You talk like you're drunk!"

"I'll go down and cook dinner."

"Dinner can wait. What are you driving at? Worn out like the ground?"

"Worn out," said Steve. "That's what I mean. Tired out like the soil. All it gives us is trouble, now. And if I talk, all I'll give you will be trouble, to-night."

"You will, will you? Let me hear what kind of trouble you can give me. But the first thing is—tear that vine off my window!"

Steve walked through the doorway and down the hall.

"Come back here!" cried John Tucker. The bed creaked. There was a thumping and trailing sound across the floor, but it did not issue into the hallway as Steve went down the stairs.

He fried thin beefsteak and boiled potatoes with their jackets on. Some corn pone he had made that morning he broke into roughly triangular shapes and piled on a platter. There were mustard greens which he had picked in the field though the season of their tenderness had passed, and he had some clabber cheese. Part of this food he put on the table for Champ and himself; the rest he arranged on a tray and carried up the stairs as he had done every night for four years.

When he came into the room the lamp was lighted. It was not as bright as the glare in the eyes of John Tucker. He cleared the table and put the tray on it.

"Now I'm going to hear you apologise," declared the father.

"For what?" said Steve, and looked straight into the electric grey of John Tucker's eyes.

It was the first time in his life, he realised, that he had dared to





Mildred Vincent came on her bay mare, a fellow beside her in real riding togs.

face that glance; but there was a hard wall of anger in him that shielded him from fear.

"The time has come," said the father, "when there's got to be a show-down. There can't be two captains in one ship. You'll be the boss or I'll be the boss, and as long as I own this ranch I'll do the running of it."

Steve said nothing. He could not have unlocked his jaws for speech.

"If you don't like my way, get out!" shouted John Tucker.

"Aunt Sarah," said Steve, slowly, "has always wanted to come over and take care of you, and Champ will do the work on the place pretty well."

"I'd rather have vinegar poured into milk than Sarah's face poured into my days!"

"You'll have to have somebody to look out for you."

"You're going, are you?"

"I'm going," said Steve.

"Sell the place to-morrow and take your share and get out, then!"

"I own Queen and Bess and the Jackson buck," said Steve. "That's what I'll take. I don't want a share of this place. I want to forget it."

"Forget me, too, then! Get out of my sight and out of my life!"

Steve went down to the table and found Champ half-way through his meal.

"Old man kind of mad?" asked Champ, whispering.

"Kind of," said Steve.

"When he gets to raring, he sure can go," said Champ. "I ever tell you about that time up at Angel's Camp when a couple of Dutchmen jumped him in Wilson's Bar?"

"Yeah, you told me about that," said Steve.

"Aw, did I?" murmured Champ.

He became depressed and silent, while Steve finished eating and started the dishes. He went upstairs into his father's room and found that the supper tray had not been touched. John Tucker lay in bed with his big fists gripped, his eyes glaring at some terrible nothingness.

"Finished?" asked Steve.

John Tucker said nothing, so Steve left the tray and went out again. He finished the dishes. Champ, who would have despised such woman's work, remained in the dining-room smoking. It was his big time of the day.

"You stay on and take charge of things, Champ," said Steve. "Father will tell you whatever you want to know. I'm leaving in the morning."

He put some hot water into a laundry tub on the back porch, undressed, scrubbed himself down, and went up to his room. He put on a blue serge suit, a high, hard collar that hurt his throat, and a pair of seven-dollar shoes that made his feet feel light. The softness and the snugness of them comforted his soul. Then he walked up the road to the Vincent place. A great grove surrounded that big, square, white house and there was a lawn under the trees.

A piano was rousing up a tune in the front room; a lot of young voices took up the air. There was always music in the Vincent house because there was always money in the Vincent bank account.

The front door jerked open.

"Left it out here. Be back in a moment!" cried the voice of Mildred Vincent.

She left the door a bit ajar and a shaft of light followed her, bobbing on the gold of her hair.

"Hello," said Steve.

"Hi—Steve! You gave me a start. Come on in—just a minute while I find—"

"I can't come in," said Steve.

"What's the matter? Is your father ill to-night?"

"No, he's the same. But I have some things to do to-night. I'm leaving in the morning."

"Are you taking a trip? You ought to, Steve. You ought to have more fun."

"I'm going for good," said Steve.

"Not leaving your father! Not that! But I've always said it was the most wonderful—I've always thought—"

"I'm taking a team, and a Jackson buck down to the Islands. They always need men and teams down there in the haying. I can make enough to see me through most of a college year, between now and August."

"But your father, Steve?"

"We've agreed to it. Aunt Sarah will come over and take care of him."

"But your Aunt Sarah—"

"So I came to say good-bye and to tell you—"

A sudden stroke of emotion stopped his voice.

"Well, good-bye," said the girl.

She held out her hand in a certain way that stopped all talk. He barely touched it and went quickly away.

It was three miles across to Aunt Sarah's place, but he was glad of the chance to stretch his legs and start breathing again. By leaving home, it was plain that he was leaving Mildred Vincent farther than he had thought. Since those old days when she had been his girl, he had thought that a world of difference had opened between them, but now he could see that they had been almost hand in hand compared with the cold distance that had come between them now.

He reached the old house of Aunt Sarah.

He said, "Father and I have disagreed. If you'll come over to take care of him, I'll be glad."

She looked at him for a long moment before she began to nod her grey head. She had something of the look of her brother, the same grimness on a smaller scale.

"He's drove everybody else out of his life; and now he's drove you, eh?" she said. "I'll come right over."

The parting was brief, the next morning. Steve held out his hand and said good-bye.

His father looked at the hand and then at him.

"Get out of my sight!" he said.

Down on the Islands, where the alluvial soil is deeper than wells are dug, where the drinking-water is yellow and has a sweetish taste, where the ground is so rich that sometimes a fire will start it burning, where twenty sack crops of wheat are known and where triennial floods wash away the profits of the farmers, Steve Tucker found it easy to get work.

The hours were long and the work was hard. The dust that flew in the islands stained the skin and hurt the eyes. The most cheerful men began to grow silent after a few days in that country, but Steve was silent by nature and he had set himself to a long and hard purpose.

The haypress which hired him was run by a big Scotchman with a bush of red hair on his head.

"You a Tucker that's any relation of John Tucker?" asked this giant.

"I'm his son," said Steve, and stuck out his jaw a little. No man in the world had so many enemies as his father.

The Scotchman turned to his partner.

"This here John Tucker, the kid's father," he said. "I seen him on Main Street in Stockton, four years back, run out and snatch a kid off the tracks from in front of a street car. And the car ran on and smashed him against the rear end of a dray. Your father ever get well, Tucker?"

"He's still laid up," said Steve.

"He is, eh? Well, we'll hire you." Then he added to his partner. "It was only a nigger kid, too, if you follow what I mean. John Tucker was as big a man as me. And he got his hips all smashed in."

When work begins at five in the morning, and ends with the coming of twilight, men are too tired to think. All that Steve recalled out of the past, during a month, was the hobbling, golden head of the girl as she had run down the steps that night, and the clenched fists and the glaring grey eyes of his father. If the work of the others was hard, his task was still more bitter, because long after they were in bed

he was shaping two by fours to take the place of the long wooden teeth which he had broken on the Jackson buck during the day. He was thin and hollow-eyed that evening at dinner in the cookhouse when a telegram was brought to him by the owner of the farm.

It said:

"Your father very ill. Please come back. Mildred."

He returned the next day.

A south-east wind had darkened the sky with a continual march of clouds and he told himself that John Tucker must be about to die. When he reached the house the windmill was whirling furiously in the storm, the wheel veering from side to side, and he could hear the rapid plumping of the stream into a half-empty tank. That was a sad music fit for death scenes, also, he thought.

The picture of the veteran lying with gripped fists, silent in his bed, was filling his mind as a mountain fills the sky.

When he pulled open the kitchen door it was not Aunt Sarah that he saw, but Mildred Vincent in a calico apron. He stood there with the door propped open against his rigid arm and the wind entering behind him. The room had been changed and the cookery was not stale and sour but a light fragrance through the house. He knew these things as he took in a great breath of astonishment.

"You have come, Steve!" she cried out. "You have come!"

"How is he?" asked Tucker, pushing the door shut at last.

"He's changed, and thin, and he's set his will like iron or something. Steve, it's going to be a shock when you see him."

"I'll go on up."

"Just a moment. Champ is up there now, getting orders about the place."

"Does the doctor say anything?"

"I can't get him to see a doctor. He wouldn't have your Aunt Sarah in the house. He won't let Champ come nearer than the door of his room. We got a nurse but he wouldn't let her come near him. He doesn't seem to mind having me around, so I come over every day."

"Why?" asked Tucker.

"You know why, Steve—because every drop of blood in every Vincent should be willing to die for John Tucker."

"They should?" he repeated, staring.

"You don't know? Do you mean to say that your father never told you the story?"

"Never."

Please turn to Page 10

Lyric of Life

To A Poem

Poetry, like an airy dove,  
white fledged,  
Flying in fairy aisles of  
imagery,  
Wing-tipped with gold of  
far olympian suns,  
Floats into being divinely un-  
content,  
Beneath the moving shadow  
of its wings  
Wild flowers bloom in lilting  
ecstasy

Of passionate rhyme trium-  
phantly restrained,  
As music heard in silent,  
windless ways,  
Of trees forever green by fields  
of rhyme,  
Upsweeping in a rainbow  
flight of words  
White winged rapture emo-  
tionally complete.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.



SHE drew in a great breath. "He wouldn't!" she murmured. "That's how great his soul is! But when my father was alive—long ago when he was a wild-headed youngster—he and another man got into trouble with a single miner—and the miner beat them, guns and all. Nearly killed father—and then spent a month nursing him back to life—it was John Tucker who did that!"

A thousand moments out of his own life came back to Steve.

"Yes," he said at last, "he could do that. And that was why you were nice to a great gawk like me?"

"Yes . . . No, I liked you for your own sake. Steve, is it possible he never told you—and we such close neighbors all these years?"

Steve shook his head. A great ache that had begun in his heart the day before began to stifle him.

"Has he a fever?" he asked.

"Yes. Not a high one. He won't eat—hardly anything—"

A heavy, slow step came down the stairs and Steve, moving into the hall, saw Champ come down. The

hired man, turning his hat between his hands, glanced up at Steve once and then walked on, blinded by his thoughts.

"I haven't told him you were coming. I didn't dare confess I'd sent the telegram."

"Has he mentioned me?"

"No, Steve, not once."

She came half-way up the stairs with him.

"Heaven bless you for coming so quickly. He's terribly changed. Be gentle with him, please."

When Steve Tucker entered his father's room it was strangely dim as though a shade had been drawn down. Then he saw that the Virginia Creeper had grown clear across the screen, the one tendril reinforced by many. From the clouded sky, only a green gloom entered through the leaves.

"What the devil are you doing here?" asked John Tucker.

"I've come back," said Steve.

"Who asked you back?"

"Nobody," said Steve.

"Then get out of my sight."

## Virginia Creeper

Continued from Page 9

Steve said, "I'll stay out of your sight as long as you please; but I'm keeping on the place."

"I'll be hanged before I'll have you on my land!" shouted John Tucker.

"All right, then. You'll have to be hanged."

The grey glare of the eyes fascinated him. He turned from them and went to the window. The screen he opened and ripped the little clinging feet of the ampelopsis away from the wire.

"Let that be!" cried John Tucker. "What you mean?"

"It shuts out the light and the air," said Steve. "Why did you let it grow?"

"Because it pleased me to let it grow. What d'you mean by—this is the queerest thing I ever saw! I'm going to—"

He had heaved himself up on his elbows. Now that more light entered the room Steve saw how great the wastage had been. The

square, jowled face was covered with lank furrows.

"What did you mean by it?" demanded Steve, pointing his finger. "What did you mean by letting that vine cover the window and spoil your reading light?"

His father started to speak—his lips remained parted but made no utterance.

Steve sat down in the chair beside the bed.

"I've been mighty unhappy while I was away," he said. "It was lonely never hearing you growl."

"There can't be two captains on one ship!" declared John Tucker.

"You're the captain," said Steve.

"And what I say has got to go!"

"It goes with me," said Steve.

"Does it?" said John Tucker. He let himself sink suddenly back into the pillows. He was breathing hard.

"I'm going to have a change of air," he said.

"All right," said Steve. "I'll take good care of the place."

"You'll come with me!"

"All right," said Steve. "I'll come with you, then."



NAVY-AND-WHITE and black-and-white have never been more popular. Here is one of Maggy Rouff's charming afternoon dresses in black wool voile with a twisted scarf of white silk threaded through the bodice.  
—Photo by Air Mail from Paris.

# Why don't you try it?



**1** HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? With your ringlets brushed high like this, we bet he would look at you with new interest . . . with an adoring new gleam in his eye! A beguiling hair-do has been known to change a woman's whole life! Why don't you try it?

**2** AN ARTIST LOOKING AT YOU might advise you to wear some of the very colors you think are unbecoming! A fixed notion about certain colors has made many a woman miss being the sparkling, vivid person she could be. Some new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?

**3** MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! One of the women who still buys the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago! Then lady—here's good news! There's something better now. Modess is so much SOFTER . . . so much SAFER . . . it is changing the buying habits of women everywhere! Why don't you try it?

Get a box of Modess this very day—and discover for yourself the amazing difference! See . . . feel . . . the fluffy soft-as-down cotton that films Modess Sanitary Napkins on all sides . . . and know why Modess can never chafe.

Modess, too, is safer. For only Modess has a moisture-proof backing which gives you "Certain Safe" protection . . . freedom from all fear of embarrassment. Yet, for all its greater comfort and security—Modess Sanitary Napkins cost LESS than other kinds. Modess is economical.

Ask for **Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



Ask also for  
**V E M O**  
(Deodorant Powder)

A soothing, absorbent, and mildly astringent powder for personal hygiene. Sprinkle freely on sanitary napkins.

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

The eyes of John Tucker opened; they were the mildest blue in the world.

"Where do we go?" asked Steve.

"Down to the Bay," said John Tucker. "Air's brisker down there. Down to Berkeley—get a house up there in the hills—up there near the University—"

Realisation poured over Steve in floods of cold happiness.

John Tucker said, "I waited five years for you to grow up. I waited so long that when you did grow up the other day, I didn't understand. But you're only a young brat still. Five years is nothing, now that you're a man. You can make up the time."

"We both can," said Steve.

When he left the room, a flash of something across the floor made him turn at the door. The tendrils of the ampelopsis, waving like ragged, green flags, framed a sky in which a changing wind had piled the clouds into white heaps that began to blow away like dust. The brightness on the floor had been one sudden pouring from the sun.

He found Mildred Vincent still half-way up the stairs, crying. She made a hushing sign and tiptoed down before him.

Only when she had closed the kitchen door behind them, and then in a stifled voice, did she dare to say, "I heard everything and it was beautiful, Steve. I know he'll get well, now. But what did you do to the vines on the window? I tried to clear them away every day, and he never would let me."

"Well, I did it," said Steve.

"No wonder he was in a fury! Why did you do it?"

"I needed to let in some light," said Steve. "It's a queer thing. I can't explain it. But he and I understand. We both gave in."

"It makes me feel like an outsider," she told him.

"After you've brought all this about?" said Steve.

He made a gesture of wonder which she seemed to understand, for she put her hand in his, and then she was in his arms, his lips on hers, his arms crushing her, never to let go.

(Copyright)



# *Two Polish girls dance a PAS-de-DEUX*

**T**HE people of Poland are famous dancers. To the ballrooms of the world they gave the mazurka, the polonaise, the polka. To the old Imperial Russian Ballet they gave some of its greatest stars . . . The Australian Women's Weekly's European camera found these two Polish girls dancing in their lunch hour on the roof of a Warsaw office building. Here is the spirit of happy, carefree youth, gay even as Hitler's armies mass on Poland's borders, threatening war and destruction.



**DANCING**, to Polish stenographers, is as natural as tennis in Australia.

**ELABORATE** ballet movements were all developed from peasants' folk-dancing.



POLAND HAS ALWAYS BEEN A NATION OF DANCERS. THE NEWLY-FORMED POLISH NATIONAL BALLET HAS JUST COMPLETED A TOUR OF ENGLAND AND EUROPE.





**This Pain  
IS KILLING ME!**

**NATURE SAYS:  
BEWARE**

**STOP PAIN with  
BAYER'S  
ASPIRIN**



End that pain! Free yourself from that nagging intolerable ache that is making you "aged" before your time. Pain is nature's warning of ill-health to follow—unless you act quickly.

**BAYER originated  
ASPIRIN for the Relief of  
Pain.**

Continued pain is unnecessary in these enlightened days. Whatever the cause, be it headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, or even periodic pain, speedy relief is yours if you keep Bayer's Aspirin handy. And Bayer's Aspirin is safe. It is endorsed by doctors the world over; will not affect the heart, or upset the stomach. Remember that Bayer costs no more than ordinary Aspirin, and keep Bayer's Aspirin handy in your home, purse or pocket.

**BAYER'S ASPIRIN GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF  
FROM: HEADACHES; RHEUMATISM;  
NEURALGIA; SCIATICA; LUMBAGO;  
INSOMNIA; SORE THROATS; 'FLU';  
COLDS; PERIODIC PAIN; AND ALL  
NERVE & MUSCLE PAINS & ACHES**



*Bayer means Better*

**10 typists were asked**



What shoe polish do you prefer?

**7 typists replied -**



"Nugget"—because it gives by far the brightest shine

**8th added -**



and the shine stays bright all day

**10th (a lady who likes saving time) added.**



and the tin is so very easy to open

QUALITY OF WAX is the secret of shine. The finest shining waxes in all the world are blended in "Nugget." No other polish gives such a shine.

**"NUGGET"**  
SHOE POLISH



## One of the Family

Continued from Page 7

No man would. Kay, grateful to Andrew for saving her from a dull domestic evening, would set out to charm and flatter him, Suzanne knew.

She must stop this kind of thinking. Suzanne told herself sternly, must stop seeing nothing but the picture of Andrew and Kay starting off together; to-night, laughing into each other's eyes. Resolutely sensible, she got ready for bed, finally succeeded in reading herself drowsy. She didn't even wake up when Andrew came in.

She slipped out of bed the next morning and dressed without waking him. Yesterday's golden sunshine had gone. It was a grey morning, rain trickled softly down the window panes. Suzanne bathed and fed the baby. Then she went downstairs.

In the doorway to her pretty kitchen, Suzanne stopped short. There had obviously been an after-the-party supper. Empty bottles stood about, and cloudy glasses. There were egg-shells in the sink, cigarette stubs everywhere, a long burn in the ivory enamel of one window-sill. The refrigerator door had been left open.

It was outrageous. Suzanne thought angrily as she began from sheer force of habit to repair the ravages. As she went about mechanically brushing up ashes, washing glasses, Suzanne's anger shaded darkly into uneasiness and fear. She thought about the impromptu party that had gone on in her own house without her. It was a small enough thing in one way, but in another it wasn't small at all. Andrew must have forgotten all about being tired. Had he even misused her?

"I hate people who feel sorry for themselves," Suzanne thought.

But she couldn't help it. She felt plain and stodge and left out, a dull, domestic little nonentity, convenient to leave at home with the baby, useful next morning to be up and about early, having everything in pleasant order, breakfast ready for the sleeping merry-makers.

Oh, she knew she was being over-dramatic about it, but it was a terrible destiny, that of a woman never sure of her husband's love. She had seen jealous wives at dances, watching their husbands over their partners' shoulders, laughing too bitterly, encouraging amorous attentions in order to build up a fiction of popularity. Better stay alone at home than that!

Oh, it made no real difference whether you went and were miserable or stayed at home and were neglected. Suzanne thought of Kay dancing with Andrew last night, afterwards here in the kitchen playing hostess to his host. This sort of thing wouldn't end with to-night, it would go on and on.

And there was nothing Suzanne could do about it. She couldn't even show that she resented it because then Andrew might suspect that she was jealous. She felt utterly helpless, trapped. A hot tear ran down the side of her nose.

The telephone rang and Suzanne answered it, automatically closing the hall door so that her talking shouldn't disturb the sleepers. It was Phyllis Seeley, inviting Suzanne for luncheon and bridge on Friday. Suzanne made a hasty excuse. Stakes were always high at those luncheons. Besides, Suzanne didn't like Mrs. Seeley, she was one of the jealous wives who go to dances and watch their husbands. Suzanne might have had a fellow feeling for her if Mrs. Seeley hadn't also been such a cat.

"We missed you at the dance last night," she purred now. Suzanne explained that she had stayed at home with the baby.

"Yes, so your sister-in-law said. There was a brief silence over the wire. Then: "She's very pretty, isn't she?"

"Oh, Kay's more than pretty," Suzanne said heartily. "She's a real beauty."

"She is a beauty," Phyllis admitted now. "But don't let her pretty face deceive you, Suzanne. That young woman is a cat. You ought to have heard her talking about you and Andrew last night."

"What scandalous tales did she tell about us?" Suzanne asked, her voice carefully that of light, amused interest.

"Oh, nothing as flattering as scandal, I assure you. She says you're a handy little housewife."

"Perhaps she meant that for a compliment," she said.

Mrs. Seeley quite properly ignored this feeble rally.

"It was too funny," she went on. "Tom Hughes—he's staying with us this week-end, you know—thought she was Andrew's wife, she being Mrs. Murray, too. When she found out what he thought she just laughed, as though the idea of her ever having been married to a man like Andrew was just too—well, you know. She said her husband had been an entirely different type. Very brilliant and successful. Oh, not that Andrew wasn't a perfect dear, of course. Such a kind, faithful, hard-working little man. Those were her very words."

"That's surely no insult, either," Suzanne said stoutly.

"Well, for my part, I'd much rather be insulted than patronised," said Mrs. Seeley.

"Andrew and I are very fond of her," Suzanne said firmly.

"No doubt Andrew is," Mrs. Seeley's laugh was sharp and unpleasant. "A woman as pretty as that can always pull the wool over men's eyes."

Suzanne went on saying the correct thing and saying it so pleasantly that Mrs. Seeley finally gave up and hung up the telephone.

Suzanne went back to the kitchen more furious than ever with Kay. It was her description of Andrew that rankled most. A kind, faithful, hard-working little man! Andrew wasn't little, he was five feet ten and a half—a very good height. It was true that Kay's husband had been the more brilliant brother, and he had died before the slow testing of time could show whether or not he was also sound. Kay, intent as always upon appearing in the most flattering possible light, had merely hit upon this description of Andrew as offering the most effective background for herself.

But what a weapon she had given to Suzanne! "A kind, faithful, hard-working little man." No man would like it. Andrew would pretend to be just amused, would laugh at her own indignation. But it would trouble him, Suzanne knew this with the certainty with which a wife always knows the secret chinks in her husband's armor. Suzanne went back to the kitchen, excitedly thinking of the ways in which she could use Kay's phrase to make Andrew come to hate Kay.

It was a fascinating but rather horrid sort of excitement. Suzanne had an uncomfortable feeling that this was a particularly ignoble thing to do, but fear makes everybody ignoble, and this week-end had set Suzanne's ghost walking. Underneath her excitement, her anger, her feeling of guilt—underneath them all and more powerful than any of them, Suzanne was afraid.

"Good-morning, darling," Andrew, in dressing gown and slippers, was grinning in the doorway.

"How about a spot of coffee?" he asked, coming out to perch on the table in the now tidy kitchen. "Had yours yet?"

"No, I thought I'd clean up the mess first. It seemed a little more appetizing."

"Did Kay bring a crowd home?" Andrew asked. "I must have been dead to the world. I didn't hear a sound of the revelry by night."

"Oh, weren't you—didn't you—did you leave Kay and come home early?" Suzanne faltered.

"In good season, thank heavens! We were absorbed into the Seeley party, and that chap Hughes we met yesterday on the bridgepath was only too glad to bring Kay home. So I beat it early. None too soon, either. In another ten minutes I'd have been walking in my sleep."

"Andrew Murray, what a confession! To get sleepy dancing with a beauty like Kay!" Relief fairly sang in Suzanne's voice.

"Oh, I didn't have a chance to dance much with Kay," Andrew said. "She was busy collecting scalps, which was all to the good for me. I was too tired last night to enjoy a dance."

He yawned luxuriously. "I'm glad you haven't had your breakfast either," he said. "This is cosy."

It was cosy. The water began to bubble in the glass top of the coffee machine, its fragrance mingled with the homely smell of fresh toast. The little room was bright and full of cheer. Warm with relief.

## Hollywood sets the Fashion for Complexion Care

We're always interested when screen stars give us a practical tip on beauty care. Did you know that 9 out of 10 Hollywood screen stars entrust their priceless complexions to a popular inexpensive soap? Of course, you know how important it is for them to keep their complexions fresh and lovely. So you can be sure that a complexion care they depend on will work for you. Claudette Colbert, fascinating star of Paramount's "Zaza" tells us about her beauty care:

"Every woman wants romance. Lovely skin wins romance. There's no doubt



about it—nice smooth skin is very important to any girl's charm. Use Lux Toilet Soap, it's a safe, easy care. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It keeps my skin ever so clear and smooth. Well, all you have to do now is use this fine, white soap yourself and discover how beautifying it really is. It may not make you into a film star (there's no knowing, of course) but it will certainly give your skin film star glamour. How can Lux Toilet Soap do all this, you want to know? Lux Toilet Soap is utterly different from ordinary toilet soaps that dry out the vital skin oils. It's supercreamed. That is to say, that into every tablet a rich, softening cream is actually blended. Supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap makes a dry skin soft and smooth, and refines an oily one become it regulates the action of the tiny oil ducts in your skin. The deep thorough cleansing of the supercreamed lather keeps your skin clear and fresh, beautifully soft and supple, as radiantly lovely as any film star's. And glamour is vitally important in your life too, isn't it?

**Beauty Bath à la Hollywood**

Where's the girl who won't want to try a beauty bath that's luxurious but inexpensive? Hollywood has found it. Screen stars use for their beauty bath the same soap that guards their priceless complexions. After a tiring day at the studios they find a bath with Lux Toilet Soap both refreshing and beautifying, enabling them to make a glamorous appearance at night, before their fans.

A LUX PRODUCT 6,312,90

## Explains How Enlarged Veins Can Be Reduced

Often time Veins Burst and Cause Much Suffering, Expense and Loss of Employment.

Many people have become despondent because they have been led to believe that there is no remedy that will reduce swollen veins.

If you will get a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) at any first-class chemist's and apply it at home as directed, you will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins are reduced to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil, which has brought much comfort to worried people all over the country, is one of the wonderful discoveries of recent years.

## LOST 23-lbs. FAT NEVER FELT SO WELL

"Youth-o-form is marvelous," says Mrs. J.O.B. "In six weeks I have lost 23lbs. and never felt so well before. My husband is delighted, and says I should have taken Youth-o-form years ago."

Youth-o-form has helped thousands of women to regain their normal healthy figure. Easy to take, anywhere, just one pure Youth-o-form capsule occasionally at mealtimes will make you reduce safely—permanently—effectively. 30 dose carton 3/6. Put six weeks' treatment on it. Get genuine Youth-o-form at any Chemist.

**YOUTH O FORM**

Please turn to Page 14



# SOME NEW LAUGHS

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



(Copyright, 1932)



## New Canadian Mixture

praised for  
**CHILDREN'S**  
**COUGHS**  
NASTY, HANG-ON



"Inmensely superior... tremendously in advance"—says Doctor.  
COMPOUNDED from rare Canadian pine-balsam of a special, triple-strength, —Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is entirely different in action—more effective—quicker—than anything ever known in Australia. First does definitely stop coughing at once. Three doses break up heavy cold! Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture contains no 'dope.' Sweetens upset stomachs.

\*Few Canadian mothers would dream of facing winter without Buckley's. For when icy blizzards and deadly snowdrifts cut off medical aid—little lives may depend on swift, definite—certain relief! Your own chemist or store now has this remarkable Canadian discovery. Get a 2/3 bottle right away—and have restful sleep to-night!

As supplied to the Canadian Government—and to Canadian Mounted Police.

**Buckley's CANADIOL**  
MIXTURE  
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TOMMY'S broken my nice new doll.  
"How did he do that, dear?"  
"I hit him on the head with it."

BUTLER: Shall I remove the mirrors, sir?  
Movie Actor: Yes, Jarvis. Take them away. I wish to be alone.

"I WANT a hat of the latest fashion."  
"Will you please take a seat for a second, madam?"  
"But I haven't much time."  
"Only a second, madam, the fashion is just changing."

LANDLORD: I won't let this house to a noisy tenant. I won't allow children, wireless sets, gramophones, dogs, cats or parrots, and you must not play a musical instrument of any kind.

Prospective Tenant: Yes, but do you mind if my fountain-pen squeaks when I write?

BOGGS (whispering to his wife at a party): That chap over there is the ugliest fellow I've ever seen.

Mrs. Boggs: Hush! my dear. You forget yourself.

"HELLO, dear. How's the pain in the neck?"  
"Oh! He's out golfing!"

"MOTHER, why did you marry father?"  
"So you've begun to wonder, too!"

It isn't washing-up that spoils the sink..

... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

If you will clean the sink with harsh, gritty scourers, what can you expect? It's sure to be scratched and dull in no time. Remember, scratches harbour dirt—and often germs—and make cleaning harder as time goes on. Porcelain is delicate—it requires smooth-cleaning with Vim's soap-coated grains. A Vim-cleaned sink keeps its gleaming, new look and can be cleaned with one swift, light rah.



**VIM** REMOVES THE DIRT...  
BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

T.22.27



There's only one...  
transparent, rapture-making  
capture-making Tattoo!



So lovely are lips by  
**TATTOO**  
CORAL, EXOTIC,  
NATURAL, PINK,  
HAWAIIAN, BLACK MAGIC  
Startling NEW Shade  
**Black Magic**  
Voodoo BLACK in the  
Stick—!  
Pagan RED on your lips!

### Money For You!

Ladies—make good money in spare time. Easy, interesting. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. Write NOW for FREE Particulars to THE MANAGER, Box 5958EE, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

## SUZANNE

looked at Andrew across the table, in his old brown dressing gown, his hair rumpled, drinking his coffee and teasing the kitten with a bit of string. Feeling her eyes on him, he looked up from the kitten and smiled. And suddenly, Suzanne knew that she could not use her petty, cruel weapon. Not now, or ever. Not if it would save her from Kay and from all the Kays who might sometime come after her. Not if she could buy her own everlasting safety with it. Andrew trusted her. She couldn't harm him. Oh, she could be angry with him, honestly and openly, if need be. But never this secret harming for secret purposes of her own. She couldn't do it. She couldn't.

There was a queer sudden sense of relief about the decision, as though she had had a narrow escape. It was an escape not exactly from hurting Andrew. Rather, she felt aware of something in herself, something that she had come perilously near to losing. The warm bright kitchen seemed cosier, more secure.

"Some more toast, darling? A little marmalade?"

She wanted to give Andrew something, anything. He was so dear. He deserved something so much better than just not to be harmed. Suzanne felt as though she had never fully realised his dearness before. There was a soft, warm feeling round her heart and, as they sat there, prosoodically eating their breakfast, it then seemed to spread all over her, like the warm glow of a fire. She wanted to share it with Andrew; to give it to him, too, this warm, bright magic.

She didn't even recognise it as love. She had thought of love as the wild, flattered excitement she had once felt about Maurice, or her frightened clinging to Andrew for the safety and comfort of his love for her. This feeling wasn't wild, yet neither had it anything to do with safety. It gave no impulse to cling, she felt strong in herself, as free as a bird, flying through sunshine.

## One of the Family

Continued from Page 12

The kitten had been trying to climb up the cord of Andrew's dressing gown and Andrew tucked up the cord safely in his lap. The kitten went round and round in circles looking for it.

"That cat is just about as beautiful and as stupid as Kay," Andrew observed amusedly.

"Oh, do you think Kay is stupid?" Suzanne asked.

"Of course," said Andrew carelessly. "She's hardly got brains enough to keep her ears apart. She's as attractive as a kitten now while she's young, but just wait till her looks begin to go. Some poor fellow's going to be in for trouble."

At this moment Kay herself trailed into the room, her pretty face still dewy with sleep, a quilted satin dressing gown held round her slim waist.

"Suzanne, my sweet! I kept smelling coffee and it finally got me up in spite of myself."

There was a faint reproach in her sweet, husky voice. Suzanne, knowing this, had always before played the perfect hostess, either sending Nora up with a tray or taking it up herself.

"Sit here, Kay," Andrew gave her his chair and went out to the front door, coming back with the rain-soaked Sunday paper, perching himself on the table, and spreading the sporting section out on the draining board.

"Tom Hughes—you know, the man we met yesterday afternoon—is driving me into town in time for dinner to-night," Kay said idly, watching Suzanne slip bread into the toaster.

"That's lucky for you," Suzanne commented, "because the ham you used for sandwiches last night was to have been our dinner to-day."

"Oh, Suzanne sweet, I never thought of that! I'm simply desolate." But a moment later Kay was going on about Tom Hughes.

"He's moving out here to the inn this week. He's going to play a lot of golf this winter. He wants me to play with him at week-ends."

Suzanne knew what that meant. Kay would now be wanting to come every week-end. Suzanne's mind began to work fast.

After a few minutes, Kay, sensitive enough to others' reactions when her own interests were involved, was obviously made slightly uneasy by the silence.

"I'm afraid we left the kitchen in a mess," she said, "I completely forgot that Nora wouldn't be back this morning."

"It's a good thing Nora wasn't back," Suzanne said, "A busy maid doesn't take kindly to messes."

HER tone was perfectly good-natured, a bit humorous. "I'm so sorry. And you've tidied it up all by yourself?"

"Yes," Suzanne said, still in the pleasantly humorous tone. "I'm a homely little housewife. I do love a tidy kitchen."

Kay shot her a startled glance.

"I'm just terribly sorry, Suzanne sweet! I'm a low wretch not to have thought. Don't be angry with me."

"I'm not angry at all," Suzanne said, and quite truly, too. We are seldom very angry about the things with which we feel we are going to cope. "I love to feel that a guest is having a good time. I'm only sorry that, being kept so busy with the baby and everything, I can't have guests nearly as often as I'd like." A little pause. "In fact, I'm afraid I shan't be able to invite any week-end guests at all this winter."

Andrew looked up from his paper in surprise.

Kay was obviously startled. Suzanne glanced at her with carefully concealed amusement. She was as transparent as a pretty piece of glass. Tom Hughes was wealthy and a young widower. Of course, she could come and stay at the inn at week-ends, Kay was probably thinking, but that would look a little too deliberate, too obvious. It would be better to be staying with in-laws.

"Well, it's lucky for me that I'm one of the family," she said lightly. "You know I never mind if I have to—"

"Oh, I never ask even near relatives to sleep on the ironing board," Suzanne interrupted laughingly. But then her voice became serious. "I am going to take advantage of your being in the family, though, Kay, by asking a very family-ish sort of favor."

"Anything in the world, my sweet, of course," said Kay.

## "Oh, that's quite all right,"

Suzanne assured her heartily. "Any time—any time at all. We can get away at short notice, if necessary. Just give us a ring the first free week-end you have this winter. We'll be everlastingly grateful."

Suzanne couldn't avoid Andrew's eyes any longer. He was watching her intently over the top of his sporting page, and as their eyes met above Kay's pink satin shoulder he winked.

Suzanne dived into the pantry to keep from laughing aloud—laughing with relief, amusement and a dawning new sense of freedom. Why on earth hadn't she coped with this silly problem months ago?

Oh, not that there mightn't be other Kays in the future, possibly even more dangerous Kays, or perils of some completely different, some utterly unforeseen kind. Well, if there were, she'd take the unforeseen good things and make the most of them when they came. You can't have safety in life. Only love and courage.

Suzanne looked up at the pantry shelves speculatively. Perhaps Andrew would like another couple or two in for a snack supper to-night. She might ask the Bentons—Andrew liked Doris Benton. She'd make sausage rolls—Andrew liked sausage rolls. Darling Andrew.

A jar of olives, overlooked by last night's pirates, reminded her suddenly of Maurice. Maurice had been very fond of olives. She had never loved Maurice, Suzanne thought fleetingly. Oh, she had been "in love" with him at the beginning, but that hadn't lasted and nothing had come to take its place. She hadn't loved Andrew at first, either. But she did now. Nobody, nothing could take it from her. Not even Andrew himself.

She had found that her security lay in her own heart, not in Andrew's. Darling Andrew!

Little sausages or creamed chicken on toast? Suzanne sang happily as she planned for supper. In a world of frightened and clutching takers, it is the givers who can sing.

(Copyright.)

## INDIGESTION

Chronic Pains were Ended when she took her Friend's Advice

Here is just one more remarkable story, selected from a host, telling of digestive misery ended quickly and for good. Our records prove that time and time again some good friend has passed along the news telling of chronic indigestion banished, thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. Read this statement. You, too, can get relief quickly.

Mrs. H. Williams, of 135, Napier St., South Melbourne, Victoria, writes:—"I must tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from De Witt's Antacid Powder. For a long time I suffered from acute indigestion, with biliousness, pains in the stomach and giddiness, so much so that my nerves were affected. I looked haggard and felt thoroughly 'fed up.' Now, after using De Witt's Antacid Powder, I feel and look happier and all my pains have completely disappeared. I can certainly say De Witt's Antacid Powder is a wonderful remedy for indigestion."

### HOW THIS REMEDY WORKS

Firstly, the valuable colloidal kaolin ingredient protects the stomach from the burning acid and allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on in a natural way.

Secondly, De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless. The pain is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Fourthly, subsequent doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder ensures the digestive system becoming normal and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food and medicine is no longer required.

Make Mrs. Williams' experience your own. This quick-action remedy produces never-failing, successful results. One dose brings relief. In a short time your after-meal pain, acidity, heartburn or any other form of digestive trouble is banished for good. Stop painful indigestion now by getting a supply of—

# De WITT'S Antacid Powder

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in sky-blue canisters, 2/6.



FRAGRANT AS THE ORANGE BLOSSOM



Will SHE RETAIN IT WHEN SHE'S 40



**LOTION-CREME**  
Fragrant as the Orange Blossom. Ideal powder base. Preserves under layers of the skin. The golden beauty aid. Outstanding tone, all leading chemists and druggists, 2/6. 1/6 net 2/6.



**LIQUID COLD CREAM**  
Ideal skin food for night use—rejuvenates the skin during sleep. Should also be used for removal of makeup. Sold in one size only—2 oz. bottle 1/6.

With skin so flawless, its future beauty depends upon the loving care it now receives. Cherish your skin with FEMàLURE, an exquisitely perfumed lotion-cream, specially made to reach and condition the under tissues that hold the secret of skin loveliness. It is a perfect powder base and should be used regularly after washing, housework or outdoor activities, because it replenishes the natural moisture that is constantly lost and thus keeps the skin soft—supple—exquisitely smooth.

At night, use its toilet partner FEMàLURE Liquid Cold Cream. It contains no wax, nothing to clog and enlarge pores and provides just that nightly care your skin requires.

# FEMàLURE

\* A LUXURY EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD



# New *Triple-acting* Compound

Works Through Bloodstream! Gives Amazing Benefits

Soothes, Relieves, Heals—aids safe, speedy recovery!

★ Here's Defence *against*  
**INFLUENZA**  
WHOOPING COUGH  
COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP  
BRONCHITIS, CATARRH

Perfected in the famous BIDOMAK laboratories



Here's the only triple-acting remedy containing assimilable Carrageen, Peppermint and Thymus in proper balance—to give genuine relief from these complaints. Mountain Peppermint Mixture acts by absorption into the bloodstream, which carries its preventative, nutritive ingredients to the lungs, the bronchial tubes, and mucous membranes of the whole respiratory and digestive tracts. It impregnates the membrane cells with anti-germ properties. It soothes it heals—it defends!

#### TEN WONDERFUL BENEFITS

1. Stops pain in throat and chest.
2. Reduces temperature—eases headaches.
3. Loosens phlegm.
4. Stops the spasms of coughing.
5. Ends sniffing.
6. Makes breathing easy and clear.
7. Soothes and heals the inflamed mucous membranes.
8. Clears nose, throat and bronchial tubes of germ-laden mucus.
9. Assists digestion.
10. Soothes tickling nerves—brings sweet sleep.

Get Mountain Peppermint Mixture to-day. Here's real DEFENCE against children's winter ills. No longer need you stay up with irritable sleepless children "coughing their hearts out," night after night. And children love its pleasant flavour.

#### SCIENTIFIC CONTROL

Manufactured in one of the most up-to-date, hygienic Laboratories in the Southern Hemisphere, to which is attached a fully qualified Doctor of Medicine, and under the control of Chemists who were trained in the most modern and largest English Laboratories in the world.

Mountain Peppermint is equal to the highest of the high standards required by the British Pharmacopoeia.

Free Treatment Chart enclosed with every bottle helps you to enjoy the utmost possible benefit from the treatment.

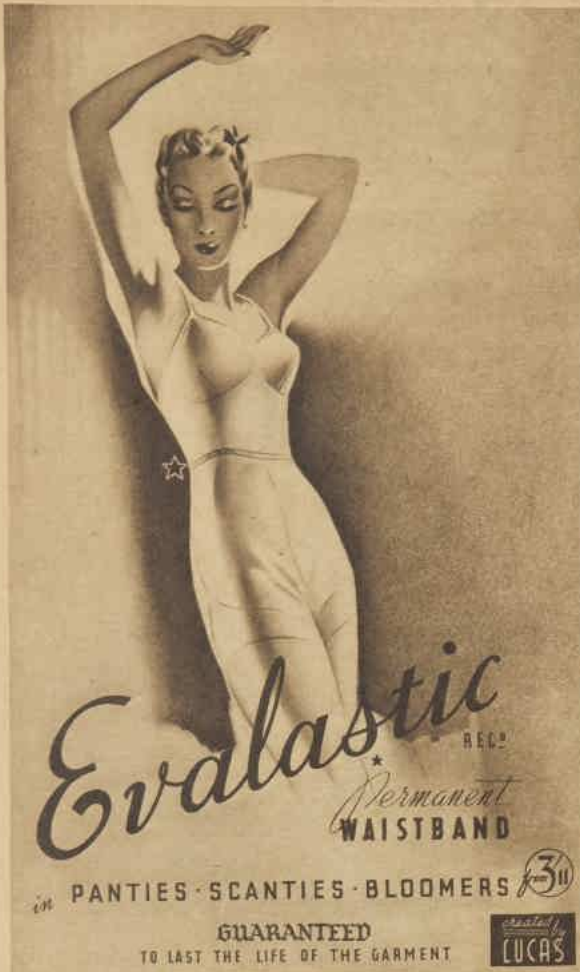


(Actual Size)  
8oz. family size bottle  
64 doses—3/6

**Mountain**  
REG'D  
**Peppermint**  
MIXTURE  
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Product of the Douglas Drug Company, Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Perth. Sole Wholesale Agents for Tasmania: L. Fairthorne and Son Pty., Launceston.





**Evalastic**  
Permanent  
WAISTBAND

PANTIES · SCANTIES · BLOOMERS

GUARANTEED  
TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

created by  
**LUCAS**



GIRLS of the Nazi Youth Movement which regiments young marriage candidates.

## EVEN HITLER Can't Stop Divorce

REGIMENTING OF WOMEN LEADS  
TO UNHAPPINESS IN THE HOME

Divorce is increasing in Nazi Germany, in spite of propaganda and special concessions to make marriage more attractive, according to Dr. Clifford Kirkpatrick, Professor of Sociology in the University of Minnesota, U.S.A.

His book, "Woman in Nazi Germany," is a complete survey of woman's life under the Hitler regime.

**C**LEVER propaganda was used by the Nazis when they came into power in 1933 to win over the women of Germany.

Hatred of the regime which coincided with the post-war period of hunger and poverty was carefully nurtured, and women were lured with promises of husbands and homes. (There were two million surplus women in Germany after the war.)

Other propaganda directed at women appealed to love—love of leader, love of heroes, love of children.

In 1933 German women had organized themselves into 60 organizations with millions of members.

All these were wiped out under the Nazi regime with incredible swiftness.

Discontents were encouraged by Nazi agents to break up organizations, and the work and aims of others were embodied in one giant organization, the National Socialist Frauenschaft.

The new organization, instead of expressing women's views, imposed upon women the Nazi verdict on women's place in the new Germany. The controller of the organization is a man.

The new status imposed on women and the demand for a higher birth-rate required an immediate increase in the number of marriages.

Economic conditions had forced the marriage rate down to 7.1 a thousand in 1924, compared with 14.5 in 1920 (the high figure created by marriages postponed from wartime).

To encourage marriage, matrimonial advertising has been greatly extended. Newspaper and even religious magazines carry these advertisements. One of the largest agencies operates under the approval of Protestant church authorities.

### Marriage Loans

**H**ITLER introduced marriage loans which are paid back at one per cent a month. Indebtedness is reduced by a substantial sum for each child. Unmarried people are taxed to provide money for the plan.

Loans take the form of certificates permitting purchase of household equipment.

During the first year, 224,619 were granted.

At the same time, propaganda against "double earnings" for husband and wife was vigorously circulated.

The required period of schooling was reduced, and attempts were made to improve housing facilities. Propaganda emphasized the joy and duty of matrimony.

By 1936 Germany's marriage rate had risen to 9.6 a thousand. But the increased rate, the propaganda and concessions to make marriage more attractive have not solved the problem of the single woman or that of the mother employed in industry.

"The renewed interest in marriage," Dr. Kirkpatrick says, "came too late for countless thousands of women. If every adult German male were inspired to go forth and seek a mate, the extra women would still remain."

It is grossly unfair to place on woman's shoulders the burden of blame for the avoidance of marriage.

"Many German women, in spite of high hopes, were excluded from the promised land of home and husband. Their lot may be even worse than before, since they are forced to watch the procession marching to the altar and to fight bitterness that often comes on seeing the joy of others."

"The idealisation of marriage and motherhood in National Socialist Germany must make the life of the



DEFINITION of "womanly occupations" is still very vague. Women are trained in fire fighting and other unfeminine occupations.

unmarried woman seem one of misery and failure."

In spite of Hitler's match-making, marriage in Germany has not reached an ideal state.

"The home has not yet been made a paradise of happiness and security for which the best job could be sacrificed since motherhood sits enthroned."

"Family discord is evidenced by increased divorce rates. The family institution remains vaguely patriarchal, children are alienated from their parents, and motherhood is rewarded with propaganda and philanthropy rather than with solid economic security. The ideal home of Nazi theory has not yet been attained."

The increased number of divorces is shown by the following figures:—1932-33, 2.9 a thousand; 1933-34, 3.7 a thousand (the year of the Nazi seizure of power); 1934-35, 3.3 a thousand. A further increase was predicted for 1936.

Prof. Kirkpatrick gives several reasons for the increases.

Difference of political views between husband and wife and between parents and children causes family friction that frequently ends in the Divorce Court.

Marriage propaganda and marriage loans make girls "none too discriminating" in choosing their husbands, and the "marry-at-any-price" philosophy may not further the welding of congenial personalities necessary for family stability.

In spite of the back-to-the-hearth ideal Dr. Kirkpatrick says there has been an increase in the number of women working outside the home, owing to national economic necessity.

"It is a paradox that love of German mothers does not save them from the task of making shells to kill the sons of other mothers."

"... There is hard work to be done under the Four-Year-Plan to make Germany economically independent, and women workers are still doing tasks of which gynaecologists would not approve."

"Woman in Nazi Germany," by Clifford Kirkpatrick. (Jarrolds.) Our copy from the publisher.

## It's Not His Fault

...he's Slow.  
Sluggish and  
Out-of-Sorts



The Doctor Knows it's

## Faulty Elimination

He's not only losing interest in things, but he's losing strength and health. Through no fault of his own, system poisons are undermining his health, taxing his strength, preventing him from being the bright, active lad he should be. That is the price every child pays when faulty elimination causes unsuspected poisons to enter the blood stream. This over-burdens the vital cleansing organs—the liver and kidneys. They become slow and allow further and more serious poisoning. Then come those spasms of crankiness, listlessness and loss of appetite.

The only complete remedy is a course of Laxettes. In Laxettes you get a medicament regarded by medical science as the safest and gentlest in its action on the bowels. Laxettes promote natural bowel movement—no harmful scouring of the bowel lubricant. That is why harmful substitutes for Laxettes should be avoided.



For YOUR own health's sake you, too, should take Laxettes for headaches, dizziness, etc.

WARNING: Be sure you buy Laxettes only in tins. At all chemists and stores—1/6 the standard tin, 6d, the sample tin. See the name Laxettes on the lid.

**LAXETTES**  
Rectify Faulty Elimination



## Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of Page 3.



## WHAT IS SUCCESS?

WHAT is our definition of the word "success"? Is it not usually judged by two factors only—namely, worldly possessions and popularity?

I am sure that there are many among us who, although not recognised by the majority as being successful, are, nevertheless, examples of the true meaning of the word.

Those who have found peace and contentment in their homes and have won the regard and respect of their most constant associates have something infinitely more real and satisfying than a so-called "successful" man.

Evidence of true success is written in a man's face, not in the extent of his possessions, which, after all, are only material evidence of prosperity.

Would we not do better to make our aim success in our own personal lives, and to make our achievements in business of secondary importance?

£1 for this letter to Miss J. Gleeson, 50 Llanest St., Armadale SE3, Vic.

## STEPMOTHERS

IT is strange that so many people have such an unfair prejudice towards a stepmother! Very few are ever given credit for being reasonable, or even human.

When a man with a family marries again, the wife is generally condemned without being given a trial. No allowance is ever made for the fact that some children are particularly trying, even to their own mothers, and no sympathy is extended to the stepmother who has to try to cope with them. It is a most unenviable position for a woman.

While relatives and friends may feel no ill-will towards the man for remarrying, they harbor a strong resentment towards the woman he has married. Why is this?

Mrs. T. W. Hennessy, Yeddenha River St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

## PLAY IN STREETS

PARENTS should train their children to play in safe, healthy surroundings, to use more freely the playgrounds, parks, and gardens provided for them throughout towns and cities.

Too often one sees children playing in the grime of the footpaths and darting out into the middle of the street, with complete indifference to traffic dangers.

If not by law, by parents' edict, children should be forbidden the streets.

L. G. Marsh, Milton Hill, Moree, via Coleraine, N.S.W.

## Tell the truth, or be merely polite?

YES, many are made unhappy. Miss Carmody (1/4/39), because people who consider themselves delightfully frank and spontaneous express their opinions openly.

Nearly everyone cherishes some little vanity. Or tries hard to hide some little imperfection, and it does hurt when someone refers to it.

I have seen the seeds of inferiority sown and encouraged by people who prefer to be frank but unkind instead of, as Miss Carmody says, "charmingly insincere."

Norma Travers, 284 New Street, Middle Brighton, Melbourne.

## Be honest

WHY do people go behind one's back to give an honest opinion? You ask a girl friend what she thinks of a frock, and she answers, "Oh, it really is pretty; it suits you; such a nice style, and the latest shade!"

Then when you are out of hearing, she gives another verdict altogether.

I'm sure everyone would much rather hear the truth when they ask for it. It is better to be straightforward and be disliked by weak people than to go behind their backs.

Miss Elsie Weir, 286 Crawford St., Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

## Prefers soft answer

WHAT a horrible thing it would be if we were condemned for even one day to speak the truth!

How about that new hat? Does a woman really want a candid opinion about it?

No, we like to hear that it suits us, even if we have doubts about it ourselves, and so it is with everything.

I think the soft answer best.

Miss Cassie Mitchell, 83 Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

## Unlovable type

A PERSON who glories in "telling the truth at all costs" is, as a rule, a very difficult person to get on with.

She has the knack of rubbing



Women aren't always pleased to hear a candid opinion of their hats.

people up the wrong way. She is the unlovable type who goes out of her way to tell a friend that her new hat makes her look old, or some other depressing truth, which it would be kinder to withhold.

Let us tell the truth—yes; but not in such a way as to wound others unnecessarily.

G. M. Leask, 88 Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W.

## Office use of Christian names

NO, P. Fitzgerald (1/4/39), I do not think the use of Christian names in an office is unbusiness-like.

A more friendly and sociable atmosphere is achieved by the use of Christian names, and, after all, a contented staff is the foundation on which a progressive business is built.

Joan Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderby NW2, Brisbane.

## Inevitable

WHEN a girl has worked in the same office for years it is inevitable that everyone will use her Christian name.

What difference its use makes to one's work I cannot see.

Respect should still be given whether a girl is called Miss or just plain Mary.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

## Should insist

EVERY business girl should insist on the title of "Miss" whether she be in an office or working in some other capacity.

Every girl is then placed on an

## Should Be Told

THE purpose of consulting a doctor is to find out the cause and nature of the illness from which one is suffering. Yet how many of us come away with that satisfaction?

I think it is essential that the patient as well as the doctor should know the fundamental cause before a cure can be effected.

In many cases the doctor merely mumbles a few medical terms. We find ourselves with a prescription in our hands, a few instructions, and that is the end of it.

Even though carrying out the instructions to the last detail, we can still do ourselves a great deal of harm by working in the dark.

Mrs. W. McKelvie, The Treat, Wascor St., Leura, N.S.W.

equal footing with her associates and is treated with respect regardless of her position in the firm.

It is usually a girl's own fault if she allows such a mark of respect to fall into disuse.

Hilda Haigh, 7 Spring St., Preston, Vic.

## Why not surnames?

ON many staffs of girls and women, such as colleges and hospitals, members of the same rank call each other by their surnames without a prefix.

This is less intimate and more businesslike than the use of Christian names, while avoiding the prim formality of the prefix.

The custom could be extended to mixed offices where discrimination between boy and girl employees is unnecessary, and sometimes inadvisable.

Seniority would naturally bring a prefix to the surname.

F. G. K. Brennan, 104 Warrane Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.

## Be friendly

IT is much more pleasant to be addressed by one's Christian name than as Miss. I fail to see that either affects the respect with which one is treated.

It is far easier to remember a Christian name than a surname. Frequently a junior is bolstered up with false pride and conceit by the sudden use of the title "Miss" which she has always heard applied to her seniors.

Audrey Gomm, 25 McPherson St., Albawh, N.S.W.

## Can women enjoy each other's society?

"WHY do men prefer the company of their own sex in recreation hours, while women prefer men's company?" asks Miss Miller (4/1/39).

Speaking from a woman's view—



One of these ladies finds women's company boring.

point, I do not think that this is quite the case.

Granted that men do like to get together—don't women also like to meet at afternoon tea or a bridge table?

One has only to attend a mothers' meeting at a school to realise that women can be very happy in the company of members of their own sex.

Mrs. C. S. Day, 184 Richmond Rd., Richmond, S.A.

## Interests differ

MISS MILLER may be interested to know that men do not "band together to counteract the encroachment of women," as she suggests.

Men have always liked each other's company, because their interests are different from those of women. They like to discuss sport, racing, cars, engineering and similar manly things, in which only the exceptional woman could join with knowledge. They really are not interested in the domestic trivialities which form the bulk of feminine conversation.

Randle John Cress, 20 Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

## What about shopping?

WOMEN enjoy each other's company when shopping, and over a friendly cup of tea.

In view of the economic independence of the modern woman, this companionship should increase.

Most of us enjoy the company of the opposite sex, but the woman who finds feminine society boring is not worth her salt.

Mrs. Mouatt, 2 Meakem St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

## Like women friends

ACCORDING to Miss Miller women prefer men's company to that of their own sex, but DO they? Very young girls may perhaps pay more attention to their boy friends than to other girls, but the average woman, while enjoying outings with men, likes even more to spend an afternoon or evening with congenial woman friends.

Mrs. L. Hopmeier, 1112 Rocky Pt. Rd., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

## Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Pen-names are not permitted. Readers made this rule for themselves by ballot.

## USE VOTES WELL

I RESENTED a remark I heard recently to the effect that in general elections practically every married man had two votes—his wife's and his own.

Yet, on further thought, I had to admit that the statement was largely correct. Most women are apathetic and accept their husbands' views without question.

Of course it is only natural that husbands and wives should have common interests and often think in the same channels.

Discussions of international affairs and politics should be encouraged in every home, each member of the family being entitled to take part.

It is good to hear and appreciate our children's ideas. Years ago women fought hard to get votes for us, so we should make full use of our privilege.

Mrs. Constance M. Nickels, Ardrossan, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.

## COMPEL MARRIAGE?

IF a politician with a sense of humor moved a bill to provide for compulsory marriage, I wonder if women would approve or not?

Many people believe that drastic steps ought to be taken to encourage marriage. I have heard it said that the unmarried do not fulfil their obligations as citizens, and have also heard a suggestion that a tax be levied on all unmarried people. A good idea undoubtedly, but would Parliament pass it?

Still, something should be done. Many young people are refusing marriage because they are earning good money and enjoying their freedom. Can they be blamed?

Miss L. Rodkin, 18 Balville St., Prospect, S.A.

## FAMILY LETTERS

SHOULD a letter written from one member of a family to another member be passed all round the family?

I do not think so. Things written are remembered always and are open to misinterpretation by those other than the persons to whom they are addressed.

Miss M. C. Froyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

## CONSIDER OTHERS

IF diners at hotels were to make an effort to eat their meals at the correct hours it would be greatly appreciated by the staffs.

We all have our lives to live, appointments to keep, and amusements to attend, and the waitresses have to clear their tables, wash silver and glasses before they are free to make a rushed effort at dressing.

In the kitchen, foodstuffs have to be cleared away, tables left tidy, and kettles filled, before going off duty.

A little more consideration would make a great difference.

Miss E. A. P. Irons, 21 Bond St., Chiltern, Geelong, Vic.

## BLANKETS and SHEETS

BUY by the BALE ★ At Pre-Winter Prices and SAVE.



FREE To every customer mentioning the "Women's Weekly" we will give, absolutely FREE, 1 large size BEAUTIFULLY COLORED BUNGALOW CLOTH.

ORDER NOW FROM

SYDNEY WHOLESALE LINEN CO.  
78 YORK STREET, Corner Market Street, SYDNEY.

## CONTENTS OF BALE (Post Free).

- 2 Double Bed Blankets, beautifully thick and warm, with whipped edges.
- 2 Double Bed Snow White Bleached Sheets. No seams. Guaranteed made by the famous Hollings Mills of Manchester, Eng.
- 1 Large Size Thick and Absorbent Fancy Colored Towel.
- 6 Medium Size Absorbent White Face or Hand Towels.
- 2 Linen Finished Snow White Bleached Pillow Cases, with envelope ends.
- 1 Beautifully-patterned 80x Interwoven REDSPREAD, in glorious shades of Rose, Pink, Gold, Blue, Green, or Cream.

This Entire Bale for 31/- POST FREE

Get the tin and you'll get the Shine!

To give richer quality to your brass, to give it a lasting shine, use BRASSO. Swiftly this quality polish sets brass gleaming. But remember only one tin contains BRASSO.

**Brasso**  
LIQUID METAL POLISH

A Raschig's Product - Made in Australia



## An Editorial

APRIL 22, 1939.

### GRANT TO DAME ENID LYONS



THE proposed Federal grant to Dame Enid Lyons and her family will meet with the warmest approval of Australian women.

By it we not only honor the work of a great Prime Minister, but recognise the claim in her own right of Dame Enid to our practical sympathy and admiration.

The history of the long record of leadership of Mr. Lyons as Prime Minister is also the romance of a great marriage partnership. As wife and helpmate to our first citizen Dame Enid is a shining example to Australian womanhood.

From the very first we hailed her as a democrat. Remember her famous remark: "I am sorry for the woman who has never felt the satisfaction of having completed a big day's washing."

That was the serene simplicity of Dame Enid, mother of eleven children, wife of a Prime Minister who came into office during a depression and died in harness after seven years of self-sacrifice and devotion to the job. Therein lies the justification of the grant to his widow.

Had the late Prime Minister devoted his abounding brain and energies to a commercial career he would most probably have died a very rich man.

Instead he preferred a life of service to his country. In this he was ably supported by his wife.

When her husband took on the Prime Ministership she stood loyally by him. As speaker, organiser, wife, and partner, Dame Enid found she was working as hard as the Prime Minister in a joint job of national service.

The death of the Prime Minister brings Dame Enid and her family closer to us. A trust reposes in us to make a practical move for their future welfare.

—THE EDITOR.

## ETIQUETTE

An authoritative guide to public and social life

THIS is the second instalment of the book by Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted English authority on social procedure, which is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form.

While Court presentation is essentially an English formality, much the same ritual will be observed in Australia when the Kents arrive.

How to introduce people, how to address people, how to answer different types of invitations, paying and receiving calls, etiquette of engagements and weddings—these and many other everyday aspects of etiquette will be fully discussed in subsequent instalments of Mrs. Lyon's book.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON  
(Published by Special Arrangement.)

EARLY summer in London is the time of the year when social life is at its peak. For it is then that the Royal Courts and levees—the very heart of social life—are held.

Court balls have returned as a feature of Royal entertainment during the last few years. (They were replaced by dinner parties for some years after the war.)

State visits of foreign sovereigns also are occasions for dinners followed by dances.

Incidentally, as we shall see in later chapters, no one speaks of a "ball" nowadays, unless in connection with splendid State affairs or those organised for some charity or other "cause."

Everything in the way of private entertainment is a "dance."

Those who receive commands—a Royal or Vice-Regal invitation is always a command—to dances at the palace may be personal friends of the King or Queen or people who hold important positions connected with the Court, diplomatic circles, the Government or the Services.

The invitations are sent by the Comptroller of the Household, and replies should be sent to him.

The reply should be as follows:—

"Mr. and Mrs. . . . . present their compliments to the Comptroller of the Household, and have the honor to obey Their Majesties' command to . . . . . on . . . . ."

On all occasions on which a



THE KING and Queen Mary greeting informally some of the guests at a Royal garden party.

member of the Royal Family is host or a fellow guest, etiquette demands that one should arrive about ten minutes before the time stated on the invitation card.

On arrival at the palace to attend a dinner, guests are assembled in one of the drawing-rooms with members of the Court to receive them.

At the appointed hour doors are thrown open, and the King and Queen, with other members of the entourage immediately in attendance, enter, walk down into the room in which the guests are gathered, more or less informally, in a row, and extend their hand to each guest with a few gracious words of greeting.

#### Method of presentation

PRESENTATIONS are made by the Equerry in Waiting, where they are needed.

The Queen goes first to the dining-room with the gentleman of chief importance, followed by the King and the most important woman guest.

Others present follow in pairs and in order as arranged by the Gentleman of the Court on whom this duty devolves.

At the end of the dinner the Queen leaves first, followed by the ladies, who curtsy to the King, either turning in the doorway as they leave the room, or as they stand up before they leave their places. Then the King, followed by the gentlemen present, leaves the room for the smoking-room.

Commands, as for all Court functions, are issued by the Lord Chamberlain from the Ceremonial Department, St. James' Palace. They are as follows:

● What would you wear, what would you see, if you were invited to a Royal garden party?

"The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by Their Majesties to invite (for instance, the Earl and Countess of XYZ and the Lady Joan X) to an afternoon party in Buckingham Palace, on the 20th of June."

It has been the custom of Their Majesties to give a series of afternoon parties after the return of the Court at the conclusion of the Easter recess.

Commands to these are given much in the same way as to dinner and dance, though naturally with greater freedom.

These parties are held in the suite of apartments used for Courts, and take place from four to six o'clock. As on other occasions, those who have the entree arrive at their private entrance and make their way to the Picture Gallery, where, by custom, they usually assemble.

The general company drives through the forecourt and quadrangle of the palace to the main entrance, proceeding up the grand staircase to the corridors and rooms leading one from another to the Picture Gallery, out of which the Presence Chamber opens.

The invitation card is accompanied by smaller ones, one for each person invited, bearing their names, which must be brought to the palace and given up to the Gentleman at Arms on duty at the entrance.

All such invitations are "commands" and must be obeyed unless illness, absence from home, or some grave reason make it impossible, in which case it must be clearly stated in the reply. Needless to say, such a command over-rides any other engagement.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP

Please turn to Page 20







## MANY HAPPY RETURNS of the "good old days"

L. W. Lower takes stock of himself on his birthday

Time marches on! I am on the verge, edge, or brink of my next birthday.

Surveying the rugged features in the shaving mirror this morning, I detected the ineradicable ravages of time. The furrowed brow; grey hairs in the eyebrows. The scar where I got a smack on the chin way back in 1920.

THESE things make one pause and think. It's not only you girls who have to consider them.

How would you like it if chaps came up to you, belted you on the back, and said, "I won't be here for your birthday, old boy. I'll be off on it."

my honeymoon, so I'll wish you happy returns of the day now. By Jove, old boy, you're getting a bit too much condition on you. Why don't you take up bowls or something like that? A lot of old buffers play bowls and seem to enjoy it.

By  
**L. W. Lower**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

"Who are you calling an old buffer?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Life in the old dog yet, eh? You old rascal. Well, so long."

That's when I went and sought another mirror and had another look at myself.

Old buffer, eh? Old rascal? H'mm!

Now, this is the turning-point. You can do either of two things. You can defiantly get around with the young bloods and go dancing and roistering and all that, or you can say to yourself, "Well, if I am getting up in years, I can at least retain my dignity."

The second method is the better, I think. I had an old uncle who got a lot of enjoyment out of my youthful troubles. I think he could almost serve as a model.

You don't mind if I practise on you for a while? Thanks.

### A famous race

"WHAT'S the matter, my boy? You look glum."

"I'm in a bit of bother, Unk."

"Ah, yes. You young fellows. I was the same myself when I was your age. Can't put old heads on young shoulders. Come on, my boy. I've been through it all."

"There's a bookmaker. Old Nobby Ned—"

"Old Nobby! Is he still alive? Well, smack me down! Last time I saw Nobby we had a hansom cab race through the city for a lobster a side. We both got fined a fiver and thirty shillings costs. But go on, my boy. How much do you owe this bookmaker?"

"Twenty-five pounds."

"Pooh! A flea-bite. If you can owe him twenty-five you can boost it up to fifty. We'll go through the entries later on and see if we can pick a winner. While there's life there's hope. In for a penny, in for a pound."

"But the trouble is, Unk, if the girl I'm engaged to gets to hear about it she'll call everything off."

"Well, what's wrong with that? Looks like the one bright spot to me."

"Ah, but—you see—you wouldn't understand. She's—"

"I know. I know. You've got to learn your lesson. Well, tell her first before she finds out for herself. Then she'll behave like a martyr and

"We had a hansom cab race through the city for a lobster a side."

forgive you more in sorrow than in anger and call you her naughty wandering boy and walk around looking like a stained-glass window she'll enjoy it."

"I think I'll do what you say, I'm very grateful for your advice, Unk. You've cheered me up. I suppose you couldn't—"

"Hold everything! Want to borrow a fiver off me, eh? Go and ask your aunt. She's got all the money in this house. Tell her you've got an opportunity to go into partnership with a shipbuilder or something like that. If she wants to know if you've mentioned anything about it to me say, 'No.' Get me?"

"Yes, Unk."

This, then, seems to be one consolation for being a year older than last year. I have two nephews, fine, healthy lads, who are just bound to get into trouble when they grow a bit older. If they don't, I shall disown them and cut them off with a shilling.

They say that when your birthday anniversary comes around you should sit down and quietly take stock of yourself.

What have I done with my life so far? Have I made the best of my opportunities? Can I fearlessly look the world in the face?

That's all hokey. If I were to go that I would feel compelled to go and give myself up to the police.

And now I shall go and drink a beaker of cocoa to my good health, wealth and prosperity. Nobody else will do it for me.

Take the advice of an ageing man; one who has seen the world in the raw; one who has walked home from racetracks, appeared in the Small Debts Court, been flung into a cell for riotous behaviour on Boat Race Night, ran away to sea, and burned down a house in the country—I say, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, and keep your powder dry." (Longfellow.)

I think Mrs. Lower is giving me a packet of razor blades for my birthday this year. I hope she means that I should shave with them. She's a very subtle woman.



How does she keep her Youth and Beauty

SHE'S got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim, and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.

"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss L. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than I! And even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Leckie.

# BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

## Demand "Captain" Rich Red Sockeye Salmon

The choicest juicy rich red steak from the famous Sockeye salmon fills every CAPTAIN tin

BECAUSE of the four main grades of salmon, Sockeye, Coho, Pink, Chum—Sockeye stands supreme for choiceness, tastiness and food value. Buy the best — Buy Captain — It's Sockeye!



Obtainable in 1lb., 1lb., and 1lb. tins at all Grocers and Stores.

Try Captain Sardines! All Captain Products are Delicious.

# Captain

Rich Red Sockeye SALMON STEAK

MAKE FRIENDS WITH 'CAPTAIN' CRAB TOO!



## 62—yet feels as young as ever

Feels full of  
Zest for Life



If you met this cheery woman at the Social Club she founded, you'd marvel at her tireless energy. Such drive she's got at 62. You'd never dream that she was laid low for years with rheumatism.

"I am 62," she writes, "but do not look or feel a day over 50. Up to three years ago, I suffered from rheumatism, attending hospital for 2½ years, but could not get relief. I thought I would try Kruschen. The relief Kruschen brought was unrel-

lous. I started taking it every morning, and have continued ever since. I was much overweight, but I am now 9st. 8lbs., and as fit as a fiddle. I am Secretary to a Woman's Social Club which I organised myself, so I have plenty of running about to do. I tell people that Kruschen has made a new woman of me."—(Mrs.) A.C.

### You, too, can have this Zest for Life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water, first thing every morning. Within one week, you'll have vim and vigour that your friends will envy. The mineral salts in Kruschen (which include that vital element iodine) will bring new life to every organ in your body. The

liver, kidneys and intestines awake to new activity. Poisons go. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, prices 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

"It's the Little Daily Dose that does it!" Take a pinch of Kruschen—so much as will fit on a teaspoon—every morning, in hot water, or tea. Remember—it's the little daily dose that gives you this "Kruschen feeling."

Learn the secret  
of **KRUSCHEN**

## SKIN TROUBLES SOOTHED AND HEALED



69. "Owing to the hard water here, my hands used to get very rough, but now 'Vaseline' Jelly keeps them smooth and prevents cracking." 5/- to Mrs. Sandy of Swift Street.



70. "Vaseline' Jelly rubbed on the knees after scrubbing and polishing will stop the knee caps getting red and sore." 5/- to Miss Harwood of Harrison Street.



71. "I smear 'Vaseline' Jelly on my eyelids at night to remove granulation." 5/- to Master Phillip Andrews, Yockandandah.

72. "Shaving close has caused my neck to get lumpy and bleed, but I found 'Vaseline' Jelly a great relief." 5/- to Mr. Brest of Leichhardt Street.



73. "I suffer from Hay Fever and find 'Vaseline' Jelly the most soothing and helpful remedy to promote easy breathing." 5/- to Mrs. Vernon, Auburn Road.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestions to Chesebrough, Dept. A25 Box 1131 J., G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.

Look for this  
name on the jar



## Etiquette

Continued from Page 18

SOMETIMES at afternoon parties the King and Queen stand for a time in the Throne Room while a certain number of the company pass through it, making their curtsies or deep bows as they just touch the hand extended to them.

More often Their Majesties come with the members of the Royal Family who have been invited and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, into the Picture Gallery, where they receive first the members of the Diplomatic Corps and other official personages, and afterwards any of the general company who may be specially singled out for the purpose.

This little ceremony over, the King and Queen, with the members of their entourage, move slowly about the gallery and through the rooms, pausing to engage in conversation various people known to them personally, and receiving people presented to them.

A military band, usually of one of the Guards regiments, provides a musical background, and recherche refreshments are served at flower-decked buffets.

These afternoon receptions are succeeded later in the season by garden parties in the grounds of the Palace.

Again commands are issued by the Lord Chamberlain naturally in considerably greater number than on other occasions.

The same formula of invitation is used as for indoor parties except that the words "in the garden of Buckingham Palace" denote the character of the occasion.

The invitations are always "weather permitting."

Guests who have "the entree"—those who are specially privileged by virtue of their rank—assemble on the lawn to the north of the Palace beneath the windows of the private apartments. The general company remain on the lawns to the south-west.

Soon after four o'clock the King and Queen, with members of the Royal Family and the suites in attendance, walk on to the terrace from the private apartments, and come down on to the lawn, where they remain for some little time in conversation with a number of those present.

Often opportunity is taken to present to the King and Queen important visitors from the Dominions or from foreign countries.



GUESTS passing through the main entrance gates to Buckingham Palace on their way to a Royal garden party.

In time the Royal party comes to the other lawns. Here the King and Queen usually part company, after which each passes slowly through the grounds, stopping frequently to speak to various people and forming the centre of one little group after another.

Very often nearly an hour is passed in this way and then the two little processions converge to where the Durbar Tent, spread on its silver poles and banked with flowers, forms a patch of vivid scarlet and gold under the trees. The gleam of silver amid flowers in an open marquee behind denotes arrangements for the Royal party's tea.

By common courtesy, but helped sometimes by tactful and unobtrusive suggestions from Court officials, the Durbar Tent remains isolated in a wide expanse of lawn.

People to be presented are brought up one by one, when Their Majesties have taken their stand beneath the tent. Members of the Royal Family and those of the household in attendance stand in informal groups behind.

### In King's presence

VERY often the King and Queen send for people who have been noticed, and these are brought up by Equerries to be presented and engaged in short conversation.

Needless to say, anyone honored in this way by Their Majesties curtsies or bows deeply, as the case may be (men holding their hats in their left hands all the time), and step backwards for some paces when the audience granted to them comes to an end.

In these days so many people of interest are graciously sought out by Their Majesties in this way, apart from those who are accustomed to such distinction, that it may be worth mentioning that nothing must be said until the Royal personage concerned has opened a conversation.

The conversation is begun in such a kindly manner that nervousness is forgotten and a slight bow, or the extension of the hand again, is the signal for the end of the interview.

Needless to say, all men stand bareheaded as the King and Queen pass near them through the grounds, whether they are specially singled out for notice or not.

Commands to Windsor are given either for reasons of State or because of private friendships of Their Majesties. They follow a distinct procedure of their own.

Unless directions are given to the contrary, it is taken for granted that the period of the visit will be from the late afternoon of one day until after the breakfast hour on the day on which the visit ends.

Guests at Windsor are received by the Lady-in-Waiting and a clear intimation is given of what is expected throughout the visit.

Dinner follows the lines of similar functions at the Palace, presentations being made by the Lady-in-Waiting or Equerry.

Anyone who stays over Sunday attends service in St. George's Chapel or the private chapel in the Castle, according to directions.

Women wear the white or pale-toned gloves on such occasions that they should always wear when called upon to meet Royalty; while orthodox town clothes are worn by men.

While Royal entertainments are for the most part confined to those given by the King and Queen, other entertainments on a smaller scale and of a private nature are given by other members of the Royal Family.

Invitations to such entertainments by Royal hosts are not, however, commands, although in courtesy they are treated as an obligation.

They are sent by the Comptroller of the Household.

For all such afternoon parties dress is of the style worn on any other "full dress" occasion.

This means that the most charming frocks and hats may be worn by women, and pale-toned gloves, correct morning coats, waistcoats with white slips and grey trousers, with the regulation high hat, either grey or black, by men.

### NEXT WEEK'S ETIQUETTE

What would you do if, later this year, you were called upon to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Kent as your guests at a dinner party or a ball?

In the next instalment of her book, "Etiquette," Mrs. Massey Lyon gives all the advice needed for such occasions, from the moment the Royal car draws up at the door to the hour when the last guest leaves.

### FOR SEWING MACHINES

Sweepers and all household appliances

LUBRICATES  
CLEANS  
PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL





# FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 22, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## Royal leaders of fashion . . .



● THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT arriving at a banquet at the French Embassy. The Duchess is holding up the flowing skirt of her rich ivory taffeta gown. With it she wears a chunky white ermine bolero.



● THE QUEEN wore this exquisite crinoline frock of white tulle scattered with diamonds to a Covent Garden Opera House First Night.



● THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER chose this tailored coat of clipped lamb's-wool to wear at Sandown Park Races.



● AT THE State Banquet in honor of the French President, the Duchess of Kent favored the slim silhouette in a white chiffon frock with a shimmering trim of bugle beads. The Duke and Duchess are seen leaving their home.

● A HAPPY picture of the King and Queen at the Grand Military Race Meeting. The Queen is wearing a simply-tailored coat with huge outstanding collar.

### NEW WAY TO MAKE SKIN THRILLING

#### Pond's Creams with active "SKIN-VITAMIN A"

Now, every jar of Pond's Creams contains the active "skin-vitamin", vitamin A, which is essential for skin health and beauty! Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream powder base and skin softener . . . used by thousands of the world's loveliest women.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- tubes for your handbag, 1/- jars for your dressing table, and economical 2/6 jars.



Lady Harmsworth "Now that Pond's Creams have the 'skin-vitamin,' I'm especially delighted with their effects. I've never seen my skin so healthy, smooth and fresh as now."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—the active "skin-vitamin"

**FREE!** Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four id. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted:

RACHEL ( )	LIGHT CREAM ( )
(Brunette)	NATURAL ( )
SUNTAN ( )	(Rose Cream)
(Dark Brunette)	LIGHT NATURAL ( )
ROSE BRUNETTE ( )	(Nubrella)

POND'S DEPT. K(12), Box 1131J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name . . . . . Address . . . . .

"THOSE WE LOVE" The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's every Thursday at 9 p.m. on 2CH, 202, 338-1K, 43K-AK, 61X-WB, THU, at 7.45 p.m. on 3BH, at 8.30 p.m. on 3AD-MU-PI-SE, every Monday at 7.30 p.m. on 2KO.





• ABOVE: An informal suit, quite daring in its stark simplicity. Featuring the new knuckle-length coat, moulded to the figure, and a slightly flared skirt.

• RIGHT: a sporty style—a little frivolous, perhaps, but very, very chic. There's fashion news in the haphazard pocket arrangement and youthful yoke.

• ABOVE: Alix first inspired the appealing contrasting jacket, and now it's the current craze. Notice the nipped-in waist.

• RIGHT: A Gibson girl suit to pander to milady's airy moods, with trim jacket and whirling pleated skirt, repeating the swish of the new topcoats.

**Under your TOPCOAT**



## AFTERNOON IN TOWN

VIVACIOUS NEW  
WOOLLENS TO BRING A  
TOUCH OF SUNSHINE TO  
YOUR MID-WINTER  
WARDROBE.



• FOR A JAUNT TO TOWN the lass on the left chooses a frock of eye-catching Guardsman-red with swing skirt, and appealing flashes of fur at the neckline, on the pockets and hat.

• THE YOUNG SOPHISTICATE at the top left lunches in a teal wool jersey frock of Alix inspiration. The draped bodice and flared skirt are ensnared at the waist with a wide cummerbund.

• HER FRIEND in a vivacious plaid ensemble feels capable of beating any Scotch lassie at her own game. The plaid is violet and green on a grey ground, and the loose coat of matching grey angora.

• WITH A BRIDGE PARTY IN VIEW, the chic ingenue on the right selects an amber wool sweater frock, adds sophistication with horizontal tucks, and subtracts it with white pique collar and cuffs.



## PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By Air Mail from  
MARY ST. CLAIRESketched by  
PETROV

1 FUR FASHIONS include fox and lamb coats made up on net for lightweight summer wear, sleeves with velvet or satin under-sides to obviate bulkiness, and coats with brightly-colored front panels and pipings in wool material. This means that the coats are fastened by either zipp or buttons on to the wool material panel and not on to the fur. Furriers declare this will double the life of a coat.



2 MANY of the newest hats have no crowns at all. They are merely discs of straw or felt kept in position by elastic round the back of the head or strings under the chin. The crown is indicated by a large bunch of multi-colored feather flowers.



3 TINY white pearl buttons are being used to trim many of the newest black net and chiffon afternoon frocks. Most of these frocks have gathered or smocked yokes and waists, and the tiny buttons are used to keep smocking and gathers in place. Elaborate patterns in these buttons are also embroidered on to navy or brown morning frocks, and they appear again in feather designs on the matching felt or straw hats.

No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!)



Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.)



Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!)



Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendour. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your

dentist. Let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as

well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Change to  
**Ipana**  
and Massage

4 QUITE the quaintest idea in handkerchiefs is to have a set of seven in different pastels of finest linen, each one embroidered with a day of the week in French.



# OUR PATTERN SERVICE



WW2845.—Contrast skirt and jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 1yd. 54ins. for skirt, and 2yds. 54ins. for jacket. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2846.—Daytime coat. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2847.—Housecoat. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½ to 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2848.—Charming mode. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2849.—Boy's suit. 4-10 years. Material required: ¾yd. 54ins. for trousers, and 1½yds. 36ins. for shirt. Pattern, 10d.

WW2850.—Evening frock. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 8 to 9yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2851.—Tailored frock. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½ to 3yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

## Special Concession Pattern

THREE ATTRACTIVE FROCKS for the little girl 4-10 years of age.

Sizes 4-6, 6-8 and 8-10 years.

No. 1.—Material required: 2½ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires 2 to 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires 2½ to 3yds., 36ins. wide.

## Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 431G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
TOWN.....  
STATE.....  
SIZE..... Pattern Coupon, 22/4/39.





## A Lovely Complexion

GOOD NERVES; PLENTY OF ENERGY

"My face and neck were covered with red blotches and pimples," states Miss E.J.D., Wardang Island, S.A. "For years I suffered anaemia, nervousness, had headaches and tiredness. I had no energy for work or pleasure. My color was pale and skin blemishes were unsightly. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking a few bottles I noticed with delight that my skin was clearing and the headaches were less frequent. Now, after a short course of these splendid pills, my skin is quite clear of blotches and pimples and I have gained a natural color. The headaches and tired feeling have completely gone. I feel full of energy and my nerves are fine."

A natural rosy complexion free from vexatious blemishes, sparkling eyes and abundant energy are a few of the rich gifts of good health that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give to young girls and women. If your blood is poor, your head and back ache and your skin is full of blemishes, your urgent need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.\*\*\*

**DENTIST  
NO PAIN**

Keep calm with

**BROMURAL** (KNOX)

\* Bromural Tablets before the dental ordeal destroy fears, bring peace of mind and quiet resolve. Pain loses its frightening significance; you face the worst with confidence. ASK YOUR CHEMIST (9K39)

THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



Sketched  
by ROBB

## THE NEW COATS

• Tight waists. • Full skirts. • No belts.

By Air Mail  
from MARY  
ST. CLAIRE.

• **TAILORED** style in bold, bright check, made with rounded revers, a front which buttons to the waist and fairly full skirt. (Extreme left).

• **BACK VIEW** of the same coat. Fullness springs out from the waist in unpressed pleats, caught firmly at the top with two buttons.

• **NAVY WOOL** CREPE dressmaker coat, pleated top and bottom, with revers and let-in waistband made of the reverse side of the material. (Right).



tight-waisted coat cut with a bunch of fullness at the back. And you can't miss the checks; they are as bold and colorful as the parrots at the zoo, done in vivid greens, purples, reds, and yellows.

Navy-blue is in again; this season it's a dark navy, contrasted with pillarbox-red or pale sky-blue. Very effective, if unoriginal.

Take this tip from me... I'm exposed to infection and have to work in bad weather . . . . . You'll keep free from 'flu, coughs and colds by taking... **WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT Cure**



**EVERYONE** comes into contact with people infected with influenza! A pleasant warming dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure in the morning before you leave for work, provides your body with the resistance to keep away infection. Another dose in the evening overcomes the effects of breathing germ-infected air in confined spaces. Many people take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure during business hours, too. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure not only protects and prevents, but it brings quick and pleasant relief in all cases of influenza, colds, coughs and lung and chest ailments. Get a bottle from your chemist or store to-day.



SEE ALL THESE PEOPLE WITH COLDS? I'D LIKE TO GIVE EACH ONE A BOTTLE OF WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

DO YOU THINK IT WILL DO MY COLD ANY GOOD? THEY SAY NOTHING HELPS A COLD ONCE YOU CATCH IT

LOOK, MISTER! YOU GET A BOTTLE RIGHT AWAY - IF IT DOESN'T DO YOU ANY GOOD I'LL PAY FOR IT MYSELF

**NEXT DAY...**

THAT WAS A GREAT TIP YOU GAVE ME - WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE EASED UP MY NOSE AND THROAT RIGHT AWAY AND SOON THE COLD WENT LIKE MAGIC

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT! I TAKE A DOSE BEFORE I LEAVE FOR WORK - WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE TACKLES MY SYSTEM WITH THE RESISTANCE THAT KEEPS AWAY 'FLU, COUGHS AND COLDS!

TRY A 1<sup>st</sup> BOTTLE OTHER SIZES 2<sup>nd</sup> AND 3<sup>rd</sup> SOLD EVERYWHERE





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, is under contract to a film studio. One day, **ELLEN:** A stranger, comes to Mandrake for aid. She says her home is haunted and that she is followed night and day by a panther-like figure. Mandrake and Lothar go to the address—an eerie old house guarded

by an enormous woman. They find Ellen upstairs with **DON:** Her fiance, who is trying to persuade her to leave. She explains that a fortune has been left her providing she spends a month in the house. As Don departs, a chair floats across the room, and a piano sounds as if played by unseen hands. Ellen, terrified, rushes from the room. **NOW READ ON:**

**IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE...**

THIS FLOATING CHAIR WAS PULLED THROUGH THE AIR BY SILVER WIRE WHICH WAS INVISIBLE IN THIS LIGHT.

AND THIS PLAYERLESS PIANO SEEMS TO BE OPERATED BY A MECHANICAL GADGET. SEE THE ATTACHMENT BACK THERE?

YOU SEE, ELLEN-- WHERE DID SHE GO?

HER RUNNED OUT FROM ROOM, WAS SCARED! Sissy GIRL THOUGHT WAS GHOST. HAHA!

GO AWAY-- LEAVE THIS HOUSE --GO AWAY--

UGH--!

GO AWAY-- LEAVE THIS HOUSE --GO AWAY--

LOTHAR --WILL YOU COME BACK HERE?

ME GET OUT!

--LEAVE THIS HOUSE --GO AWAY--

JUST ANOTHER MECHANICAL GADGET, LOTHAR. I WONDER WHO'S DOING ALL OF THIS?

ME WASN'T-- REALLY SCARED-- JUST RUNNED AWAY-- CAUSE NEEDED EXERCISE.

I UNDERSTAND, WE HAVE TO FIND ELLEN RIGHT AWAY -- AND EXPLAIN TO HER THAT ALL THESE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN TERRIFYING HER ARE JUST MECHANICAL FAKES.

DOOR-- LOCKED! NO CAN OPEN!

THINGS HAPPEN FAST IN THIS QUEER HOUSE. WONDER WHO LOCKED THE DOOR? WRAP THAT HANDKERCHIEF TIGHTLY, LOTHAR.

ME FIX.

LOTHAR REACHES THROUGH AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR.

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE...

LILY BELL-- PUT ME DOWN!

NO!

THIS QUEER OLD HOUSE SEEMS TO BE EMPTY! WHAT HAPPENED TO ELLEN? SHE SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

THIN-- AIR! MAYBE --GHOSTS TOOK HER--

NONSENSE, LOTHAR. YOU'VE SEEN FOR YOURSELF THAT THESE "GHOSTS" ARE JUST MECHANICAL GADGETS THAT--

FLOOR-- GOING--!

NO BONES BROKEN. WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WHERE WE WALK IN THIS RAMSHACKLE OLD HOUSE.

HOW US GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS CELLAR?

WE'LL GET OUT THE WAY WE CAME IN.

BUT HOW WE GOING TO GET OUT? NO CAN CLIMB OUT ON OWN SHOULDERS!

OUR OLD LEVITATION TRICK STILL WORKS. HERE YOU COME, LOTHAR! NOW TO FIND ELLEN.

MANDRAKE GESTURES AND LOTHAR RISES--

LOOK-- LADY MOUNTAIN, AGAIN!

A CHARMING LASS, WITH THE DISPOSITION OF A WOUNDED GORILLA. SHE'LL HAVE TO BE HANDLED WITH KID GLOVES.

TO BE CONTINUED



## FLUSH OUT 15 MILES OF KIDNEY TUBES

Win Back Pep . . . Vigor . . . Vim

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 MILES of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy.

If you have trouble with too frequent bladder passages with scanty amount causing burning and discomfort, the 15 MILES of kidney tubes need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging back-aches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, languor, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

If kidneys don't empty 2 pints a day and get rid of more than 2 pounds of waste matter, your body will take up these poisons causing serious trouble. Don't wait. Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist.

### VISIT SYDNEY

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU  
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.  
TRAVEL BUREAU FOR ALL

LEILA said in clipped tones:

"My friends don't find champagne an extraordinary treat."

"I know," he said quickly. "I say the wrong things, don't I?"

Gloria felt sick. All she wanted was to go to bed and hate people.

Bill rose early the following morning. Before she was dressed Gloria looked out of the window to see him backing the roadster down the drive and setting off in the direction of Brunswick. His expression was so gleeful that she worried about it all the morning. Leila and Gloria were having breakfast when he returned. He said:

"I've chartered two of the best yachts on the island for a party."

"Captain Jim's?" Leila asked.

"A nice old man with a beard," Bill said.

All the people who had been at the Clews' the night before were to be invited, Bill explained. He'd planned to sail to a small island Captain Jim had mentioned. It was a lonely little island and absolutely deserted, Captain Jim said. They'd sail back in the moonlight.

Gloria said: "Did you get the champagne?"

Bill flushed.

"I thought I'd let you and Leila work out what we ought to take in the line of food and—well, whatever we drink. I'll pay the bills. You just tell me what you want. You know best."

"I'd like champagne," said Gloria promptly.

He looked pleased. Leila shot Gloria a malevolent glance.

Late that afternoon, while Leila was upstairs washing her hair, Gloria sat with Bill in the garden.

"It's like a dream," he said. "A peaceful, beautiful dream." He paused, remembering things. "What I'm thinking is that people give a lot of money to charity. Did it ever occur to you that there should be somebody—somebody like me, for instance—who ought to establish a fund for people to have fun with? They worry about food and clothing and things like that, but they don't stop to think how important it is to people to have fun."

"Have you discussed it with Leila?"

"Not yet. I've rather hated talking about money with Leila. I mean how much we have—it's a great deal, Gloria—and what we're going to do with it. She can have

## Continuing Love for Sale

from Page 5

as much of it as she wants in her name and then we won't ever have to discuss money. That's a good idea, don't you think so?"

"I do not," said Gloria.

"Why not?"

Gloria said: "Look, could we drop this subject? It's your life and Leila's. You should do what you want to do." She rose, seeking escape. "I'll just say this, though, Bill. If you want to set aside a fund for charity, do it now. And don't ask Leila about it. She has—different ideas about charity."

"Of course she would," Bill said. "She'd want it to go for food and clothing. I see what you mean."

Gloria fled.

The day of the party was cloudless, and fair, with a good stiff breeze. Leila had to buy a bathing cap, so Gloria drove her into Brunswick. They were to meet Bill at the dock with the others.

Lucy Carter watched Neville's greeting of Leila as though she knew more than was good for anybody and would like to tell it. The rest were trying to pick the lock on the small gramophone. The key had been forgotten.

The men all wore grey flannel trousers or shorts, and well-worn sweaters. The girls had on beach pyjamas with their bathing suits under them.

An apparition appeared, making its way down the wharf. There was a stunned silence, and then everybody looked at Leila. She'd gone crimson. Gloria went to meet Bill. He was faultlessly attired in yachting clothes, hat and all. His white doekings fairly screamed for the tissue paper they had so recently left, and the anchor emblems on

the brass buttons of his blue coat danced a crazy jig in the sunlight. He was carrying a small parcel and he looked too happy to be true. He seemed a little startled by the informal attire of his guests and Gloria could see him wondering where he could put the hat without chucking it too noticeably. Neville broke the silence. He drawled:

"Well, Skipper, shall we push off?" Leila climbed down into the boat without so much as looking at Bill, and sat, in a frozen silence, staring out over the water.

Gloria saw Bill duck into the cabin. When he came out he was minus the hat and the white scarf which had been so meticulously knotted according to the instructions of the salesman who had sold it to him. His shirt was open at the neck. Somebody started the gramophone (they'd finally broken the lock), and everybody relaxed.

A half-hour passed in which Bill was the host he'd planned to be. It didn't come off. Rosamund looked at him biliously when he asked if there was anything he could get her, and said yes, a large dose of prussic acid. Lucy admired the buttons on his coat and asked him where he'd found such a divine blue. Leila replied to any remarks addressed to her with monosyllables.

One of the young men asked him to tell them again how he'd felt when he first found out that he was rich, and Neville sat by Leila and stared at her with polite interest. They understood each other, those two. They were of the same cloth.

Gloria put her head on her arms and tried to go to sleep. When she looked up Bill had disappeared. She crawled down into the cabin to find him sitting on the edge of the bunk, looking a little green. Gloria said: "Sick?"

Please turn to Page 30

# Prevention

## Is Better THAN CURE —and Far Cheaper!

Keep the Moths out!—don't let them in. You can if you moth-proof your furnishings by treating them with LARVEX—the genuine, odourless proofing that moth-worms will not touch.

LARVEX is the modern discovery that is scientifically made to keep moth-worms from eating your Carpets, Rugs or Fabrics of any kind.

## Before Storing your CARPETS AND RUGS

have them treated with LARVEX and thus prevent possible costly damage—You can be sure of this if you follow the LARVEX idea which is not Moth-Killing, but Moth-Proofing. This means getting in ahead of the hungry moth-worms and preventing the damage.

MOTHPROOF THEM WITH



# LARVEX



Before accepting the storing of Carpets and Rugs in our Furniture Repositories we strongly advise that they first be LARVEXED!—this means absolute safety and no possible chance of damage. The small cost of this sure mothproof treatment is insignificant when compared to the absolute protection it gives to Carpets and Rugs, no matter how long they are stored.

Prices quoted below apply only to goods coming into our furniture repository for storage.

COSTS OF CARPET TREATMENT—Beating, 6d per square yard. Beating and Larvexing, 7½d per square yard. Shampooing, 1/6 per square yard. Shampooing and Larvexing, 1/10½ per square yard.

THE CHARGE FOR VACUUM CLEANING AND LARVEXING THREE-PIECE LOUNGE SUITES is approximately 5/6.

LARVEX is on sale at GRACE BROS. in the following departments: CARPET SHOWROOM (1st Floor, Furniture Building); UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE DEPARTMENT (3rd Floor, Furniture Building); HOUSEHOLD IRONMONGERY (Ground Floor, Furniture Building).

PRICE:—1 pint bottle 4/-; with sprayer 6/6.

## GRACE BROS. Pty. Ltd.

BROADWAY — SYDNEY — 'Phone: M6506

## Wilkins' amazing test Continued from in mental telepathy Page 3

WILKINS' adventures began in earnest on January 17. Within the next six weeks he made a series of long and dangerous flights over the Arctic Ocean and the glacial mountains bordering it.

The adventure of the spirit on which he and Sherman had embarked seemed to keep pace with the increase of his emotions when he matched his skill and courage against storms and icy wastes where a forced landing meant death from exposure or starvation.

From this time onward the impressions of Sherman, sitting in a darkened room three or four thousand miles away, grew more and more accurate and vivid.

His telepathic record of when Wilkins was flying and when, for various reasons, he had to postpone flights, was so accurate that he missed the mark only three or four times in five months.

On several occasions his impressions actually forecast events several days before they happened.

On March 7 and 8 nothing worthy of note happened to Wilkins. But on those two nights Sherman found himself unaccountably agitated. He recorded these dramatic impressions:

"Was tail of plane slightly damaged in bumpy landing? Seem to see some work in rear of plane, fleeting vision of your face—quite a strained, intent expression, seems as though flight started and down at some point or turned back, plane motionless, snow or steel-like weather, strange feeling in pit of stomach, as if I've gone through close scrape or acute experience, you concerned about something."

On March 11, three days later, the expedition, carrying heavy Arctic equipment, with 1200 gallons of petrol, hopped off intending to make one of its longest flights.

A brief despatch from Wilkins to "The Times" describes the event: "They took off on a light and clear morning. But shortly after they were enveloped by a snow-laden storm 'as black and sudden as a thundercloud.'"

Wilkins decided to return and land. The pilot brought the plane down expertly, but it struck a sharp ridge of snow which tore the tail-skid from the fuselage. Although Wilkins made light of the accident it was really a close brush with death.

In discussing the experiments with a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, Sir Hubert said: "I think I have always been interested in thought transference and extra sensory powers."

"You see, I had seen so much of

it among natives and believed in it even before our experiment.

"In thought transmission tremendous powers of thought and body are involved.

"Impressions are picked up better than actual thoughts, and if the transmitter is involved in any sort of pain the receiver may suffer more acutely because he is concentrating on it.

"I know of a business man in America who uses thought transmission in connection with his office.

"He travels a lot and at specified times makes his mind void of other things, concentrates on his message, and has a trained receiver in his office."

## SHE'S NEVER CAMERA SHY



## —thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

There are no flaws in her complexion to spoil the picture—she regularly uses Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

Wright's is the perfect complexion soap. Its deep-cleansing antiseptic lather really purifies the pores—protects the skin against dirt and danger—acts like a tonic on dried tissues.

Wright's is the only soap containing "Lipo-Carbonic Detergens," the soothing skin medication used and recommended by leading skin specialists.

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

## WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W1-59



# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

## I LIKE—

Joan Wentworth's new autumn hat of nut-brown felt. It has a narrow brim and a high, dented crown pierced with two long, brown quills.

## Country women in conference

COUNTRY women from all parts of the State have flocked to Sydney for the 17th annual conference of the Country Women's Association, and every day this week will find the six hundred delegates in earnest discussion of many problems. The official opening of the conference by the Governor (Lord Wakehurst) this Tuesday takes the form of an evening reception at David Jones', when delegates and visitors will meet informally before the serious business of the conference begins next day. Among the visitors are the president of the Queensland C.W.A., Mrs. Edward Farmer, of Toowoomba, and Mrs. O. Hicken, president of the Victorian Association.

This Saturday afternoon the retiring State president, Mrs. Matt Sawyer, will open the memorial gates at the C.W.A. seaside home, Keira House, Dee Why. The gates are in memory of Mrs. T. Moore-Sims, a foundation member of the C.W.A.

## Returning from England

MRS. ROLAND ALLPORT, who has been holidaying in England for the past year as the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Sir Peter and Lady Horlick, at their charming home in Hans Place, London, is due back in Sydney this Thursday. She travelled out in the Otranto.

Another traveller homeward bound is Mrs. Norman Lloyd, who nearly a year ago set out on her first trip overseas. . . long mooted and eagerly looked forward to. Now, I hear, she will return home early in May, aboard the Ormonde.

## Polo at Kyeemagh

WITH the innovation of matches at the Show, the polo season has begun earlier than usual this year, and many well-known country enthusiasts delayed their return home after the Easter galas to attend the Town and Country tournament at Kyeemagh last Friday and Saturday.

Among country visitors I noticed Jane Mills (Quirindi), Barbara Grant (Collarenebri), Sheila Bell (Goulburn), Elizabeth Spicer (Scone), Mrs. Doug. Munro (Merrima), and Mrs. Gordon Munro (Bingara).

From Melbourne came Betty and Lorna Bradford, Mary Baillet, and Mrs. Ian Sargood. Queensland visitors included Mrs. Ernest White and her daughter, Sylvia.

## Three pretty debutantes

THE blonde and lovely Mary McConnell, eldest daughter of the Kenneth McConnells, of Wallaroy Road, will make her debut this Thursday at the dance which six well-known hostesses, including her mother, will give at Elizabeth Bay House.

Other attractive young things making their debut at this dance are Yvonne du Boise and Frances Stephen, niece of Mrs. Lang Campbell, who is a hostess with Mrs. Kenneth Street, Mrs. Ken McConnell, Mrs. Arthur du Boise, Mrs. Olive Teece, and Mrs. Edmund Barton.

Miss Jean McIlraith, who recently returned from a year's holiday abroad, is staying at Dunrobin, Roslyn Gardens.

## White and silver gown

BEVERLEY ROBERTS made a charming bride for her marriage on Monday to Grant Walker at Shore chapel. Her frock of white tulle had a pattern of silver wistaria, and in lieu of a bouquet Beverley chose a fan composed of lily-of-the-valley and gardenias. Her veil had previously been worn by Grant's mother at her wedding.

Bev and Grant have been busy supervising the furnishing of their newly-built home at Roseville for the last few months. They have had all the furniture made to their own design, but so far have only put the carpets down and intend arranging the rest of the furniture after they return from their honeymoon.



AN attractive study of Mrs. Arthur du Boise and her debutante daughter Yvonne, who will come out at the dance given by Mrs. du Boise and five other hostesses at Elizabeth Bay House, this Thursday.

Mrs. I. C. Robertson, of Yooronga, Yass, who has been staying at the Queen's Club, is now at Ranelagh, Darling Point.

## Leaving for Darwin

RETURNING to her home in Darwin after a four months' visit to Sydney is Mrs. T. A. Wells, wife of Mr. Justice Wells. Just before Christmas, with her daughter Jane, she arrived in town to assist Jane with her trousseau shopping and to be present at her wedding.

Jane, you remember, married Mr. J. G. Karney, of Melbourne, and since then has made her home in the south.

## At Haling Cottage

THEIR summer holiday a thing of the past—this year it was spent at Terrigal—the Fergus Shannons, with their young family, have returned to Bowral. For the last few years they have been living in the district, and now, I hear, they have taken Haling Cottage, the Venour Nathans' lovely home at Burradoo.

They'll remain there until the return of Mrs. Nathan and her daughter Carma from abroad.

## Bon voyage cocktails

THE George Thompsons, here on a fleeting visit from England, will be guests of honor at the cocktail party Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Eva, will give next Monday at their charming Rose Bay home.

It is really a bon voyage party, as the visitors, who came out in the Dominion Monarch, are travelling back to England on the same liner on April 29.

## Staying with brother

THE John Broinowski, who spent their honeymoon at Mount Broughton, Moss Vale, the country home of Mrs. Broinowski's father, Sir Norman Kater, are now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Murchison Kater at Bellevue Hill.

Shortly after her return to town Mrs. Broinowski paid Brisbane a fleeting visit just to say "Hello" to her schoolboy sons, Dougal and Mackenzie Munro.

## Following family tradition

THE Phyl White-Paddy Bell engagement, announced during Race Week, will unite two of the State's best-known pastoral families. I just don't know which has the most familiar ring, the name of White in the New England district, or the mention of a Bell about Muswellbrook. Paddy is following in the family footsteps, for he has been jackerooing at Gostwyck, Noreen Dangar's famous property at Armidale, prior to launching out on his own.

Then, of course, there's his elder brother, Henry, also faithful to tradition, and settled on the land near Coonamble. Henry's marriage with Gwyn Irving, you remember, took place last year.

## Home after visit to Tasmania

MRS. REGGIE ALLEN arrived home from Tasmania in time to cheer Reggie's horses, Gymkhana and Diamond Wedding, on to victory at the Easter meetings at Warwick Farm and Randwick.

Mrs. Allen goes over to Tasmania every year to stay with her parents.

## Motoring honeymoon to Brisbane

A LEISURELY motor trip to Brisbane is the honeymoon planned by Betty Hagon and Dr. Emmett McDermott, whose marriage will take place this Wednesday, in the chapel at Riverview College, Emmett's old school.

Lorna and Nannette Hagon, Joyce Longworth and Joy McDermott will bridesmaid Betty.

The new flat in Edgecliff Square which Betty and Emmett have taken is now quite ready for their return, and looking most attractive. Bet's color scheme is green and cream, with walnut furniture.

## Victoria League meets in Canberra

THIS Wednesday will see delegates from the various interstate branches of the Victoria League foregathering at Canberra for a three-day conference.

Lady Gowrie will open the conference this Wednesday evening, and Sir Geoffrey Whiskard will be the chief speaker on that evening.

Miss Edith Thompson, who is a member of the Central Executive in London, and who is at present in Australia to determine the possibilities of migration for women, will also give an address.

## Garden party at Toft Monks

THE lovely garden at Toft Monks, with its luxury swimming pool, gay flower beds, and terraced lawns sloping down to the waters of Elizabeth Bay, made a perfect setting for the garden party Mrs. Penfold Hyland gave this Monday for delegates to the Red Cross Conference.

Members of the V.A.D. served tea on the lawns, and those present included the chairman of the Red Cross Society, Mr. D. J. Mackay Sim; Mrs. E. H. K. Downes, Camden; Mrs. G. Manches, Moree; Mrs. Malcolm Body; Mrs. R. P. Hole, Bathurst; and Mrs. E. H. Litchfield, Cooma.

## Travellers return

TWO travellers due here this week are Captain and Mrs. Oleg Erdeley, returning from a holiday overseas—spent for the most part in France. The Romola, in which they sailed almost a year ago, is bringing them home again.

Of their immediate plans I know nothing, but as I hear Mrs. Erdeley's mother, Mrs. Kennedy, who was living at Moss Vale when they departed, has since moved to a charming home in the Albury district, I imagine it will not be long before the travellers head south to see her.

## DO YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Arnold Green with baby son Timothy James will spend the next three months in Melbourne with Lieutenant-Commander Green's people while he is away with his ship, H.M.A.S. Adelaide, on the winter cruise?

For your  
Health's sake  
drink delicious  
'Ovaltine'

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-. All Chemists and Stores.  
A. WANDER LIMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

Q18-12.39



**Now!**  
a Handy Purse Size at 1/6

# Coverspot

TO CONCEAL ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

In response to requests from thousands of women, Coverspot is now obtainable in handy purse size at 1/6 in addition to 4/6 economy jar. Wise women keep Coverspot in purse always—ready for immediate use when pimples or spots appear. Coverspot conceals freckles, pimples, spots, blotches, dark circles under eyes, bruises, birth-marks, scars, skin discolorations, uneven sunburn, etc., so artfully as to defy detection even in strong sunlight. Coverspot remains pliant all day long; does not fade or easily rub off. Water and perspiration proof but quickly removed by cleansing cream. Medical men recommend Coverspot because it is harmless, does not clog pores or hinder healing.

## ALL-OVER MAKE-UP

As an all-over make-up, a light application of Coverspot gives an excellent evenness—makes powder cling hours longer. Effectively conceals freckles and uneven sunburn on face, neck, shoulders, back and arms. Applied before spending a day outdoors, Coverspot prevents tan and windburn. Four shades: Sun Tan, Dark Sun Tan, Ruchelle, Natural. Two Sizes: Economy Jar 4/6, Purse Size 1/6. Chemists or Stores or write to Sales Representatives: THE BRITISH HAROLD F. RITCHIE CO., LTD., 55 York-street, Sydney.



**DON'T LET A SKIN BLEMISH MAR YOUR APPEARANCE... USE Coverspot**

HE smiled thinly. "A little," he said. "I—I've never been sailing before. I—will my guests be all right, do you suppose, if I just lie down a little while?"

"They'll be fine; take off your coat. It's pretty warm for flannel."

He sank back with a relieved expression, smiling at her like a grateful child. She hung the coat up carefully, patted him and left him alone.

They reached the island they were making for in mid-afternoon. Gloria woke Bill up and tactfully carried his coat off. The doekins, by this time, were respectably rumpled and soiled. He looked almost casual enough.

They swam, off and on, all afternoon and lay with their arms shading their eyes, talking in little, desultory snatches.

Dusk fell and Bill built a fire. The hamper of food was opened, a bottle of champagne was cracked, under its influence the party became more conversational and things were looking up.

It was at this point that Bill rose and announced:

"I have a surprise."

It was in that parcel, Gloria knew, watching him go towards the boat, that the surprise was in the parcel he'd carried down to the wharf that morning. She looked round for Lella. Lella and Neville were walking aimlessly down the beach. She just closed her eyes and came as close to praying as she had since she was a child: "Don't let him make another blunder. Dear God, don't give these wolves another chance to laugh at him." She knew then, with a sick finality, that she was in love with him.

Love is when you'd rather look a fool than have somebody else look one.

He came back, knelt in the fire-light and opened his parcel. Little separate parcels fell out of the big one.

"You've all been so nice to me," he said. "I had to do something to show my appreciation. I—I got you all a present." He handed the parcels, one by one, to everyone there. Those belonging to Lella and Neville were left. Bill looked round. "Where's Lella?"

## LUCY'S

little, purring voice came over the rustle of paper made by unwrapping her present.

"She's gone for a walk. Down the beach. That way."

Bill stood up. Gloria pulled the last bit of paper from her parcel and opened the box. There was a wrist-watch inside. There were wrist-watches in all the boxes, men's strap watches for the men and little white-gold watches for the women.

Bill said: "I got a diamond one for Lella," and looked down the beach.

"I'll get her," Gloria said hastily. "No, don't you bother," said Bill. "I'll go."

Gloria padded along at Bill's side. She thought: "Isn't it funny? I've never before waited and to make a noise when I walked on it."

He carried the two little parcels, one for Lella and one for Neville. She thought:

"It's just as though he were walking into the blade of a knife and I saw it and didn't tell him that it was there."

Lella was wrapped in Neville's arms, of course. They were completely oblivious of everything. Bill just stood there. Gloria could feel his arm aching. She hung on to it, tight. Lella's face, when she looked up, was comforted with a curious kind of fury. Her voice shook as she said to Gloria:

"You rotten little sneak!"

"I'm a sneak," Gloria said. "That's funny."

Lella was advancing towards her, raging. "Spying on me! Telling him the whole thing and then bringing him down here to prove it! Why didn't you hire a hall and tell the whole world I was marrying him for his money? You've never kept anything to yourself as long as this before!"

Bill's voice was quite cold and steady.

"Stop shouting," he said. "Gloria didn't—"

Lella whirled on him and shrieked: "Don't tell me about Gloria! I know all about Gloria! She's never done anything since the day she was born but make trouble for everybody!" She ripped off his engagement ring and handed it to him. "If you're going to preach about right and wrong and honor and decency, go and preach to somebody else. I don't want to hear it. Thank Heavens I needn't spend the rest of

## Love for Sale

Continued from Page 28

my life bathing in sweetness and light!"

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," Gloria said softly. "Are you coming, Bill?"

"I've a few things to say to Lella," Bill said.

Gloria went on down the beach alone. She huddled on the sand picturing herself going back to her father. He would reproach her for causing trouble in the family. She didn't care about that, really. What she cared about was the look on Bill's face. She moaned, "O-o-h, and he was so happy!"

When she went back to the fire she found a silent and uncomfortable group. They were packing things up preparatory to leaving. Bill wasn't there.

She gathered from Lella's incoherent and furious babbling that Bill had said some rather harsh things. Neville kept saying: "But, Lella, you couldn't have married him, anyway. I mean to say, imagine going through life with—"

"Yes," Gloria said loudly, "imagine going through life having somebody as decent as that about. It would be plain hell for you."

"Get out of my sight, you little beast!" Lella sobbed.

Gloria said, "Has anybody seen our boat? Where is he?"

Lucy said casually:

"He went off there behind the sand-dunes. I shouldn't go after him if I were you. He looked like a madman."

Gloria strode towards the sand-dunes. He was sitting with his shoulders hunched as though he were trying, by posture, to shield himself from a blow. He saw her watching him but didn't say anything, or move. She watched him for a long time. She didn't indicate by so much as a gesture that he wanted solace. Gloria went back to the boat and found his hat. Then she searched among the things on shore until she found the blue flannel coat. She stood there holding them.

"Bill wants you all to go back on Captain Jim's boat. Tell the

man to wait with the other boat. I'll come back with him."

Lella said savagely:

"When you get back, your things will be at the hotel."

"Thanks," Gloria said.

She waited until the boat glided off into the darkness, then she went back to Bill. He was still just sitting there. Gloria sat down beside him.

"I brought your hat and coat, Bill."

He turned his head away.

"Please," Gloria said.

Bill took the coat and slipped into it.

"The scarf's in the pocket," said Gloria. "Let me tie it."

He submitted while she knotted it carefully. She said:

"There you are, Skipper. We'll sail back by moonlight just as you planned it. The others have gone on."

He said, almost roughly:

"Don't feel sorry for me. I don't like it."

Gloria began to cry.

Bill said helplessly:

"Here. Here, stop it. Oh, Gloria, please stop." He tried, clumsily, to wipe away her tears.

Through the folds of his handkerchief Gloria bleated:

"You must a-always wear that hat. And the o-coat too with those l-lovely b-buttons." She sobbed lustily.

Bill got to his feet and lifted her bodily to hers.

"You can't wear things like this except on a boat," he said.

He was dragging her by the hand towards the beach. She trotted, sniffing, and saying:

"I expect you're right. The nice thing about you is that no matter what you do you'll always be right."

Bill lifted her over a piece of driftwood, saying:

"I wish I believed that."

Gloria smiled confidently through her tears.

"You'll believe it," she said stoutly. "Wait."

(Copyright)

## BACKACHE

Your Pain will Stop when you try this Remedy Specially Prepared for KIDNEY TROUBLE



Backache, with its constant weakening pain, is one of the first signs of something wrong with your kidneys. When your kidneys are getting sluggish or clogged up with impurities there is a feeling of down-dragging exhaustion. Nothing can do you any good until you wake the kidneys to healthy action. Is it not clear common sense that you need a remedy that will act directly on your kidneys? That remedy is De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

If you asked your chemist about the formula printed on each box of De Witt's Pills he would tell you that these pills contain those special ingredients that pass unchanged through the digestive tract, straight to the kidneys. You yourself have complete proof that these pills act at once on weak kidneys, because, 24 hours from the first dose, the urine is discoloured. This fact tells you that vital medicaments are cleansing the kidneys. As you take De Witt's Pills for a little while your kidneys are so strengthened that they resume their natural action and clear right out of the system the poisons and impurities that cause your bad backache.

De Witt's Pills are not only a quick-action, safe and certain remedy for backache, but will quickly banish all the other painful symptoms started by weak kidneys. Take them if you are a victim of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. If you are feeling tired-out, getting too-old, suffering dizzy spells, the tonic effect of De Witt's Pills will restore your vigour and vitality. In cases of bladder trouble or urinary disorders this fine kidney remedy will end your pain, stop constant inconvenience of seeking relief (especially at nights) and prevent the grave dangers caused by gravel or stone.

## DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/6, 3/- and 5/6.

**FU MANCHO**  
COMES TO YOUR LOUD SPEAKER!

SAX ROHMER'S  
Famous character is  
on the air  
in

**The Shadow of FU MANCHO**

The Greatest  
Thrill Serial in  
Radio:  
It took  
America by storm.

2  
G  
B

Mon.  
Tues.  
Wed.  
Thurs.

7.15 p.m.

2  
G  
B





## Smart to be warm

It just isn't fashion to go about looking chillsome — we none of us appear at our best when we're shuddering in the wrong-time-of-year undies. These charming things are light but cosy, the right weight for April, and delightfully feminine.

A. Pyjamas of flannelette, flowered on grounds of pink, blue, green. S.W., W., O.S. 15/11

B. Dressing gown, in pure wool flannel. Green rose, blue, Vintage red. S.W., W., O.S. 29/6

C. Nightie of British twill flannelette, lunders well. Cream, pink, lemon. S.W.-O.S. 9/11

D. Vest and pants in fancy lace Shetland; pink, white, green, blue. S.W.-O.S. en. 5/11

TAKE ESCALATORS TO DEPARTMENT, FOURTH FLOOR.



## REGATTA HAT

for sporting occasions

A beanie with a slightly rakish air . . . you'll see lots like it bobbing beneath the willows at the G.P.S. Regatta. In carefully sectioned and stitched Duoton cloth, emerald, bottle, wine, brown, navy, or black. A favourite at 5/11

Millinery Salon, Third Floor.

## "WAIST-COAT" EFFECT

Knit it yourself  
with free, exclusive pattern.

Gathered from the waist and finished with a polo collar, this delightful jumper shows the very new "Waistcoat" effect . . . made from an exclusive pattern designed by our own experts, and given free with your wool. The model, in green haze, with a narrow bow of fuchsia velvet ribbon at the neck, takes 8 skeins of Paton's Azalea wool at 8d. per skein . . . the total cost being 5/4

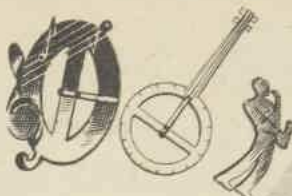
Knitting Wool, Ground Floor.



PARKE-DAVIS SUN CREAM . . . women who motor, golf or ski, find that a light film of Parke-Davis Sun-Cream will guard complexion loveliness miraculously against the ravages of weather . . . at 1/9 tube.

# FARMER'S

Mail Orders to P.O. Box 497 AA. Phone, M2405



A whole orchestra  
of swing buttons  
for your frocks.

## Let's swing it

Joy for jitterbugs . . . little button-folk in emerald, tan, white, lemon, teal, maroon, to jazz on your frocks at 6d. each . . . saxophone, musical note or treble-clef buttons, 4d.; buckles to match, 1 1/2", 1/3; banjo buttons, white only, 4d.; buckles, 1 1/2", 1/3

Buttons and Buckles, Ground Floor.



## Gowns for gala evenings

Dining or dancing . . . our Popular Frock Shop has styles for you which will steal your heart away with their grace, their adorable colours, their smart fabrics. Here are just two, whispering of all the gay, breathless romance that belongs to your gala evenings.

Silk, in black, with silver lame collar and sleeves. Also with V neck. S.S.W. to S.O.S. 69/6

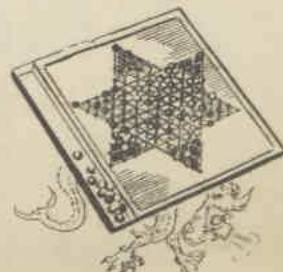
Chiffon, in mauve and blue, violet and blue. Shirred bodice, tulle slip. Sizes 32 to 38, at 63/-

Popular Frock Department, Second Floor.

America's craze storms  
Sydney,  
Chinese Checkers!

Everybody's playing it—the greatest craze since crossword puzzles! An intensely exciting game that originated in China, swept over Europe, and is now fast becoming a success at parties over here. 8/6

Toys and Games, Fourth Floor





## THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

Here's an incident that MIGHT have happened. It concerns a Wedding . . . Betty the Bride simply couldn't find time to do all the planning beforehand. Bill the Best Man hadn't been given enough time to think it over, and rang at the last minute to say he couldn't come.

The Bridesmaids' frocks were out of taste, and George the Groom wanted the reception at the Club, but left it too late, and found they were booked out.

Surely you'd hate having to go through with a Ceremony like that. That's why so many engaged girls to-day are reading the Bride's Book, specially planned to give you useful information on everything concerning the Wedding Ceremony and Homeplanning. Write now for your FREE copy.

### \$200 TO BE WON!

And incidentally, Bebarfolds have arranged a Home Planning Contest that is open to all engaged girls. All you have to do is to plan a home for under £100. It sounds easy, and it is. Call in for an Entry Form . . . there's no fee, and nothing to buy!

### FREE BOOK



Miss Mary Sheraton, Bebarfolds Ltd., George St., SYDNEY.  
Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge or obligation.  
( ) The Bride's Book.  
( ) Homeplanning Contest Entry Form.  
( ) 40-page book: How to Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS ..... W.W.22/6

## RHEUMATISM

THOUSANDS of pain-racked victims have been saved from a living death by the great new arterial medicine, DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS, which has proved so marvellous for Rheumatism, Arthritis, and High Blood Pressure. Muscles and joints lose stiffness and pain. Aches and pains vanish as MENTHOLS kills bacteria and germs, cleansing your blood-stream. Get a 6-6 (months' treatment) BOTTLE or a 3-3 (12-day treatment) BOTTLE of MENTHOLS from your nearest chemist to-day. DR. MACKENZIE'S genuine MENTHOLS.



## ENO IS DIFFERENT because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts.  
Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood and can safely be taken in cases of diabetes.  
Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming.  
Eno is pleasant to taste, mild yet thorough in action.



# ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

Ad 130

## What Women are Doing

### Woman secretary of aquarium has charge of trained seals

A THOUSAND fresh-water fish and trained seals, comprising Melbourne's aquarium, come under the supervision of Mrs. Isabel Green, secretary of the trustees of the Melbourne Exhibition Buildings.

Mrs. Green is at present making arrangements for the installation of a heated tank system so that it will be possible to exhibit gaily-colored fish from the tropics.

As well as the aquarium, Mrs. Green has charge of a children's theatre, sports arena, and parking area, and attends to the letting of the great exhibition hall. Temporary occupants of the hall range from roller-skaters to students sitting for University examinations.

Since her appointment she has done much to make the aquarium more attractive to visitors.

A sister of the former Federal Attorney-General (Mr. Menzies), Mrs. Green has had years of organising experience. When secretary of the Royal Melbourne Hospital she more than doubled the contributing membership.

### Music teacher now makes ships her home

BECAUSE she finds living on ships, particularly cargo ships, more enjoyable and cheaper than living on land, Miss Helena Miller, formerly of Brisbane, intends to spend most of her life from now on at sea.

She arrived in Sydney recently, after a three months' voyage from London in the cargo steamer Salamaus. During the trip the ship called at only three ports—Curacao, in the Dutch West Indies, and Port Alberni and Vancouver, British Columbia. She will continue her travels aboard the same vessel.

Miss Miller formerly taught music in Brisbane.

### Supervises diet of more than 500 patients

AS chief dietitian at Prince Henry Hospital, Sydney, Miss Aileen Morrison is in charge of the diet and food service for both nurses and patients.

She is the first graduate of the dietetics training school at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, to be appointed to such a position.

Miss Morrison, who is a New Zealander, obtained her home science degree from Otago University several years ago. She then came to Sydney and completed a post-graduate course in dietetics.



MRS. GREEN with Bouff, one of the big seals at the Melbourne Aquarium.

### Discussing settlement of English girl migrants

TO discuss the settlement in Australia of English girls is the purpose of a visit being made by Miss E. M. Thompson, president of the Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women.

Under the society's assisted emigration system, an English girl can reach Australia at a considerably reduced fare. Authorities at Australia House make the final choice of applicants.

"How much care is taken," says Miss Thompson, "is shown by the fact that of every 100 girls who apply only about 14 are finally selected."

Nowadays, she says, Australia is getting a better type of English girl migrant than ever before.

She adds that conditions have improved for domestics in England, and that a higher standard of education and competence is now required there.

In a small London household a housemaid now receives up to £30 a year, a parlourmaid up to £50, and a plain cook from about £30 to £70. In larger establishments a good cook can obtain as much as £120.

Miss Thompson, who is a well-known English sportswoman, has visited Australia twice before. In 1927 she came as manager of an English women's hockey team, and in 1934 she was in charge of a touring party of English schoolgirls.

### New Australian general secretary of Y.W.C.A.

MISS GERTRUDE OWEN, the new national general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., has travelled a great deal during her years of office with the association. For fifteen years she was in the East, working in Japan, China and Malaya.

Before going to the East she was with the Y.W.C.A. in New Zealand, and was previously Australian general secretary for nearly two years when the national headquarters were in Sydney.

Five years ago she went to England to study at Woodbrook, a Quaker college in Birmingham.

For the last six months, Miss Owen has been studying the work of the Y.W.C.A. in Canada and the United States. While in America she took a refresher course at the headquarters in New York.

In September she represented 30 countries at the world's council of the association, which met in Ontario (Canada).

Back in Australia, Miss Owen is looking forward with keen interest to her new work. Although she has not formulated finally a policy for the Y.W.C.A. here, she hopes to see an extensive co-operative movement throughout Australia, linking the Y.W.C.A. with other organisations, particularly schools, which, she considers, are natural avenues for development. She also hopes to extend the Y.W.C.A. in country districts.

### Delegate to conferences in Europe

A BUSY year is being planned by Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, well-known Sydney feminist, who recently concluded a lecture tour of the United States.

Now in London, she plans to attend the British Commonwealth League conference as one of the Australian delegates in May. She will also attend the International Suffrage Alliance conference at Copenhagen, which will take place in July, and after touring the Balkan States will take part in the Equal Rights International meeting at Geneva. She will return to America in November to give a series of lectures.

While in America Mrs. Littlejohn lectured to numbers of women's clubs and organisations, and broadcast over a national network. Her most recent broadcast lecture was entitled "How Should Democracies Deal With Dictatorships."

Mrs. Littlejohn has found American women keenly interested in international problems and eager to learn about Australia and women's activities here.

### Canadian social worker to live in Australia

AN interesting newcomer to Australia is Mrs. W. Lister Reid, wife of an Adelaide doctor who has just returned from Montreal, Canada, to make his home in Sydney.

Mrs. Reid, who is a Canadian by birth, has been a keen worker for a circulating library attached to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. This library was inaugurated during the war for returned soldiers and has been continued ever since for the benefit of the hospital patients.

Mrs. Reid acted as a voluntary helper at kindergartens and baby clinics, as well as devoting three days a week to the hospital library. She relinquished this work upon her marriage in January, but intends to take up social service in Sydney.

## DON'T feed GERMS EUTHYMOLISE THEM

It is a disquieting thought that you may carry in your mouth the dreaded decay bacteria which if neglected will destroy your teeth and undermine health.

In food particles between the teeth and tiny, unseen crevices and crannies the deadly dental decay germs pursue their unhealthy course—eating through the enamel, infecting the gums and polluting the whole system.

It is not enough that the teeth should be brushed—the deadly germs must be eliminated.

Euthymol definitely kills deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact.

Euthymolise your mouth daily—every morning and every evening. You will be delighted with the sense of fragrant cleanliness which this new hygiene brings, and your teeth will take on a new, glistening health.

Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere. 1/3 per tube.

## Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



## Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

TELLS SAFE, SIMPLE WAY TO TREAT AND RELIEVE AT HOME.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels, you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome in many instances by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost. Secure from your chemist 1 ounce of Parmit (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. An improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing should become easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., should gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which may often be overcome by this efficacious treatment. It is said that nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh, and there must, therefore, be many people whose hearing may be restored by this simple, harmless, home treatment.

## Actress Gives Recipe For Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair with Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

## DEAF? "Chico" Invisible Earphones, 2/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, on cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.



# The Movie World

April 22, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 **BETTE DAVIS**, heiress and owner of racing stables, faces a breakdown.



2 **GEORGE BRENT**, brilliant surgeon, first restores Bette to health, then becomes interested in her.



3 **HAPPILY ENGAGED**, Bette looks forward to her forthcoming marriage with Brent.



4 **WHEN TRAGEDY** threatens her future, Bette turns to a reckless social set for futile consolation.



5 **FORCED TO** choose between this new life and the old.



6 **JESSICA'S GIRL**

6 **SANE COUNSEL** is given the heiress by her horse-trainer, and long-time friend, Humphrey Bogart.

## Bette in Modern Role

stables she runs on Long Island. Chief of these friends is her trainer, Humphrey Bogart, who is delighted when Bette meets and loves a serious young surgeon, George Brent. "Dark Victory" introduces in its cast Geraldine Fitzgerald, a debutante of grand promise.

● **UNUSUAL**, romantic drama, "Dark Victory," from Warner Bros., gives Bette Davis her first modern role in a year. She is a sophisticated, yet straightforward girl of to-day, who lives for her friends, and the racing.

## Moviedom News

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

### Second Chance

INTERESTING story behind John Farrow's selection of Adele Pearce for a role in "Sorority House": The Australian director was looking at a print of "Stage Door," the comedy hit of about two years ago, spotted Adele playing a bit, and decided she was just the girl he wanted. It took the RKO casting department five days to find her. Despite her successful work in "Stage Door," she'd been unable to find subsequent work in Hollywood and had gone to San Francisco for a night-club job. Now, thanks to Farrow, her screen career is starting anew.

### Eating His Words

DESPITE his biting comments on Hollywood and its inhabitants before his departure for New York a few months ago, Franchot Tone is now considering Paramount's offer of the role of Sir Galahad in the movie of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. It is considered likely that Tone will return to Hollywood when his Broadway show, "Gentle People," closes soon.

### Home for Carole

WHEN Clark Gable recently bought the beautiful Raoul Walsh estate in the San Fernando valley, Hollywood movie studios lost one of their favorite outdoor location spots. Walsh frequently permitted studios to shoot outdoor scenes on the tree-covered ranch, at a rental of several hundred dollars a day, but Gable wants privacy in his new home and has informed the studios that the estate will no longer be for rent as a location.

Observant moviegoers will be in the unique position of having had a sort of "preview" of the home to which Gable will take his bride, Carole Lombard, for it was recently used in the Bob Taylor picture, "The Crowd Roars," as the country estate of Edward Arnold, where Taylor trained for his boxing bouts.

### Another Voice

ANNABELLA, the French star, is taking singing lessons from MOM's voice coach. She'll warble a little French ditty in her next cinematic effort, "Maiden Voyage."

# NEW! MAX FACTOR'S Normalizing CLEANSING CREAM



The sensational new Cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is DRY, OILY or NORMAL

Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has been experimenting for years to create the perfect cleansing cream for any type of skin... and for this purpose exhaustive research tests have been conducted in his famous Hollywood laboratories, until every type of human skin known to science has been studied and analysed. And now it is ready for you... Max Factor's sensational NORMALIZING Cleansing Cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal. New in body, new in consistency, new in function... and you use it the same way as an ordinary cleansing cream. On sale at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor  
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Geo. H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 3962V, G.P.O., Sydney.



# Turn again BARTHELMESS!

Back to...

## Hollywood and fame

From  
BARBARA BOURCHIER  
in Hollywood

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS comes back to films in Columbia's "Plane No. 4." But his is no ordinary come-back, the difference being that it is not made after a fade-out. Barthelmess didn't skid out of films on the banana-skin of waning popularity. He just walked out when he felt that way, back in 1935.

"I had worked hard on the stage and in pictures since my schooldays," Barthelmess explained recently, "and all that time I had hugged dreams of absolute freedom to see the world."

"I've seen a great deal of it in the last three years, and now I'm quite happy to resume my screen career."

### He Was Independent

**T**HAT is very typical of Barthelmess. He was never wholly absorbed by Hollywood and the movie racket, although he has been an actor all his life.

If the mere glitter of the starry path, the fame and adulation had meant as much to him as they do to most players, he would never have taken the risk of abandoning his career.

For everyone knows that screen fame is the most chancy thing in the world. The fans forget their enthusiasm for an idol in three months—they forget his existence in three years.

Barthelmess took that risk. For nineteen years he had been one of the big figures in Hollywood, and success had brought with it financial independence. He could afford the risk.

It was the character of the man that gave him mental independence. He had a quiet, sane life apart from all the spangled lunacy of the screen city, and he knew that if he were forgotten he'd go on happily enjoying that private life without a qualm for lost fame.

Secure on both counts, he has had three grand years of globe-trotting, poking his handsome nose into remote corners of the world and grinning pleasantly into the faces of strange people.

Now, at forty-one years of age, he is making a new bow to his fans, and there is every indication that his future will be as successful as his past.

### Boom in Veterans

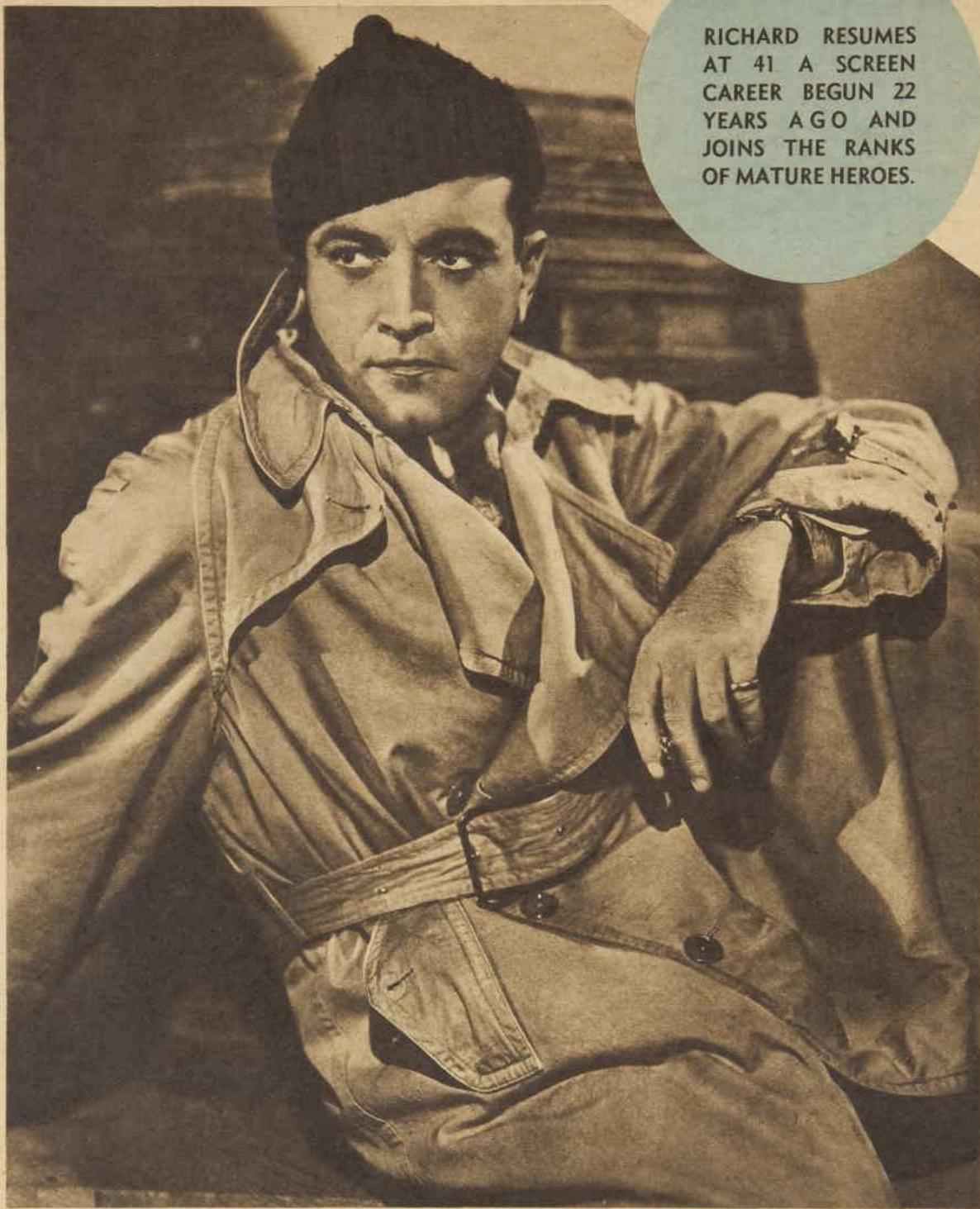
**B**ARTHELMESS could not have chosen a better time for his return. At no stage in the screen era have there been such honors open to veterans.

Consider Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Warner Baxter, Walter Pidgeon, Melvyn Douglas—these men have more romantic pull than the strapping youths. Women like their slightly weary, experienced, disillusioned charm.

And looking farther up the age scale, where would the screen be without Paul Muni, Lionel Barrymore, Henry Davenport, Walter Connolly, Roland Young, Victor McLaglen, and so on?

This appreciation of maturity will be of particular importance to Barthelmess because Hollywood showed a strong tendency in his case to hold up the march of time. His biggest successes were made in slip-of-a-fellow roles, and almost till the end Hollywood tried to go on casting him that way.

Yet his last Hollywood picture, "Four Hours to Kill," was a winner with Barthelmess in a mature role as a self-pitying gangster.



RICHARD RESUMES  
AT 41 A SCREEN  
CAREER BEGUN 22  
YEARS AGO AND  
JOINS THE RANKS  
OF MATURE HEROES.

● Richard Barthelmess as he appears in "Plane No. 4," his come-back film being made by Columbia, and starring Jean Arthur and Cary Grant.

Now he will play mature roles, either leading or powerful character parts, and his talents will therefore have the fullest opportunities of expression.

Barthelmess was born in Connecticut, U.S.A., in May, 1897. He made his first picture, "War Brides," in 1916.

Soon after this D. W. Griffith gave him his big chance when he cast him opposite Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms," and from then he went on to the successes of "Tolable David," "The Lash," "Son of the Gods," and so on.

"The Dawn Patrol"—the silent version—was one of his later successes, and it was directed, eight years ago, by Howard Hawks, who is directing "Plane No. 4."

During his three years' holiday from the screen Barthelmess made

a British picture, but it was really a holiday job, undertaken out of admiration for Dolly Haas rather than anything else.

His new film has for setting a South American seaport, and the story concerns some flyers who go there to try to fly gold over the Andes.

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur have the leading roles with Barthelmess in the second male part.

Dick's friends rallied round him enthusiastically at a great party given to welcome him back to the film fold. The boyish grin broke through as he greeted old friends and co-workers, but those who know him well say that his personality seems to have gained by his maturity.

His closest friends in the old days were Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, William Powell, and Clive Brook. These formed an exclusive little quintet of yachting, shooting, and out-door sportsmen. Reduced to a trio by Clive's return to England and Dick's travels, it has now become a quartet.

## THE LAUGH'S ON....

**MERLE OBERON.** Three successive close-ups of Merle were ruined by a meandering fly making a three-point landing on her nose. Director Willie Wyler was getting hysterical when a make-up man suggested, "Maybe it's the sweet stuff in her make-up." Next day he mixed a dash of what flies don't like in Merle's grease-paint. Merle didn't like it either.

**SPENCER TRACY.** When Spence moved over to Fox studios for "Stanley and Livingstone," he was shown apologetically to the only vacant suite in the star dressing-room building. It was Sonja Henie's—a veritable bower of blue satin and white lace!

**OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND.** A publicity man was entertaining an English visitor at the lunch-room on the Warner lot and pointed out Olivia. "Well," commented the visitor, "fancy coming to eat like that—her face is positively dirty!" It was. More, it was the result of two hours' skilful work by a studio make-up man for a stage-coach wreck sequence in "Dodge City."



## Ten-year-old Money-maker

SHIRLEY TEMPLE TUGS THE PURSE - STRINGS AS WELL AS THE HEART - STRINGS

By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood



• Scenes from Shirley's day—Top left: Breakfast. Centre: Off to work. Bottom: School-hour at the studio. Top right: With a picture-book in her own playroom.

**S**HIRLEY TEMPLE will be ten years old on Sunday, April 23. For five of those ten years she has had star rating on the screen. For the last four of those five she has been acclaimed the biggest box-office attraction in films. The hard-boiled heads of the industry decide this award.

Her earnings are now estimated at £A75,000 a year, otherwise £A1500 a week—enough for three average families to live on for a year!

These are the cold facts, the uncompromising figures, on one of the wonders of Hollywood.

There have been child stars before Shirley, and there will be moppets of to-morrow to take her place as she outgrows her first charms.

But at the moment she remains a phenomenon. She is the first baby to survive a brief film life, and the first to reach quite such a pinnacle of popularity and profit.

Shirley is truly the Garbo of the brats—she is as much a world figure in her own line as the gaunt Swede is in hers.

Money talks loudest in the estimation of her position in the screen world.

Sixteen of Shirley's pictures to date have grossed a world-wide average of £A2,500,000 each. That means Shirley has been responsible for putting something like £A40,000,000 into the coffers of her studio.

Of that sum she has had about £A500,000, with plenty going to the American Government.

But that is only a part of the Temple income, and doesn't include the huge royalties which Shirley earns from allowing her name to be used on a multitude of commercial products.

In Australia you can buy Shirley Temple dolls, Shirley Temple shoes and sundry other endorsed articles, but in America Shirley has put her name to everything from a toothbrush to a hair ribbon.

Her name on any commodity is worth upward of £A90,000 a year to its owner.

Tied up with at least one hundred products, Shirley gets a healthy cut on the products of the sale of goods that bear her name.

They include dolls, story books,

• Shirley Temple, queen of the screen's moppets, who will be ten on Sunday, April 23.

bridge scores, playing cards, paint boxes, bath robes, hosiery, bathing suits, gloves, handbags, breakfast food, soap, glass mugs, soap-bubble sets, brushes, frocks, slippers and shoes.

**T**HE empire of high finance which revolves about Shirley does not make her parents greedy for more. They have continually turned down most generous offers from broadcasting companies and theatre circuits who wanted Shirley Temple to make personal appearances.

About Shirley's future the people least worried are those most interested—her mother and father. Darryl Zanuck, Shirley's chief at Fox, is confident that her popularity

will last, and that the studio can successfully pilot her through what was previously known as the awkward age (page Deanna Durbin).

Even now a marked growth can be noticed in each of Shirley's pictures. In her latest film, "Just Around the Corner," Shirley seems to have matured considerably. Advance stills from "The Little Princess" show further noticeable growth.

While the public wants Shirley Temple, Shirley will continue to make pictures, say her mother and father.

If the day comes to pass when she is no longer popular on the screen—and the Temples don't tell themselves that this may never be—they will make other plans to absorb the time and talents of their clever young daughter.







•YOUNGEST OF new Korda starlets, in his "Prison Without Bars," is schoolgirl Glynis Johns.



•BITTER CHARACTER role goes to Sally Wisler, in the reformatory drama.



•ARRESTING FACE of Mary Morris, third find.



## Making beauty untrue to type

### THESE GIRLS GIVE SCREEN A NOVEL IDEA OF FEMININE GLAMOR

MOST Hollywood producers have a chocolate-box and magazine-cover ideal of beauty. They like their fine ladies to be over-tinted, over-slinky, over-dressed: and as like one another in glamorous type as

possible. They groom their actresses until they look like waxwork figures.

The public wants unreality—say these gentlemen; it likes seeing an actress go through a desert island plus typhoon tale without one glittering lock out of lacquered place.

But Alexander Korda, producer of London Films, disagrees with them.

The public, he says, wants to see girls who have true beauty and personality—girls who may be seen on the bus, in the train, and on the tennis courts of any country in the world.

Difficult person to contradict, this Mr. Korda. For he discovered Merle Oberon, Vivien Leigh, and several other beauties who are startlingly untrue to Hollywood glitter-type.

The producer believes in realism. His idea of beauty favors the individual kind, which is immediately apparent without the aid of a cosmetic kit; the kind which can shine through drab, shoddy clothing.

Watch this producer prove his fondness for "typeless" types of screen actresses in his latest dramatic production, "Prison Without Bars."

This film introduces five Korda "discoveries," only one of whom has previously appeared on the international screen.

First in importance comes Corinne Luchaire, tall, fair, Parisian and piquant. Corinne is the star—an unusual star of an unusual story. She plays an apparently incorrigible inmate of a girls' reformatory, who makes the mistake of falling in love with the prison doctor, Barry Barnes, has this coveted part—the only man to a cast of forty women.

### Unusual Friends

FOR playmates in the grim house of correction, Corinne has a singularly hard assortment of girl friends.

These highly interesting characters are interpreted by Korda starlet Mary Morris, a raven-haired, sloop-eyed gamine; by Lorraine Clewes, twenty-year-old discovery; by eighteen-year-old Sally Wisler; and fifteen-year-old Glynis Johns—remember her as the spoiled child in "South Riding."

Not one of these girls received a moment's attention from the make-up experts. Yet in looks they are new, daring, natural—and frankly intriguing. Korda selected them to fit the story; and the story frames each separate and memorable young personality.

The time will come, of course, when Corinne Luchaire, Mary Morris, Lorraine Clewes, Sally Wisler, and Glynis Johns will have to be groomed for more ladylike roles. But they will be groomed modestly and with taste, so that their own appeal is enhanced—always untrue to type, and true to themselves!



"What's that stuff?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightfully embarrassed, tries to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when you pour on the milk!" "Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles to-morrow," said Auntie Martha. "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast," said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxtite packet—fresh and crisp and delicious." Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are sold at all grocers.



**CHOCOLATE CRACKLES**—Ingredients: 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles, 14 cups, 2 1/2 ozs. fine coconut, 11 cups, 4 ozs. icing sugar, 2 1/2 ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 8 ozs. Cepha. Method: Stir dry ingredients together, melt Cepha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers, and allow to set. Enough for 36 or 38 Chocolate Crackles. R-5



•INTERNATIONAL PAIR. English Lorraine Clewes, at top of page, is a character actress in "Prison Without Bars." French Corinne Luchaire, just above, is the new star discovery.

## "DULUX" COLOUR MAGIC GAVE US a New Room



WE had a spare room that nobody liked because it was dull and drab—then a friend said, "Use Dulux." That was the start—and now we have a beautiful, cheery, colourful room that is admired by all! Yes, Dulux—the lovely "miracle finish"—gave us a new room! "Dulux" is easy to use—it dries quickly—without brush marks—and it's the only finish really tough enough to withstand the knocks and bumps of everyday use!



THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd. Makers of "Ducol" Lacquers.

Write in for post-free "Manual on the Application of Dulux Finishes."



# SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



**TAPESTRIES IN FILMS ARE USUALLY ORDINARY BURLAP WITH A DESIGN PAINTED ON!**

**GEORGE BANCROFT**, NOW MAKING HIS SCREEN COMEBACK IN "STAGECOACH", WAS THE SECOND MAN EVER TO BE PROMOTED FROM THE RANKS OF THE NAVY TO ANNAPOLIS.

**BRILLIANT REFLECTIONS OF SKATERS IN "ICE FOLLIES" WERE OBTAINED BY FLOODING THE RINK WITH A THIN FILM OF COLORED WATER.**

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer.

### ★ ★ THE THREE MUSKETEERS

(Week's Best Release)  
The Ritz Brothers, Don Ameche.  
(20th Century-Fox.)

THIS light-hearted entertainment allies the adventure of the famous Alexander Dumas novel to the capering comedy of the Ritz Brothers. The result is a medley of swordplay, and loud laughter. For 20th Century-Fox has been careful to bring the Ritz Brothers into the story by accident. They are scullions at a Paris tavern, and—after drinking the real musketeers under the table in a gloriously funny scene—don the clothes of Athos, Porthos and Aramis.

D'Artagnan—played with humor, spirit and a great dash of the picturesque by Don Ameche—joins up with these odd companions. And, once again, "The Three Musketeers" save that beautiful queen, Gloria Stuart, from disgrace.

On the side of real and rich character go Miles Mander as Cardinal Richelieu and Joseph Schildkraut as the King.

On the side of romance goes pretty Pauline Moore as Constance, with whom D'Artagnan falls in love. But on the side of loud and exuberant comedy go the Brothers Ritz. There are people who find the humor of the Brothers wearying—I am sorry for them. They miss a lot of fun.—Embassy; showing.

### ★ ★ BLONDE CHEAT

Jean Fontaine, Cecil Kellaway, Derrick de Marigny. (RKO-Radio.)

ONE of those surprise films which comes out of the blue every so often, "Blonde Cheat" is gay and broadly funny—with an unexpected twist to every turn of the plot.

It commences in a Loan Office. Young Derrick de Marigny lends money on a pair of diamond earrings worn by a beautiful girl. To his horror, the earrings cannot be removed. He is left with girl, plus ear-rings as security. The girl is, by the way, an enchanting Jean Fontaine. Olivia de Havilland's

### Shows Still Running

★ ★ Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 19th week.

★ ★ The Citadel. Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, in powerful and vivid drama. St. James, 2nd week.

★ ★ The Great Waltz. Musical biography. Liberty, 19th week.

★ ★ Kentucky. Loretta Young and Richard Greene in technicolor entertainment of horses and horseracing. Regent, 2nd week.

★ ★ Mr. Chedworth Steps Out. Cecil Kellaway in lively entertainment shares credit with Australian production. Lyceum, 2nd week.

Little sister has come into her own on the screen as a delicately impertinent comedian.

Derrick de Marigny's boss, played by a joyously amusing and sly Cecil Kellaway, has to help to disentangle the resultant complications. For Derrick is engaged to Kellaway's daughter.

The abundant comedy in the picture is helped by the presence of Robert Coote—who played in the Australian film, "Rangle River." Young Mr. Coote, as Kellaway's knowing clerk, is fine fun.

Since the enjoyment of the film lies in its surprises, I cannot detail the plot any further. But you will not be disappointed.—Embassy; showing.

### ★ ★ THE GREAT MAN VOTES

John Barrymore, Virginia Weldler. (RKO.)

BRILLIANT John Barrymore contributes a fine performance, with mellow humor, to this very human and moving drama.

His characterisation is the notable part of this little film.

He plays a broken-down professor, now a drink-addicted watchman, who redeems himself for his children's sake.

Just when he has lost his job, is about to lose home and custody of his two young children, it is learnt that his vote is essential in the municipal elections.

Much of the film is devoted to the

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★ ★ Two stars—above average

★ ★ ★ Three stars—excellent

efforts of Barrymore's two children to make their father a "great man," and their grammar school feud with the young son of the ward boss. Pie-tailed Virginia Weldler, and buster-cropped Peter Holden, from the New York stage, making his debut in films are excellent in these parts.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

### ★ THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. MEADE

Jack Holt, Beverly Roberts. (Columbia.)

AS a brilliant city surgeon, fighting the prejudice of a backwoods community, he-man Jack Holt gives his customary virile characterization.

This time he has no part in romance. He is a modern benevolent despot who is determined to help the people even if they don't want him. Arriving by chance at a mountain village while on vacation, he finds such ignorance and prejudice that he decides to stay and remedy the situation.

Despite unanimous opposition and open threats of violence, he holds his ground and proves through a dramatic victory over a dread epidemic the value of modern science.

The film maintains a high level of excitement throughout, with a mild romance between Beverly Roberts and Noah Beery, jun., for leavening.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

### ★ WOMEN IN THE WIND

Kay Francis, William Gargan. (Warner's.)

HERE is an unspectacular addition to the present cycle of flying films.

In snappy pilot's clothes, in place of the usual silks and satins, Kay Francis plays a woman flier, who sets out to raise a thousand dollars to save her brother's life.

In her part she is given more action, but less opportunity for showing her dramatic mettle.

As a change from her usual leading men, William Gargan, presents an amiable foil as the pilot who helps her to win the thousand dollars.

Victor Jory, as the man who hasn't a chance for Kay's hand, gives a restrained performance. Maxie Rosenbloom again scores in a comedy role.

From the viewpoint of aviation excitement the film gives the audience quite a fair deal.—Capitol; showing.

### ★ THE PRESCOTT KID

Tim McCoy, Sheila Mannors. (Columbia.)

AGAIN a Western hero, single-handed, defeats the black-hearted wrong-doers, and is rewarded by the hand of a beautiful woman.

But this is still a popular formula—with adults as well as children—and "The Prescott Kid" is briskly acted, with never a pause in the exciting action.

Tim McCoy, in the title role, magnificently behaved, is a master of the ominous pause, grim silence, and swaggering, purposeful gait, and makes a highly satisfactory hero.

This is quite an exciting film of its kind—for those who don't worry about realism in their entertainment.—Capitol; showing.

## Backache & Bladder Weakness?

TRY THIS NEW SCIENTIFIC REMEDY

Kidney Acidity and Bladder Weakness are now being quickly overcome by a new, revolutionary method that is simple, natural and scientific. Specialists have traced the cause of Burning and Smarting, Backache, Bladder troubles, Foot and Leg Pains, Getting up Nights, Frequent Day Calls, Loss of Vigor, Nervousness and Constipation to self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon. Due to the inactivity of the colon (large intestine) all the food refuse is not passed out of the body. Instead, it encrusts on the colon walls and there putrefies. Virulent poisons and bacteria seep into the bloodstream which carries them to the kidneys and bladder. These poisons impede the action of the kidneys. Irritating acids that should be passed out in the water are allowed to remain and inflame the delicate kidney filters thus causing pain, distress, weakness and embarrassment.

To get rid of kidney complaints and bladder weakness you must remove the encrustations on the colon. Normal bowel movements cannot do this—the walls of the colon have become inactive. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon, so drink warm water and 'Coloseptic' every morning. This simple plan cleanses the colon, tones up the walls, giving them back their power of normal movement.

'Coloseptic' corrects acid conditions in the colon, kidneys and bladder. It stimulates kidney and bladder action. 'Coloseptic' also stimulates the action of the pores of the skin and the lungs—important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. 'Coloseptic' promptly establishes internal cleanliness thus helping your body work smoothly and naturally. Get 'Coloseptic' from your chemist, to-day. Individual size, 2/6; Economy size, 5/6.

### FREE SAMPLES

Send 3d. stamps for postage; a Liberal Free Trial Sample and interesting, intimate book will be sent you. COLOSEPTIC (AUST.) LTD., 28 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

ended in 3 minutes



An amazing new discovery. Simply apply this fragrant cream—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. Skin is soft and velvet-smooth. No stubble like the razor. No coarse growth. The cream only makes hair grow faster and coarser. The old-fashioned depilatories were messy and messy. The up-to-date quick, clean and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New 'V.E.T.' 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

**WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories**

## Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is no success—full that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 3 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you. 2259

**THEATRE ROYAL**  
Nights at 8. Matinee, Wed. & Sat. at 2.  
Great Shows and Delightful Operetta.  
"A Waltz Dream"  
With a magnificent supporting cast of 100 American stars, including Bernice Claire, Jack Arthur, Melian Moore, Margot Dale.



**STAR WHEEL DESIGN**  
IN CROCHET—EASY TO LEARN  
By Miss C. J. P. P.

**Star Wheel**  
DESIGN...  
...crochet motif making a delightful glass mat. Four joined and you have a plate mat and so on. Leaflet on sale at all good needlework shops, price 2d. or 3d., post free from Central Agency (Australia) Ltd., Box 2573E, G.P.O., Sydney.

**COATS' Mercer-Crochet**

2.30 and 8 p.m. **TIVOLI** 2.30 and 8 p.m.  
FRANK WEIL PRESENTS  
YOUNG BLOODS OF VARIETY, THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN NEW FUN,  
BUSTER WEST AND LUCILLE PAGE  
America's Greatest Dancing Comedian, and the Most Glamorous Star on the Stage To-day. RUTH CHAVEN, TED LEARY, THE THREE NONCHALANTS, THE THREE DANCING CHIRPS, BEN REEL, JACK MAJOR, BILLY BLAKE, GEO. LYONS, WALTER & MURRAY, BOB BERRIGAN & LASHWOOD.  
Box Plans: Filling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli. Phone M693.





# *Daily Telegraph*

Mid-City Office: 115 Pitt Street



The Daily Telegraph  
Want-Ad. columns provide  
Sydney's bargain market

*Read them every day  
for information  
and opportunities  
to buy and sell*

There is a wealth of information and innumerable opportunities to buy and sell in the Daily Telegraph Classified Want-Ads. every day... the classified pages of the Daily Telegraph are Sydney's foremost bargain market... there you can satisfy all your needs, and furthermore, without moving from your armchair! You will find Daily Telegraph Wants-Ads. of the greatest assistance in helping you solve most of those little personal problems that crop up around the home from time to time. Almost everything you are wanting, or wanting to know, is advertised in the Daily Telegraph Classified Want-Ads... There is no limit to the value that Daily Telegraph Classified Want-Ads. can prove to be, so study them regularly every day. You'll find them both interesting and helpful.



### 79 Classifications of interesting and helpful Want-Ads.

AMUSEMENTS-APARTMENTS-BOARD, RESIDENCE-AUCTION SALES-BIRTHS-BOATS FOR SALE, Etc.-BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, Etc.-BUILDING MATERIALS-BUILDERS AND REPAIRERS-BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS-BUSINESSSES FOR SALE OR WANTED-CALLS AND DIVIDENDS OR SHARES-CARRIERS AND REMOVALISTS-CASUAL WORK WANTED-CHURCH NOTICES-DANCING-DEATHS-DENTAL NOTICES-DOGS, ANIMALS, CATS-DRESS AND FASHION-EDUCATIONAL-ELECTIONS-ELECTRICAL, WIRELESS, Etc.-FLORISTS, GARDEN & FARM-FOR EXCHANGE-FOR SALE-FUNERALS-FURNITURE FOR SALE-FURNITURE WANTED-GOVERNMENT NOTICES-GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS-HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE-HOUSES & LAND WANTED-HOTELS AND HOLIDAY RESORTS-HORSES, VEHICLES AND LIVE STOCK-HOSPITALS, NEST HOMES, Etc.-IN MEMORIAM-LECTURES-LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS-LOST AND FOUND-MACHINERY-MARRIAGES-MEDICAL, CHEMICALS, Etc.-MEETINGS-MISCELLANEOUS-MONEY, STOCKS, SHARES-MOTOR CYCLES, BICYCLES, Etc.-MOTOR TYRES, SUPPLIES, REPAIRS-MUNICIPAL COUNCIL NOTICES-MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS-MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS-OFFICES TO LET OR WANTED-OPTOMETRICAL NOTICES-PARTNERSHIPS, AGENCIES, Etc.-PERSONAL AND FRIENDS BOUGHT-POSITIONS VACANT-POSITIONS WANTED-POULTRY, BIRDS, Etc.-PROFESSIONS, TRADES, Etc.-PUBLIC NOTICES-REAL ESTATE AUCTION SALES-REFRIGERATION-RELIGIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS-RESIDENTIAL PLATS-RETURN THANKS-ROLL OF HONOR-SHIPPING-SHOPPERS' NOTEBOOK-SITUATIONS VACANT-SITUATIONS WANTED-SPORT, SPORTING REQUISITES-STAMPS-STATIONS, FARMS & STOCK-TENDERS-TENNIS NOTICES-TO LET (HOUSES, Etc.)-TOURIST TRIPS-MOTOR HIRE-TYPERWRITERS-WANTED TO PURCHASE.

# Classified Ads.

(Midway between Martin Place and Hunter Street)

PHONE M6635

ONE SHILLING A LINE  
WEEK-DAYS  
ONE AND A PENNY SATS.  
Most Classifications



LIPS THAT LURE  
DEPEND ON

*Michels*



Men are naturally drawn to soft, appealing lips—to lips that glow with the beauty of Michel Lipstick. Michel Lipsticks are made with a creamy base that gives a young and soft-as-velvet look—that makes lips feel as dewy fresh as a baby's. Start using Michel Lipstick right away—let it show you how lovely and alluring your lips can really be.



6 BEAUTIFYING SHADES  
BLONDE CHERRY  
VIVID CAPUCINE  
SCARLET RASPBERRY

Price 2/- each

OBTAINABLE FROM  
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

## BETTY'S "RACEY" NARRATIVES

Women owners who have won  
classic turf events

By BETTY GEE

WITH a true sporting grace, the Randwick trainer, J. H. Abbs, gave the red ribbon attached to the St. Leger success of his colt, Mosaic, at Randwick Easter Carnival to Mrs. Stanley Crick, from whom he holds the lease.

It wasn't as if he under-valued the trophy, for it was his first classic emblem. He said he just regarded it as the sporting, chivalrous thing to do in a case where a lady was the owner of the horse concerned.

Jim Abbs leased Mosaic as a yearling from Mrs. Crick, and the lease extends until the conclusion of next year's Easter Carnival.

Abbs was a little apprentice boy to an English stable at famous Newmarket, where the world's greatest horses are trained.

He came to Australia as a youth, fought through 31 years of the Great War as a machine-gunner, and 20 years ago came back to Australia to settle down to the steady business of winning numerous races, and few trainers have been more successful.

Mrs. Crick isn't the first holder of a Sydney St. Leger red ribbon.

Mrs. Leslie Utz, wife of Dr. Utz, who races as "Miss Lorna Doone," was successful with her colt Sylvandale in 1935, and she also has a Victoria Leger ribbon for success with the same colt in the Melbourne classic.

But for a woman to hold these is indeed a rare distinction. No lady owner ever won the blue ribbon attached to the Sydney Derby! Only two, a lady who also raced under a nom-de-course, "M. Gordon," and Mrs. E. A. Widdis, received Victoria Derby ribbons. Mrs. Widdis won with Patobas in 1915, and she also

got a Victoria Leger ribbon with the same horse. The "M. Gordon" was a novel pseudonym when Alawa won in 1908, because assumed names were rare in those days. Nobody suspected that the owner was a young girl not long out of her teens until a newspaper man "blew the gaff."

### Great luck

NOT many men have more than a single success, either in the blue ribbon events. But one sportsman of the 'eighties, the Hon. Jas. White, a Legislative Councillor for N.S.W., accumulated twenty-one with five A.J.C. Derby wins, four A.J.C. Leger wins, and six wins each in the Victoria Derby and Leger.

The Victorian sportsman Mr. E. D. Clarke has ten ribbons for Derbies and Legers in Melbourne and Sydney, and another in Adelaide.

Mrs. E. E. Jolley, wife of a popular Adelaide sportsman, won the Adelaide Derby with Beamish Boy, and is S.A.'s only lady possessor of a blue.

By the way, why don't they have a ribbon trophy for the classic races for young lady racehorses, the Oaks

In Melbourne and the Adrian Knox Stakes at Randwick?

What about a pink ribbon, silver-trimmed, inscribed in silver with the name and year of race and the winner's and owner's names, for the Oaks and Adrian Knox each year?

Few get near enough to see a Derby or Leger ribbon, so here's a brief description:

It is of rich brocade, silver tasselled, about six feet long and 15 inches wide.

In England His Majesty the King puts it round the Derby winner's neck. Here Vice-Royalty performs the function.

In America a garland of flowers is put round the neck of the winner of every big race. Australia's mighty champion, Phar Lap, got his for winning the Agua Caliente Handicap in 1932.

The winner of the Caulfield Guineas, a race run at the Caulfield Cup meeting, gets a nice pure white ribbon, silver-embossed, besides the £3000 the race is worth. City Tattersall's Club holds its



IT'S a great thrill for a woman owner when her horse wins a classic.

Cup meeting at Randwick next Saturday, and it's a big draw because the Cup is worth £1000. I've had the tip that Jack King is saving up Bachelor King for it. The eleven furlongs is just made to order, and that's his mission.

### Watch Vampire

I've had the tip, too, to save some money for Binnia Hero in the Youthful Stakes. But the Florist's Girl also gives me Vampire for this race, so I hope it is divided and one is in each, and then there may be two good winners where only one grew before.

Silver Joan is a country performer who has been bottled up for the Trial Handicap, and this is supposed to be something right out of the box to put country folk on their feet again, financially, after the annual blow-out at the Royal Show.

Heroic Faith has been saved for a killing in the Club Welter because his owners believe he is a champion at seven furlongs. Wasn't he in front of the Doncaster field when they had run that distance?

Well, who's going to beat form like that? At least that's what the Head Welter says.

## WRITERS' STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

### ARIANS love a battle

—a wordy one almost as much as a fistie one. They are a warlike crowd and frequently display the marks of their scrap.

A HAPPY or enthusiastic Aries-born person can be the jolliest and most interesting "pal" in the world. But a disgruntled or depressed one can be a dreadful bore.

Worse still is a bad-tempered Arian, who, once he decides to go on the rampage and give vent to his ill-humor, puts up no mean show.

Aries people are those whose birth occurred anywhere between March 21 and April 21; also those born when this particular constellation was rising in the east.

There is one way in which to turn many a disgruntled Arian back to cheerfulness—tell him what a fine fellow he is. He knows it anyway, and is not the least bit deceived by the "blarney," but it makes nice hearing.

Another way in which to break the spell is to think up an ingenious plan for diverting the Arian to something into which he can "get his teeth" and take a new interest in life. Think up something which seems unattainable or difficult, and "dare" the Arian to see what he can do with it.

This will provide the field of war and the noise of battle without the inconvenience of fistuffs and hurtful argument.

Arians live on the top-wave of life all the time; living intensely, hoping for fun or excitement, and just praying for a chance to jump into things and show you what they can do.

However, there is another side to the picture—the constructive, courageous, enterprising and efficient side of their character.

Give an Arian a free hand after it has been found that he will not run amok and he will do things and do them well. These people dread authority, but shine if "dared" to attempt some difficult task or accept responsibility. They will spare neither effort nor ingenuity to make the effort a success.

They are quick-witted, hard-working (if really interested, but lazy if bored), and so keen to get "out

of the rut" that they will spend their almost inexhaustible fund of energy and desire for continual activity in showing just how good they are—and therefore worthy of the best positions or the greatest responsibility that can be offered them.

Arians cannot take things easily. They have to live every moment of life intensely. They are quick and capable workers and get through things with seeming ease.

They are good partners, good executives, good persons to have around in an emergency, just so long as their fire is not raised too often.

### Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair for you on April 27 and 28. TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Make hay while the sun shines on April 29. Go after things, make changes, and ask favors then, but live cautiously on April 27 and 28.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): April 22, 23 and 24 (early), just fair. CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Matters improve a little, but not spectacularly. Work hard and plan wisely, for best results. April 24 (after 4 p.m.), 25 and 26 fair.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Laggard Leontians will find it hard to dodge trouble at this time. Routine work will prove best.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): This is the time for Virgoans to show what they can do. Set well-planned enterprises in motion, work hard, seek advancement, make changes on April 28 (very late), and 29.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): You can now breathe more easily for "Old Man Trouble" will forget most of you for a while. April 22, 23 and 24 (early), just fair.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): Givies or impatient Scorpions will find plenty to upset them at this time. Be especially cautious and avoid changes and losses on April 28 (after dusk), 27 and 28. Try to take life calmly.

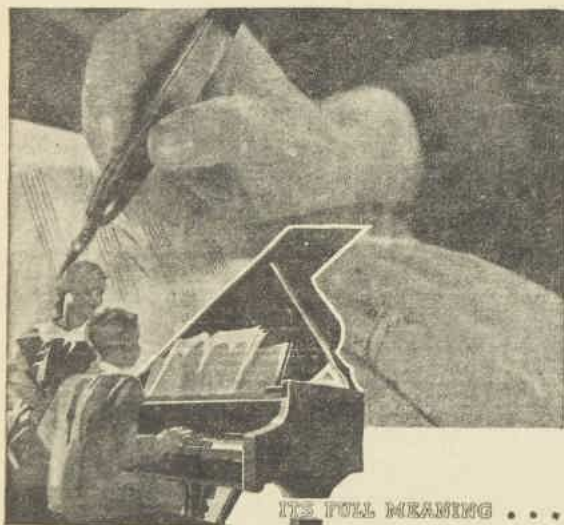
SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Just a week of days, April 27 and 28 fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 21): You'll now find the world not such a bad place to live in. Most Capricornians can turn April 28 (evenings) and 29 to good account. Seek advancement or improvement of some kind.

AQUARIUS (January 22 to February 21): Impudent Aquarians can meet with difficulties, annoyances, unpopularity, delays and worries, especially on April 28 (after 6 p.m.), 27 and 28. Be cautious then.

PISCES (February 22 to March 21): Hard-working and confident Pisceans should be able to turn April 24 (after 4 p.m.), 25 and 26 to good account in semi-important affairs.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



ITS FULL MEANING . . .

FROM the sensitive and inspired mind of the great composer, note after note goes into making a composition—treated with infinite care and with expression, it "lives" his very soul, and finally is released in the hopes that its full meaning will be appreciated.

For years and years, great artists have striven to interpret the works of the masters in a form such as they conceived were their desires . . . to do this they were careful in their selection of a Piano.

In this Country to-day, the great artists invariably favour instruments bearing the name of NICHOLSON'S, and with leading institutions and students alike such preference follows on and the well-informed acknowledge the presence of a Piano by NICHOLSON'S in a home as being a sign of a true and keener appreciation of the really finer things

*Nicholson's*  
THE MUSICAL FRUIT  
418 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

Sole Agents: Steinway, Bristlehead, Mignon, Thurmer, Dänemann, Zimmermann, Crown, Concord

10 lbs. —  
in 10 minutes

60lbs—more than a week's wash—washed, bleached, rinsed, and dried in an hour or less! All done without wringing or putting your hands in water.

New!



THE NEW  
**SAVAGE**

Wringerless Washer.  
With "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry."

Sole Distributors:  
**A. M. Clubb & Co.**  
Pty., Ltd.,

76 CLARENCE STREET,  
SYDNEY. Phone: B3908.

## Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoloid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vacuoloid has given quick, safe, and lasting relief to thousands of Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vacuoloid with this guarantee.



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### ATE HIS BED

**D**ROVING a mob of bullocks in western New South Wales, I camped in the open at Lime Stone Creek and spread half a bag of chaff on the ground for a mattress.

During the night I woke with a start to see shapes moving about above me. When my eyes became accustomed to the dark I saw that they were bullocks' horns.

In search of food the animals had smelt the chaff and were lined around me, eating the bed from under me.

Realising that there was danger of being horned or trodden on if I moved, I gave a sharp whistle.

Instantly all their heads went up and I scrambled out between their legs without receiving a kick.

10/6 to Les. Brooks, Ingham Ave., Five Dock, N.S.W.

### THE GRAMOPHONE RECORD

**I** AM a switchboard attendant, and when I thought one of my friends in the office was talking on the phone I cut in on his conversation for fun, and for about two minutes sang excerpts from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

I was still singing when I walked my friend. I was thunderstruck.

More so a few minutes later, when my employer came in and asked me if I could cut out a nearby wireless station as he could hear a gramophone being played over the wires, and it was interfering with his telephone conversations!

2/6 to D. Jervis, Thomas St., North Croydon, S.A.

### "LOST" LUGGAGE

**T**RAVELLING north in a train which was so crowded that people were sitting on their luggage in the passageways, I was about to alight when I discovered that my luggage was missing.

The porter held the train up while we made a thorough search of every carriage, but we were about to abandon the effort when I noticed a passenger moving from the passageway into my vacant seat.

He had been sitting on my case, right by my seat, all the time.

2/6 to W. Hungerford, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

### MISUNDERSTOOD!

**B**EING a keen swimmer, I went to try out a new diving tower which had been recently constructed at the Brunswick (Vic.) Municipal Baths.

Just as I was about to dive I saw a man fiercely blowing a whistle and wildly gesticulating. Thinking that he meant that I was not to dive, I came down from the tower.

After standing around for a while I decided to try again, and was about to dive when again the man whistled and gesticulated. I came down in disgust and went home.

Later I learned that the man below had been blowing his whistle and waving his arms to warn those swimming underneath that I was about to dive and to "stand" clear.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Sayers, Errol St., Nth. Melbourne.

### LEFT STRANDED

**D**URING a seaside holiday a girl friend and myself were invited for a moonlight picnic to a small, uninhabited island across the bay, to which we rowed in boats.

Before long it commenced to rain heavily, and when we hurried back to the party on the beach the boats had gone!

It was not until the following morning that we were missed. What a dismal night we spent, shivering among the wet rocks on that lonely shore!

2/6 to Miss D. Cantle, Tableland, via Callopie, Qld.

## Kiddies' pluck in face of crocodile scare . . .

**W**ANDERING along the banks of the Herbert River, North Queensland, with my younger sister and brother, I noticed a crocodiles' nest on a low sandbank on the opposite side of the river.

Arriving at the nest, we hunted down about a dozen wriggling baby crocodiles and were playing happily with them in the sand when we were horrified to see the pale green eyes and long snout of a large crocodile swimming slowly about 30 yards away from the water's edge.

It was impossible to swim across the rapids lower down and the banks of a gorge higher up the river were



"We were playing happily in the sand when we were horrified to see . . . a large crocodile swimming 30 yards from the water's edge."

precipitous, so we decided that the two smaller children should walk along the bank away from the nest while I walked in the opposite direction.

When I yelled and jumped about to attract the big crocodile's attention the other children plunged into the river and swam frantically for the home shore. At the instant they struck the water the large crocodile submerged and my heart sank, but soon I saw the children scramble out on to the opposite bank.

### Invalid's Ordeal

**I** AM an invalid, and travel everywhere in a bath chair.

One evening I was journeying from Melbourne to Bendigo in the luggage van of a train and the guard, after placing a small hose in front of the wheels to prevent their moving, left me alone.

After leaving Woodend, the first stop from Melbourne, my chair began to move. I called the guard, but he could not hear above the noise of the train.

Then my chair shot forward and my head struck an iron shelf, used for holding luggage, with great force. The front wheels of the chair went under the shelf, and the back wheels following, I was firmly fixed under the shelf, which was pressing hard on my head and the back of the chair. And in that position I had to remain until the train stopped at the next station.

The only thing that saved me from more serious head injuries was the fact that the floor beneath the shelf was four inches lower than the floor of the train.

2/6 to Tui Ryland, Rowan Street, Bendigo, Vic.

### Hit A Detonator

**W**HEN my six-year-old son showed me what appeared to be the red rubber plug from a cement tub I told him to run away and play.

A few minutes later there was a deafening report, and rushing out I saw the laundry filled with smoke, and my kiddies holding their hands over their faces.

The "plug" was actually a detonator, and my little boy had hit it with a hammer while the other children looked on.

Luckily, they escaped with scorched faces and legs.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Mayne, Byrne St., Auburn, N.S.W.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

**O**NE guinea is paid for the best Real Life story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

### On Top Of Dynamite

**A**FTER having spent six months in Auckland Hospital with a spinal injury, I was invited out fishing in a flat-bottomed boat.

A mile out at sea we came up with a large school of snapper, and, being very short of bait, my friend decided to use dynamite.

In his excitement, however, he did not throw it among the fish, but dropped it just over the side. Quickly realising the danger, he shouted to the third man, "Pull!" But in his fright the man pulled only one ear and brought the stern to the point where I sat directly over the sinking charge.

Luckily the boat was lifted only a few feet, and righted itself, otherwise we would have all been drowned.

2/6 to A. L. Greenwood, Rocky Point, Norfolk Island.

### Held Up By 'Roos

**R**ETURNING through the bush after collecting our meat at a siding, I took the wrong track and found myself in dense scrub with my path barred by five kangaroos.

They seemed to have been attracted by the smell of the meat, and I did not know what to do.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion in the distance, and the 'roos fled. I also bolted, and fortunately ended up on the track for home.

2/6 to Mrs. V. Winter, William St., E. Cannington, W.A.

If you're shopping for stockings today!  
Be sure that it's KAYSER you say  
There's no other brand,  
Will meet your demand  
And provide such attractive display!



"I'm a  
**ONE Brand**  
woman now"

Insist on Kayser. They do wonderful things to my legs and my hosiery budget. Kayser Mir-o-Kleer Sheers and Service Weights from only 4/11. Ultra Sheer Mir-o-Kal Twist are 7/11 pr.

Introducing a new sheer . . . an extra twist gives more durability . . . a lace welt gives irresistible appeal . . . at 5/11 and they're called 11X."

I insist on  
**KAYSER** HOSIERY  
LINGERIE  
GLOVES

H.4.9.



# Colour Impressions in SHRINKPROOF "SUN-GLO"



## New Series "SUN-GLO" KNITTING BOOKS

6d. all Drapers and Newsagents

The key to smarter knitwear is to be found in the new Sun-Glo knitting books, featuring over 80 fascinating designs by leading Continental knitwear stylists.

Send the Coupon on this page for a FREE BOOKLET illustrating over 70 selected designs in the Series of SUN-GLO Knitting Books.

Knitting Book Series 5 illustrated above, contains ten exclusive designs for jumpers and cardigans. If unable to obtain locally this or other books mentioned on this page, use the coupon below.

## A Delightful Range for Every Requirement

**SUNBEAM SUPER**—2, 3 and 4 PLY. Renowned for softness in texture and elastic strength. All the luxury of wool at its best, beautifully coloured. 8d. per 1-oz. skein.

**SUNBEAM WILGA**—2, 3 and 4 PLY. A super fingering at a most economical price especially blended to combine soft handle and long life. 7d. per 1-oz. skein.

**SUNBEAM WYNWARD**. A good, long-wearing 4-ply. Ideal for children's garments. Particularly suitable for rug making and novelty work. 5d. per 1-oz. skein.

**SUNBEAM BRENDA**. For Sports Wear. Quick knitting, attractive finish and long wearing. 1/4d. per 2-oz. lap.

**SUNBEAM SUPER CREPE**. Gives a delightful finish to knitting. Perfect for all winter fashions. 8 1/2d. per 1-oz. skein.

**SUNBEAM SUPER CROCHET**. Evenness of spinning imparts lustre and charm to every garment. 8d. per 1-oz. skein.

**SUNBEAM DOUBLE CROCHET**. Soft weave, yet bulky, giving ample warmth with minimum weight. In rich, warm colours. 8 1/2d. per 1-oz. skein.

**KRINKLETTE**. A luxury wool for important engagements, for smart, crinkly effects. A full range of rich colours. Ideal for costumes and frocks. 1/8. per 2-oz. lap.

**SILKENCREPE**. Entirely new silky finish. 1/8d. per 2-oz. lap.

**SILK AND WOOL, SUPER, 2 PLY**. For dainty underwear and bewitching bed jackets, in delicate shades. 5 1/2d. per 4-oz. skein.

**SUNBEAM DOUBLE CREPE**. A joy to use. Works up beautifully. Ideal for quick knitting. 8 1/2d. per 1-oz. skein.

## Guaranteed Unshrinkable SUN-GLO sets the trend in Smart Designs and Beautiful Colours

FOR 1939, resolve to make the new series of SUN-GLO Knitting Books your Style Guide, and choose from one of the finest ranges of knitting designs ever published. Then, knit in beautiful Shrinkproof SUN-GLO, a "SUNBEAM" product that carries a LIFETIME GUARANTEE AGAINST SHRINKAGE.

Every garment you knit with SUN-GLO Shrinkproof wool keeps its soft, lustrous beauty to the end of its life. You will notice no difference after hard and frequent washings—there is not even a fraction of an inch of shrinkage.

Knit your children's wear, too, in SUN-GLO "soft as down" and guaranteed shrinkproof

for the lifetime of the garment. Children's woollies, knitted in SUN-GLO, can be washed as often as one wishes, and always kept fresh—and you "knit to fit."

In SUNBEAM you will find softness, serviceability and the world's finest quality, and in SUN-GLO you have "The finest wool since knitting began," a wool that will give your knitting a new thrill and lasting satisfaction. Choose from the wide range of beautiful new SUNBEAM knitting wools now available.

**SUN-GLO SHRINKPROOF** 2, 3 and 4 ply WOOL, 1oz. skein. **9d**

**SUN-GLO SHRINKPROOF** 5 ply BABY WOOL, 1oz. ball. **10 1/2d**

DESIGN No. 1245: From Vienna comes this smart jumper in Sun-Glo Series 5 Jumper and Cardigan Knitting Book. Knitted with 8 1-oz. skeins of 4 ply Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 6/-.

DESIGN No. 1224: For a tailored trim effect, knit this classic Jumper from Sun-Glo Knitting Book Series 5 (Jumpers and Cardigans), in 6 1-oz. skeins of 5 ply Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 4/6d.

DESIGN No. 1201: This mug set will keep you really cosy, and comes from Sun-Glo Bed Jacket and Underwear Knitting Book. Knitted in 2 ply Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool, it costs 3/9 for the 5 1-oz. skeins needed.

DESIGN No. 1290 is from Sun-Glo Men's Wear Knitting Book Series 7: it is knitted in 4 ply Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool and costs 5/3d. for the 7 1-oz. skeins needed.

DESIGN No. 1418: This delightful kiddies' set, comprising Jumper, Cap and Gloves, from Sun-Glo Children's Knitting Book Series 8, is knitted with 9 1-oz. skeins of Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 6/9d.

DESIGN No. 1385: Boy's Pullover is from Sun-Glo Children's Knitting Book Series 8, and requires 7 1-oz. skeins of Sun-Glo Shrinkproof Wool at a total cost of 5/3d.

Knit with  
**SUN-GLO**  
SHRINKPROOF WOOL

A "SUNBEAM" PRODUCT . . . Manufactured by  
F. W. HUGHES PTY. LTD., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney.  
Wholesale Distributors: PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD., All States.

## COUPON FOR FREE DESIGN BOOKLET or KNITTING BOOKS

To Alexandria Spinning Mills,  
30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

Please forward me a copy of:

FREE BOOKLET of designs contained in SUN-GLO KNITTING BOOKS. ☐

SUN-GLO KNITTING BOOK Series No. \_\_\_\_\_ for which I enclose for each book 7d. in stamps (being 6d. plus 1d. to cover postage). ☐

Place an X against item required.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

W.W.2



# Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 6

**M**USTARD, three years old, pedigreed and worth her weight in gold, had a peculiarity which Mattie and Adeline and one or two others of the clan found very amusing. She would not be the subject of ridicule; laughter infuriated her. Kent Suggett and the men of the place respected her feeling, but the others, at a recent Sunday lunch, when the runaway had wandered down close to the picnic grill, had entertained themselves by laughing at her heartily and long, and had watched her gallop, enraged, away, peals of mirth still following her.

Honor, in her first paralysed glance backwards at the lowered head, the flying creamy mane and plunging hoofs, knew that Mustard was following her, and that her life was in danger. Hope died within her at the same instant, yet she began to run. She ran limping and dipping, springing and staggering with desperate, maddened recklessness as wild as that of the brute who sped after her.

Mustard stood in the paddock, pawing the ground, snorting, eyes and nostrils red. Honor lay on one elbow under the fence, panting, sobbing, torn and dishevelled, her hair in a snarled mass, her face wet. She could not get to her feet when she tried, but she could roll, and while the raging fury watched her she would be ready to roll.

"I'm done for now," thought Honor, "that last wrench—something happened to my hip—Oh, my Heaven!"

For she had tried to put her weight upon the good side, and had fallen clumsily again, as a tottering baby falls.

And then the adventure ended abruptly with the appearance of Mac and two of the Joes, and Mustard was whooshed with upflung hats, cornered in the shed, soothed with water and bran mash, triumphantly restored to the herd a mile down the road. Honor meanwhile crawled home; she had other crutches, but she could not use them to-night.

"Uncle Kent," she said to him a few nights later, "did you ever see a small baby walk?"

"There were Robbie and little Ken," he reminded her—the sons he had lost. Honor quickly covered her blunder.

"Of course you have, everyone has," she said. "But look, I'll show you."

And getting to her feet a little shakily, she walked slowly to the sink, rested her hand there a

moment, came back. The man's face was now genuinely puzzled.

"I didn't think you could do that, Honor," he said.

"I couldn't! I can't! But I am!" Honor exulted. She sat down, was still for a moment. Then she got to her feet and repeated the process.

"I was sitting on the side of the bed, perfectly helpless, trying to think what sort of a prop would help me if the crutch failed, when I found myself standing up. I took a step, and it—balanced!"

Honor suddenly put her hands up to her face; her uncle saw tears glitter behind them. She gulped, reached for a handkerchief and faced him smilingly, her lashes wet.

"I was just like a baby," she said. "I tried little distances, catching on to things. Once I fell down, and that frightened me, for I didn't know how long I'd have to lie there. But I scrambled up on my knee—you've seen babies do that; and my hip held—my hip held. Yesterday I told Mattie and she cried, 'Heaven bless you.' Honor faltered, crying herself, "and to-day I went up to the barn and got the eggs. I took the basket, and I rested in the harness-room, and came back with the eggs!"

The old man was still staring at her in silence. He cleared his throat, took out his big soft handkerchief and blew his nose.

"What d'you think happened?" he asked, with a gulp.

"I think I broke it again, or at least snapped or softened the muscles that were holding it down. It was pain such as I've never felt before, but I was so frightened about Mustard that I only remembered it afterwards. But when I first got over the bars and fell I thought I was killed. What else could it be except that it—snapped back?"

"What else?" he echoed dazedly.

"So all I had to do was to learn to walk again—after five years."

"Where's it hurt you now?"

"Nowhere. No hurt anywhere."

"Hmp!" he said, and there was a silence during which Honor got to her feet and slowly circled the kitchen again.

"Look!" she said simply, like a child.

"Think you'd better have some X-rays taken of it?" the man asked.

"Well—but I'm perfectly sure it's all right." She sat down again, smiling at him, her breath coming a little short and her forehead wet.

"So—now you're back just where

you were before," he said, marveling.

There was an odd look in Honor's musing eyes; she spoke half aloud, as if to herself.

"Not—not just as I was before!" she said.

She and Adeline went to New York together. Adeline was the proud wife of a naval lieutenant now, one Bruce McClibben, who was away at sea. Adeline was to visit his people in New Jersey and Honor to be the guest of her publisher in Connecticut. The plan, breath-taking to the sisters when first suggested, developed itself simply enough. Tickets, and some new clothes, and a day of departure were common-places in a world of pleasure-seekers, of course, but not to Honor and Adeline. They revelled and rejoiced and exulted over every detail; Honor's joy augmented by the new delight of physical freedom.

The day came, and they were on the Panama ship, exploring with the enthusiasm of children her decks and passages and big recreation rooms. Their own cabin was unbelievably luxurious with its private bath; the dreamy days of the trip, the nights of Havana and old Panama, were so many thrills to them.

**S**HE was met by her publisher's son and partner, a square, quiet man of perhaps thirty-five, with athletic shoulders, fine grey eyes, hair of an odd burned golden-brown that was fairer than his Indian-brown skin and a gentle kindness of manner. Birge Persons. She liked him at once, and when Adeline had been safely shipped off to New Jersey she and Mr. Persons went to lunch together.

He asked her where, and she ventured with a fluttered laugh, "Oh, I've always wanted—could it be the Waldorf-Astoria?" The man nodded and they went there at once, he driving a low open car from which Honor could stare in every direction, twisting her head and shoulders about as she placed marvel after marvel. She had worn thin white things for all the days at sea; now she was in black and white; the frock slim and of plain black taffeta, the long slender coat white, hat and shoes of white. She knew that she looked smart, and the quiet

eyes of her companion told her that he liked her appearance and was not ashamed of his guest.

"You must have something you've not eaten before. Blue-fish—not very interesting. How about soft-shelled crabs? Had those?"

"Never."

"Those are grand," he said simply, and they both laughed. It was easy to laugh in this delightful shaded place, empty and quiet on a late summer afternoon. The conversation went on cheerfully; they liked each other. This was a—Honor groped for a new word, could only fall back on a fine old one—this was a gentleman. The way he spoke, his easy quiet manner as he managed the luncheon, the way he wore his comfortable summer clothing, his voice, the things about which he talked all proved it. Birge Persons was really George Birge Persons, Junior, but his father was world-known as George, and he had always been given his middle name.

"Is there a Mrs. Persons?"

"Oh my, yes! She'll be waiting for you. She's a very much alive person in spite of a bad knee. Arthritis. Yes, she's the youngest of the lot of us—Mother."

His mother! Honor was quite girl enough, despite her twenty-eight years, to feel a deep little laugh of relief stirring within herself when she realised that he was speaking of his mother.

She loved it all. She loved the climate to which all westerners of New England heritage were accustomed long before they were born; the clear, hot, moonlit nights, the drenching rains, the blue sulphurous thunder which rattled and banged on the far-off horizons. She loved the Persons' great dignified place, set in wide lawns at the very edge of the water, banked in blazing parterres of flowers. She loved Birge's mother and father, and the bathing-suit and cap and cape in which she was presently going down to the shore, and the group to which she was introduced: a writer or two, a critic or two, a little English actress convalescent after a bad breakdown, two or three lovely young women who added enormously to the pictorial effect, some men in white flannels, and others who seemed quite at home and talked lazily and cleverly, and were unidentified in this first dazzling view.

## HILLTOP

A hilltop is a lovely thing  
To stand upon, remembering.  
A lovely, high triumphant  
place  
To feel the wind about your  
face,  
And know the reason people  
say  
A hilltop on a windy day  
Is such a satisfying thing  
To stand upon, remembering.

—Yvonne Webb.

They all swam, and lay on the strand in the shade of the boat-house, and gossiped and smoked and drank bubbly water or any one of a dozen other drinks. And afterwards they dawdled up to the house, after four of them had buzzed away in a little plane and three others had swerved off in a motor-boat. It was all very easy and comfortable; there was no strain. A bridge game started on a shady terrace; somebody played a great organ in a delectable choral and runs; Honor found herself free to go up to a delightful ivory-and-blue bedroom overlooking the water and lie flat on her bed, dreaming, happy, thrilled beyond all her wildest hopes for this important visit.

She fell lightly asleep, awakened to a reality pleasanter than dreams, made herself lovely in the lace gown, and went slowly downstairs, looking about for an anchor before she should be quite stranded. Birge was waiting for her; he need not have been, for they were all kind and were only too eager to show her how much they liked her. But it was comforting to know that he was on guard, none the less.

They sat, a dozen of them, on a level terrace deep in shade and watched the last glory of the autumn day die over the water. Servants came and went with trays; music was pouring gently from some place unseen; Honor felt that she had come upon an extraordinarily lovely place in life. Or rather, she felt a deeper satisfaction. Life itself—all life, was strangely sweet; one need not be afraid of it. One need only be afraid of what was within oneself.

Please turn to Page 44

# ... PICKED and PACKED the SAME DAY!

Every good thing in a fresh tomato is yours—in Rich, Red 'Fountain' Brand Tomato Sauce



*Everything I have is yours*

The kitchens where we press and pack Fountain Tomato Sauce are built amid the fields, so it is only a matter of hours before the fresh fruit is picked and packed.

Rich Red "Fountain" Tomato Sauce is made according to a true Home-made Style Recipe.

BUY A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

Collect the Coupons for Valuable Free Gifts



# FOUNTAIN home-made style TOMATO SAUCE





### IF YOU USE JUST ONE FACE CREAM HELENA RUBINSTEIN

#### says "GO PASTEURIZED"

Unique in its endless virtues, Pasteurized Face Cream has brought beauty into the lives of thousands of women the world over. PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM does more than merely cleanse your skin immaculately; it makes the dry skin soft as velvet, and smoothes away fatigue lines and that tired, drawn look. Pasteurized Face Cream re-vitalizes the tissues and overcomes skin impurities. Get YOUR jar of Pasteurized Face Cream today, and watch what wonders it works for your contour as well as complexion.

Write for our newest booklet, "Beauty for You," or call at the Helena Rubinstein Salon for a complimentary consultation with her overseas expert on your individual beauty problems.

### helena rubinstein

125 Collins Street, Melbourne  
Myer's, Melbourne-Farmer's, Sydney-Myer's, Adelaide  
1111

### HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE . . .



#### No girl who offends with underarm odour succeeds in her job—or with men . . .

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending. It's so easy to stay fresh with MUM. A bath only takes care of odour that's past—but MUM prevents odour to come.

So follow your bath with a dab of MUM under each arm. MUM is quick—safe—sure! It gives all-day-long protection, can't harm any kind of fabric and does not irritate your skin. Obtainable everywhere: purse size 9d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

**MUM** takes the  
odour out of  
perspiration

## NERVOUSNESS

is often due to indigestion caused by improper elimination. If not corrected it may become a chronic condition. Califig (California Syrup of Figs) is an ideal pure fruit laxative. Doctors recommend it for children and adults. Its gentle action will not upset even the most delicate system.



**CALIFIG**  
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'

NATURE'S OWN  
LAXATIVE

## Heart-broken Melody

Continued from Page 43

TALK went on about her. To her it seemed brilliant and important, as perhaps some of it was. A low-voiced elderly woman was evidently the author of a play which was presently to open, and of many other plays. A swarthy-faced small columnist led the conversation into a hundred whimsical channels, usually ending on the topic of one or another of his adored small children. Afterward Birge told Honor that he was responsible for half the newspaper crazes of America, and had set the whole world to crossword puzzling. The slender, smart little dancer, middle-aged now, who had displayed one of the first of all the bobbed heads, was sprawled on a rug, playing with an immense white dog. Critics were there; wits. An English playwright, heavy and stout, contributed an occasional word. Honor looked at him curiously; his plays blazed with satire and sharpness; he looked like a German merchant.

"Is there a chance that we may have noodles for supper?" he asked plaintively.

"They played everything but the darned sonata like madmen," a dark handsome young man said morosely. "There isn't one of them can play it! I can't play it myself. It's too dashed good."

"Birge, why don't you marry me?" a very beautiful woman, not young, said lazily.

"I didn't know that was your plan," Birge answered quietly, not glancing at her. Honor, who had looked at him, saw that his eyes were dreamily fixed upon the glancing, changing beauty of the water spread below them in a wide shine of sunset.

She looked at the woman; one of two or three clever and fascinating creatures whose identities she had not yet had time to distinguish. This one had pale red hair obviously dyed, long mysterious eyes, beautiful ivory hands dressed with heavy rings. "This crowd of yours is fascinating," she said to him later in the evening.

"This isn't—really, my crowd," he answered lazily. "I know them all. Well, yes," Birge conceded, reconsidering. "I suppose you would call this my crowd."

"They're wonderful!" Honor mused, half aloud. "I never before met such people. They're all in plays that are Broadway successes, or they've written books, or they're critics. It's—fun," she finished childishly. "You've no idea what fun it is for me."

She saw Birge's eyes move towards her approvingly, with his slow smile in them.

"You're fun for us," he told her politely. He was, all in all, she thought, the most perfectly polite person she ever had met.

They were out on the terrace now, in the dark night. The rest of the party had drifted away to various entertainments; bridge, dancing, queer little bar-room games of football fields and pocketed tables. Birge, from a billiard-room filled with animated voices and drifting blue smoke, had gulped her almost without words to this silent place of darkness and stillness and fresh, sweet night odors under dim stars. "No moon to-night," he said.

"There was a little sickle moon" at about seven. Just as the light went," Honor had settled her ruffles in a long basket chair; her slender slipped feet were crossed. She stretched her arms to the limits of the chair back, tipped her head, looked up at solemn great plumes of trees against a dark clear blue sky. Birge lay similarly extended

in the neighboring chair; a pale gleam from a terrace doorway lighted his head and gave her an occasional glimpse of his eyes.

"Birge!" someone shouted from within. Honor stirred. "They're calling you."

"I know. Would you like to go out for a row?"

"But they're calling you!" She was laughing as she got to her feet and reached her hand for his hand. He and she went down tree-shaded brick terraces together, down to the pier, where they could hear the quiet lip-lipping of the water, mysterious and exquisite in the dark. Scents of warm autumn lingered in the air; the good smell of dying brush fires, of haycock and salt water.

Honor was helped into a dipping boat, steadied herself into a seat, grasped ropes.

"Can you steer?"

"I've not tried for years. Not since one of my cousins had a little home-made yacht with an outboard motor."

"You're all right then. Nothing to it." Three great strokes took the light craft across the water. Delicious cool air smote their faces.

Anchored lights reflected themselves everywhere. A motor-boat went by with a smart put-put and a

somewhat hesitatingly. "The freshness and the woods. You love it, don't you?"

"It meant life to me when I thought everything was dead," Honor answered, after a moment. "It meant—myself, to me. If that makes any sense," she added.

The oars dipped, splashed. Water rippled. All about in velvet blackness were lights and the reflection of lights.

"There is something very romantic about a row-boat," Honor said unthinkingly. "Trailing one's hand in the water—"

"Perhaps that's it, then," Birge agreed, with a brief laugh. The girl laughed too.

"That sounded very young, didn't it?" she said.

They went on, talking lazily, sometimes silent. The dark seemed infinitely restful to Honor's eyes.

"Your friends are exciting," she presently mused aloud.

"That crowd at the house?"

"Well, perhaps you don't find them so. But I do."

"Oh, sure I do," he said. "Everyone does. And themselves most of all. They're horribly exciting to themselves."

"Ah, well, why not?" she said temperately as he paused. "They're exciting and amusing and setting the pace for all the world; why shouldn't they feel it? That Bill—hasn't he had a successful play for every year in eight or nine years? And Leon Barry—that was the Leon Barry who came in, wasn't it? With all the world—every radio and record in the world playing his songs. But do they live at this gait, do they keep this up, do you suppose?"

"To the point," said Birge, with a lazy laugh, "of almost going insane—the whole pack of them. They have fights, and explanations, and letters—it's the damndest rat race you ever saw! And they go queer, like poor Ingfield, and have breakdowns. They're always buying little retreats, which instantly turn into roundhouses—"

"I gave up the whole thing years ago," he added, rowing towards the shore and the boat-house lights. "This was rather unusual to-night. They were all down here for the polo—every house hereabouts is a hotel this week. But they'll all be gone Monday."

SHE stretched her hand towards his and he gripped her fingers in a firm tight hold, and she was steady on the planks of the pier again. They walked slowly, in a dapple of black and silver, up to the terrace. The moon was rising. "Fairlyland," Honor said, under her breath. The dark air was rich with flower scents; the distant music drifted down softly like part of a spell. "I don't think I'll spoil it," she said. "I love my room. I know my way up by the side door. I believe I'll go to bed."

"I don't think I'll spoil it either," Birge said. "I believe I'll go to bed, too."

He heard her laugh.

"Not without saying good night to your guests I should think!" she whispered, on a scandalized note.

"Oh, half of them aren't staying here!" he answered carelessly. "They'll stay as long as they like, and order drinks, and go off when they feel like it. Perhaps the whole crowd'll go swimming, off the point, over at Bernie's."

"They parted in the upper hall. Honor's hair was a little brown; her eyes were very bright. In the dim upper hallways they had privacy for a few more whispered words: Birge showed her her doorway.

"Oh, yes; I know my door!"

"Sleep tight."

"I always sleep tight!" She smiled at him; closed him out and herself in, gave a little wriggle of satisfaction and happiness and fatigue and the exquisite sensation of strain ended when she found herself alone. What a day! What a long, happy, distracting day! And what a man!

The richness of him, the gentleness, the sureness! His manner with the servants, his easiness here in this magnificent place, his closeness to the fascinating folk who had been at dinner to-night, and yet his apartness from them, his difference—

"He is simply, always, and in everything, and first and last a gentleman," Honor said, going off to sleep with the figure of Birge Persons in the foreground of her thoughts.

He was very much in the foreground of her life during the following week.

Please turn to Page 45

## Lottery Wins And Good Luck Handwriting Helps

Do you know that you can attract good luck and lottery wins to yourself just as a magnet attracts steel?

Do you know that your signature can help you to get this good luck? The forces for good luck must be used, and one means is to send for lottery tickets or do important things during certain hours and on certain days which are in your "good luck" sphere.

Some hours are particularly lucky for some people but most unfortunate for others. These days and hours can be ascertained from a study of your signature in conjunction with the date and month of your birth.

Palaea is the famous expert in this matter. He has already helped hundreds of others after seeing their signature. Mrs. T.W. of Adelaide, has written:—

"Thanks for bringing me luck. I always send for tickets in my lucky hours on my lucky days as told me by you. I know that these have helped me to win."

Let your signature bring you good luck. Just write your usual signature and your date and month of birth on a sheet of paper, then send it with a postal note for 1/- with this paragraph and a stamped addressed envelope to: Palaea, NAWI, Box 5302, G.P.O., Hobart, Tasmania.

He will study this and within a week send you a chart showing the days and hours which are lucky, and those on which important things should be avoided.



You can find instant relief from the itching, fiery torture usually accompanying this condition and in the majority of cases a complete cure, by the application of Rexona Ointment. Its gentle, soothing medicaments and mild antiseptic action have the approval of the highest medical authority. Rexona Soap, containing the same mild medication, is also recommended to keep your skin healthy.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

## Do You Know?

They've been married for years, still Jim raves. Of his wife's lovely hair and its waves. But Elizabeth's "set" is obtained with DAMPETTE. And look at the money it saves.

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, just wet your hair and comb a few drops of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F . . .

## MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says:—

"Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls to place of the lank, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy curls. Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET



# Heart-broken Melody

HE took her to the big publishing plant, and she had the first shy delight of finding herself one of "our authors" to the large staff; office girls smiling at her shyly, officials welcoming her more formally to the midday lunch, where she sat at the long table, and answered questions, and was made to feel herself important. Another Persons "find," like the great Winston Rothover and Susan Evans and Joy Ranger.

Ah, it was good to be slim and good-looking, with a brown hat trimmed with one great creamy pink dahlia and a fresh soft frock of the same brown with a dahlia at the belt. It was good to know that Birge liked her, and to feel—even though she did not dare look straight at him to prove it—that his eyes were constantly on her.

They went to see a tennis match at Forest Hills and Honor turned her pleased young gaze upon him. "It seems so funny, actually to be at Forest Hills!"

She loved it. The hot sweet autumn sunlight; the clipped green-sward; the flashing white figures; the eager crowd. It was all that she wanted, she told Birge.

"Every woman wants this sort of thing. Swarms of people, all so smart and happy, and long tables of food in the clubs, and cars flashing all over the place. And to be part of it!"

They watched polo games; on one hot day they went to the city, and Honor stared amazed at tall buildings and shops like jewel cases and restaurants where the air was fanned and cool and the food beyond anything she ever had tasted.

Birge was a quiet escort; he did not make her talk. But in the week that she was his father's guest Honor came to feel that she knew him very well. She knew the narrowing of his eyes when he was amused; the pleasant notes of his voice when anything was to be planned, settled.

She discovered that he had been married; was widowed. There had been a little daughter who had died when she was two.

"Eleanore never really got over little Diana's death," he told Honor. "I almost killed my father, too. He loved his granddaughter. And she was a sturdy little thing. I've pictures although I don't often look at them. That was seven years ago, and Eleanore followed her a few months later. She blamed herself."

He was driving up through the scattered ranks of new apartment houses and factories and great coal and lumber yards at the north of the city. Presently they would reach the prettier districts, and see the water, but all this looked grimy and crowded under an afternoon sun. Honor made no comment.

"She blamed herself," Birge presently repeated. "It was summer, and they were down in East Hampton. I hadn't wanted them to go—too far away. But Eleanore had friends there, and she rented this place for a month. They'd gone, she and I, towards the gate to say good-bye to some friends who'd come down from Good Ground to swim, and they walked along the edge of the garden bed as the car came along—it was raised a foot above the road. Just as the car came, whether Eleanore's foot pressed the earth, or whether a rainstorm earlier in the day had undermined it, we don't know. Anyway, I slipped on a rush of earth and was under the car—it was all over so fast that afterwards, for days, Eleanore would sleep and think it was all a dream, and wake up and have to be told all over again. That winter she got a heavy cold, and she made no effort to throw it off—simply sank under it. Well! Not very cheerful!" Birge ended, on a different note. "But you've heard them speaking of my wife, and Eleanore and I wanted you to know."

"My own story isn't so very cheerful," she said.

"You mean—?" He gave her a quick oblique glance. "The lameness—the dislocated hip?" he asked.

"Not only that," Honor sighed. But she knew it had to be done. "It began when I was a stenographer in a San Francisco office, six years ago," she said. "There was a certain man there—married, rich, and with a pretty wife and two small sons. We fell in love with each other."

Birge said nothing.

"After a while," Honor made herself go on, "we discussed it; we hunched together, there were presents, it ran—her voice chilled into delicate irony—"It ran the usual course, I suppose," she said deliber-

Continued from Page 44

ately. "He was to get a divorce, we were to go away, and make a new life for ourselves. My family was—aghast. I was merely an employee. He was a rich man. They thought it—common."

"It's—done," said Birge briefly, clearing his throat.

Oh yes. His brother had a handsome apartment down-town—we used to meet there, or picnic on beaches, or go to little restaurants.

"His wife wouldn't give him a divorce. She flatly, persistently refused. It was deadlock for a while and I was miserable."

"And he, too?"

"Yes, I suppose he was unhappy, too. Anyway, we finally decided to bolt. To go to Minorca or Singapore or Tahiti or somewhere. Or at least he arranged that, all in a hurry, took passage for us on a slow Dutch boat, to sail right from San Francisco to Europe. I don't think I thought it over much. I was more concerned—I see that now—to get away without letting my family know. To make connections with the boat and be at sea before they found out."

"And—how far did you get?" asked the cultured, quiet voice beside her. Honor laughed mirthlessly.

"We never started," she said. "The firm—it was a big corporation law firm—got a case they'd been angling for for two years. It had been mis-handled, the ramifications and complications were something unheard of. It means his going away, and by a queer change of heart his wife, who'd always been a superficial sort of woman, wanted to go, too. He was going to her home town, where all her old friends were, and I suppose she wanted the change. Anyway, he himself told me that it was all over, that we were never to have our European days—and all the world went black to me. Black!"

SHE was silent a moment, and they drove along a wide elm-bordered road in silence. The clean shadows of the great tree trunks fell across the way in even bars. The air was sweet with harvest; hay, apples, pungent wayside weeds. A gold haze lay over the cooling fields.

"They were flying, and I went down to see them off," Honor presently resumed. "I was dazed with wretchedness; I hardly knew what I was doing. It was a dark night with rain, and the lights were dazzling. I saw him—he didn't see me or dream that I was there. But he was very cheerful and content—all his friends were there, and the nurse with the little boys, and his wife. Of course she was there!"

Honor's brief laugh held something of the bitterness of those long-ago days. After a while she began again.

"The time that followed that was so horrible that I hate to think about it. It was all my fault, it was all my fault, it was all my fault, but my own people had to pay for it and I couldn't save them!"

"I was terribly ill, and afterwards they told me I'd never walk again. And with it all was so much pain, you know," Honor said in a lowered tone, as if she were thinking aloud. "So much pain! And so much expense, and we had no money. My brother and sister and aunts and grandmother all worried so! And I sat, a helpless lump, in a small parlor, shelling peas and doing crossword puzzles."

The last words were said in a whisper.

"You!" Birge ejaculated, as if reluctant to concede it.

"And while I was chained there," she made herself go on, "he came to see me—my great love, I mean. I remember that my hair was tousled and I had an old wrapper on, and onions were boiling in the next room."

"Spare me the grislier details," Birge suggested. Honor laughed her joyous laugh.

"I wasn't spared much," she reminded him, sobering. "Those were dark days. Well, after a while this adorable old uncle—I'd never thought of him as especially adorable before," she interrupted herself to say honestly, "but when you know him you know that he's—well, rare. He offered me a job and a salary, and more than that, sanctuary. Sanctuary! Just to get away from people, and not have their eyes on me, and their pity! Their suggestions of an aspirin, or bromides, or perhaps lying down on the other side. As if I hadn't tried them all, and realised that they all had failed."

(To be continued)

## Tailor-made at Grace Bros



Tailoring Dept.  
1st FLOOR  
BROADWAY BUILDING

### Winter Suit

Man-tailored to your measurements in check superline suiting. Beautifully cut showing the 3-button finish with higher rever.

To Order from ... 5 GNS.

### Dressed for Town

Correct in every detail in Town Suits. Tailored with outstanding smartness from the choicest of worsted materials, with the luxurious finish that only skilled craftsmanship can give.

To Order from ... 5 GNS.

### Smart Three-piece

The navy link fastened jacket in delightful contrast with the two-tone "diagonal" skirt and the smart coat on semi-swinging lines.

To Order from ... 6½ GNS.

You are invited to obtain our expert's advice about your Tailored Suit. The latest in fashion books are open for your inspection in our Ladies Tailoring Department, and Specialists will advise with suggestions for style and materials for your particular needs.

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY  
PHONE M6506  
SYDNEY



WONDERFULLY  
IMPROVED!

The NEW

NEVER SUCH  
BRIGHTNESS  
SUCH  
BRILLIANT  
WHITENESS

BECAUSE NEVER BEFORE  
SUCH RICH, FINE, LONG-  
LASTING, CLOSELY-PACKED,  
BUSINESS-LIKE

SUDS

Fine-bubble suds  
wash more thoroughly...  
result is whiteness  
never seen before

Why do the New Rinso's fine-bubble suds leave the clothes so much whiter? Because they wash so much more thoroughly, never leaving any dirt behind. Extra washing help... less air... that's their great advantage over big-bubble suds (the only kind you get from ordinary soaps). Take a handful of ordinary soap suds and a handful of New Rinso suds. That's the way to see how much finer the New Rinso bubbles are... how much longer they last without bursting and fading away. You can tell they'll go for the dirt more vigorously and never give up till every trace is gone. They'll wash more clothes and wash them cleaner, sweeter, brighter than ever before.

### The Rinso 2-Minute Boil

Now shorter, simpler...  
better still... Extra-rich suds  
make soaking unnecessary

FULL INSTRUCTIONS ON THE  
BIG NEW PACKET

A LEVER PRODUCT

### NEW RINSO specially good for colours and all "light" washing

Save time and trouble—use the New Rinso suds for all your wash, from start to finish. Safer because they're richer! Lukewarm of course, for silks, woollens, colours—all washing that doesn't go into the boil.

### No more sore, dry, ugly "washday hands", NEW RINSO is mild and safe

There's positively nothing in the New Rinso suds that could affect the most sensitive skin.

THE MAKERS OF LEADING  
WASHING MACHINES  
RECOMMEND  
THE NEW RINSO EXCLUSIVELY



WHITES

SHADES WHITER,  
CRISP AND  
SPOTLESS

COLOURS

BRIGHTENED UP,  
CLEAR AND  
FRESH

SILKS,  
WOOLLIES

SOFT, WONDERFULLY  
NEW-LOOKING

### Sensational SUDS TEST

Remarkable proof that the New Rinso piles up heaps more suds—and that these suds, being so much finer, stand up far longer.

ACTUAL TEST... Equal quantities of old and New Rinso in bottles (A and B) each 1/2 full of water. Shakes up—left standing 10 minutes.

RESULT... shown clearly by the illustration. A. Old Rinso suds died down to less than one inch. B. Bottle still nearly full of rich suds. These New Rinso suds remained piled high long after the test was made.



Not just better—but revolutionary as the suds test shows! The New Rinso out-dates even the old Rinso. That shows how completely it eclipses all ordinary washing soaps of the present day. Now a truly dazzling wash—shades and shades whiter—with record speed and absolute safety for your clothes.

## There's a reason for those radio thrills

PSYCHOLOGIST TELLS WHY CHARLIE CHAN  
AND FU MANCHU ARE SO POPULAR

Chinese characters have figured prominently in many popular books and plays in recent years. Two of them—Dr. Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan—have become world famous. Why?

Dr. A. H. Martin, director of the Institute of Industrial Psychology, Sydney, says that there is a definite psychological reason.

"OUR inherited traditions and our reading," he states, "have caused us to think of the Chinese mind as mysterious, subtle, inscrutable, and steeped in age-old philosophy."

"There is something more than words in the mystery of the Orient, and there is a fascination for a lot of people in seeking to unravel that mystery."

"It is altogether a world so much apart from our Western life that it offers an escape from our work-a-day world. And is that not the main attraction of all reading?"

Remarkable interest is being shown in the two radio serials with Chinese characters now being presented by 2GB, although the central figures in the stories are poles apart.

In "Charlie Chan" is found the philosophical outlook which, for centuries, has guided the intellectual Chinese mind.

Charlie, the delightful Honolulu detective, loves to quote ancient Chinese proverbs, many of which are applicable to-day.

Reprimanding a boastful son, he says, "One who spends to-day tell-



MR. LOU VERNON, famous Australian character actor, starring in the comedy "The Bishop Misbehaves" in the Radio Theatre presentation from 2GB on Sunday, April 23.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, April 19,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her beauty talk with "Janette."

THURSDAY, April 20,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

FRIDAY, April 21,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Tea Party with Judith Hayes.

SATURDAY, April 22,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

SUNDAY, April 23,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music of the Stars with June Marsden.

MONDAY, April 24,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: Judith Hayes tells of her fashion talk with Rene.

TUESDAY, April 25,—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden and Music of the Stars.

ing of his triumphs of yesterday, will have nothing to speak of tomorrow." Or again, "We have two ears and one mouth, therefore we should hear twice as much as we speak!"

Earl Der Biggers' adventures of Charlie Chan have been written in all languages. Warner Oland made him famous on the screen, and Sydney Toler has re-created him for the radio in perfect detail, with his over-enthusiastic "Number 1 Son," his family problems, and his uncanny faculty for solving seemingly insoluble crimes.

At the other extreme stands Dr. Fu Manchu, who, at the height of his fame in fiction, is credited with having earned for Sax Rohmer £20,000 a year. A Fu Manchu short story brought to Sax Rohmer £500.

In "The Shadow of Fu Manchu," the first evil Chinese scientist, he has embodied the drama and thrilling mystery which made the "Fu Manchu" stories best-sellers.

"The Adventures of Charlie Chan" is broadcast from 2GB on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.45 p.m., and "The Shadow of Fu Manchu" each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7.15 p.m.

## What are your brain waves saying to-day?

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Does your brain send out alpha waves or delta waves?

If the former your brain is normal, if the latter something in the brain box needs attention, according to the latest scientific theory.

A MACHINE to measure the value of brain waves has been perfected by Mr. W. Grey Walter, a young London physiologist.

Brain waves photographed by it will be used as evidence in a murder trial—an unusual test of the powers and efficiency of the invention.

The invention distinguishes between normal and abnormal brains.

After pouring a little alcohol on the head and fitting a cap of wire springs, the inventor connects his subject with a series of wires from the machine to the contacts.

On a screen a green dot of light commences to dance from side to side, either in fast and sparkling rhythm, or a slow, irregular movement.

According to the rhythm, the scientist can tell whether the brain is normal or abnormal.

A normal brain will transmit the

rapid even waves which are known as alpha, while the abnormal brain, or one suffering from a tumor or clot or pressure, transmits the slow uneven waves known as delta.

The moment the patient opens his eyes the waves cease. Nobody can see his own brain waves, the reason being that the brain only emits the waves when all its cells are acting in the same way.

### DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 10 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE booklet and many testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 207 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."



# THE HOMEMAKER

April 22, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

## FOR BRUNETTE LOVELINESS

... be clever with make-up!

IF YOU ARE DARK IN COLORING CHOOSE YOUR COSMETICS TO HARMONISE WITH YOUR EYES RATHER THAN YOUR HAIR, AND THE RESULT WILL FLATTER YOU.

By  
JANETTE

ARE you a disconsolate brunette? Do you feel like a dark and sombre lady and envy your blonde sisters because you imagine they manage to achieve a more striking effect?

If so, it may be because you are not using the correct shades of cosmetics for your particular type of brunette beauty.

It has long been the custom to choose shades of make-up by the color of your hair. So it was particularly easy for a girl with dark hair to make a mistake.

This happened so often that a group of experienced cosmetic consultants finally got together on the subject.

They worked out some safe and simple rules for you of the black tresses. And if you follow these hints your troubles will be over.

The idea is—let your eyes be your guide. If you are a blue-eyed brunette beware of brown or orange tones.

You should have blue-toned make-up. Don't get frightened. I am not going to suggest that you use blue face powder.

But it is true that in almost all cases the blue-eyed girl with dark hair and a fair complexion really has blue undertones in her skin.

So if you belong to this group you should choose a powder with rosy flesh tones. These powders have a slight blue undertone that blends perfectly with your skin, and is set off by your eyes.

Your cheek rouge can be a true red or red with a little bit of blue in it. Geranium rouge is often a grand color.

Your lipstick and finger-nail polish should also be a matching red. Blue



BROWN EYES and olive skin indicate a brown and orange-toned make-up for Ann Miller. RKO star—peach rachel powder and raspberry lipstick.

or green eye-shadow is good, and black mascara and eyebrow pencil.

If your brows are naturally very dark you can use your pencil and mascara brush with a light hand.

And always remember to apply

the pencil just to the hairs of your brows. This will give them a sleek, polished look.

On the other hand, if you happen to be the brown-eyed or black-eyed type with dark hair and an olive complexion, then the brown and orange tones are perfect for you in both face powder and rouge.

Your powder should be peach rachel. Rouge, lipstick, and nail polish are very becoming in raspberry. Use a brown eye-shadow and black eyebrow pencil and mascara.

Then there is the in-between type—the girl with dark hair, hazel eyes, and a medium skin. If you have this type of coloring let your powder be beige (peach blended with an off-pink base). Make lipstick and rouge bright red—wear poppy or flame if you can—and to accent your eyes use blue-green eye-shadow.

### Three Types

THESE three types of brunette, the blue-eyed, fair-skinned girl, the medium-skinned, hazel-eyed, and the brown-eyed, olive-skinned beauty are the most common.

If your coloring is something between these or is a very unusual combination, such as olive skin and blue eyes or brown eyes and a very pale skin, then instead of blindly following any rule you must experiment with your make-up to get the most flattering results.

Here are a few last-minute hints that apply no matter what color eyes you have. When you are applying your face powder keep it outside the area of your eye socket.

The skin in this area is naturally a little darker than the cheek coloring, and this makes your eyes look bigger.

In applying your mascara, start at the roots of the lashes and brush back, curling your eyelashes up as you brush.



BECAUSE SHE is a blue-eyed brunette, with a fair skin, Joan Perry, Columbia player, uses a blue-toned make-up—that is, rouge and lipstick in true red, which has a blue undertone and a rosy flesh-toned face powder.



EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo!—Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

Immediately you commence "beauty washing" your hair with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo you FEEL the difference. The rich, live "coconut bubbles" begin to foam through your hair, dissolving dust, dandruff and oily film—leaving your hair SILKY-CLEAN and more attractive than you've ever seen it before.

Then when you look at your hair in the glass—what a thrill! A glorious picture of shimmering loveliness. Its very texture richer, silkier, and altogether adorable—Watch how the waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling, and ever so much easier to dress.

Blondes—Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo preserves that true gold colour of your hair.

Brunettes—"Beauty washing" with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo finds new gleaming highlights in your hair.

Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo—a 2/6 bottle gives you 14 wonderful Shampoos. Obtainable all Chemists, stores, and hairdressers.

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL Shampoo



WITH HER dusky brown hair and hazel eyes, Frances Gifford, Radio player, uses beige powder, rouge and lipstick in a bright, poppy or flame tone.



WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . BY A DOCTOR

## APPENDICITIS SYMPTOMS *should not* *be treated AT HOME*

*T*ELL me, doctor, do you think my daughter has appendicitis?

I'm afraid there's not a doubt of it, Mrs. Smith. Elizabeth has an acute attack of appendicitis, and it will mean an immediate operation.

Doctor, you aren't worried about the result of the operation? I'm naturally very anxious.

Oh, no, Mrs. Smith, Elizabeth

will be all right. Removing an appendix is not a very serious operation as a rule. It is only when the appendix ruptures and peritonitis sets in that we get really worried.

But, doctor, how can one know whether it is appendicitis or just a "tummy-ache"? I always thought that the chief symptom was pain

in the lower right side of the abdomen, but that wasn't the case with Elizabeth. With her the pain was general, and it wasn't until she started to vomit that I thought it necessary to send for you.

We cannot make definite statements about the symptoms of appendicitis, Mrs. Smith, because they vary so much. There is always abdominal pain. Sometimes it is general, sometimes localised, and usually after a varying interval of time there is a tenderness in the region of the appendix. In some cases the pain is severe, in others mild. It may be accompanied by fever and nausea or it may not.

Then how could I possibly know what to do, doctor?

The best thing is to do nothing until the doctor comes. He should always be called in in cases of persistent abdominal pain, because the uncertainty makes self-treatment a very dangerous undertaking.

A large proportion of the deaths from peritonitis are caused by attempts to cure so-called "tummy-aches" with castor oil.

Is that really so, doctor? My heart sinks when I think how nearly I did that very thing this morning.

Just as well for Elizabeth's sake that you didn't, Mrs. Smith. We wouldn't be sitting here so calmly if you had. As I was saying, a doctor should always be consulted. Even if the pain subsides, only he can decide if an operation is necessary.

But what about chronic appendicitis, doctor? I've heard of people having a chronic appendix for years without serious results.

Quite so, Mrs. Smith. It is usually the result of one or more acute attacks that were sufficiently mild to subside without operation. But a very careful medical examination should be made in cases that are believed to be chronic appendicitis, because the symptoms are similar to those of several other conditions.

### Deny Chronic Appendicitis

**I**N fact, there are some very highly-placed surgeons who deny there is such a thing as chronic appendicitis.

We all know that there can be recurrent attacks of acute appendicitis, which usually become worse with each attack, but chronic pain in the right side is usually due to other causes.

I see, doctor. Then your advice in all cases of abdominal pain is to do nothing until you see a doctor?

Exactly. The patient should be put to bed and given no food or medicine until the doctor has made his examination. A half-filled hot-water bottle laid gently on the abdomen can do no harm.

If you had put off calling me until to-morrow, or given Elizabeth that dose of castor oil, my job would have been much harder and the chances of success smaller. As it is, I can almost promise that you will have her home again in a fortnight.

But what is the cause of appendicitis, doctor?

I'm afraid I can't give you a definite answer. I wish I could, but there is a growing feeling in sci-

### For Young Wives and Mothers

#### Proper Ante-Natal Care

**M**ANY an expectant mother makes the mistake of being frightened, indeed terrified, of the agony she supposes she will suffer at childbirth. There is no need for this fear because proper ante-natal care reduces pain to a minimum.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau has prepared a leaflet on this subject. Readers interested may obtain a copy of the leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."



BEAUTY is dependent on perfect health, believes this young lovely. Maintenance of good health also means greater resistance to disease and such complaints as appendicitis.

liffe medical circles that our faulty civilised diet has something to do with it. The resistance of the tissues is lowered and the bacteria in the bowel cause the trouble. Modern science advises more milk, fruit, wholemeal bread, meat, eggs, cheese and salad vegetables, because they contain those very properties which give the tissues of the body, including the appendix, resistance to infection.

## NOW! POND'S NEW LIPSTICK



as alluring  
by NIGHT

as it is by  
DAY

At last! The lipstick you have been waiting for, Pond's new Lipstick which makes your lips look thrilling always . . . in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric light! Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color by night or day. And Pond's new Lipstick is really indelible . . . stays smooth on your lips for hours. Six smart new shades. 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists.

DAY AND NIGHT USE

pond's lipstick



## Eve Bickel BORROWS A BLESSING FROM BABY...



Visited friends with adorable baby twins—found them as like as split peas—but much more charming!

Both have skins as soft as flowers. "Johnson's is so fresh and soothing", said Nancy, sprinkling soft cool powder on Baby Daisy. It looked so refreshing . . .



. . . that night I tried Johnson's myself. Such a very gentle fragrance I agree with the twins—Johnson's after every bath . . .

You, too, can ensure personal daintiness, by adopting the Johnson's "Powder Shower" each day. Straight from the shower . . . then a cool, petal-soft dusting with Johnson's Baby Powder, and all day through you will charm and captivate with your cool freshness . . . your fragrant daintiness.

A product of Johnson & Johnson . . . World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings . . . Modess . . . Tek Toothbrush, etc.

Johnson's  
BABY  
POWDER



"BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU"



## Roses will bloom in any garden

RIVAL of every other flower, and often the greatest favorite of all, the queenly rose, with its heaven-sent fragrance, will grow anywhere.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

**J**UNE is the month to start preparing for roses. Make room for these loveliest of all flowers, for they are not at all difficult to grow.

All roses require is plenty of sun, and space, and soil brought up to their liking.

Some people say that roses will not grow in sandy soil. Quite right—but with a little extra work and manure sandy soil can be made to produce a wealth of blooms.

And as no garden is complete without its roses—their perfume, color and exquisite beauty are a joy to everybody—start now by getting down to solid work. Dig deeply, plan positions carefully, and select the varieties wisely.

When the digging has been completed, widen out the holes in readiness, and make them large enough to give the roots plenty of room.

Place a little soil back in the hole so as to form a little mound in the centre, and when planting stand the rose on this mound so that the roots will spread out in a natural fashion.

Then fill in a little soil and ram it tightly around the roots. Fill in the remainder and give each plant a good bucket of water.

The depth to plant is just below the union—that is, with the bush type, of course, just below the part where the branches begin to grow.

On no account use any chemical manure at planting time, but in the early spring each plant will benefit with a good double-handful of blood and bone sprinkled around the plant and worked lightly in.

### Same Preparations

STANDARD roses are attractive.

The preparations for these are the same as for the bush type, but the depth to plant should be a good foot above the root line. This will allow the rose to take firm root, and stand up to windy and bad weather conditions.

The best type of soil for rose growing is clay loam. Sandy soil can be built up and made suitable with plenty of cow manure. Heavy soil should be broken down with a good application of lime.

Roses for sandy soil around Sydney areas are: Radiance, both red and pink; Sunny South, Molly Sharman, Lady Hillingdon, Madame Bouliet, Chas. J. Bell, Madame Segond Weber, La Tasco, Warrior, Irish Elegance, General MacArthur, Joyous Cavalier, General Gallieni, Madame Butterfly, Frau Karl Druchki, Prima Donna, Madame Cochet, Dr. Grill, Mrs. H. Brocklebank, John C. Manning, Lorraine Lee.

## Carnations are old-fashioned favorites

● Among the loveliest of our garden flowers is the old-fashioned carnation, which many people think is difficult to grow.

ACTUALLY it is not difficult at all—just a little extra care and attention are needed.

Well out in the open where there is plenty of bright morning sun is the place for carnations.

They need a good rich loamy soil, and plenty of room. The soil should be heavy.

Some think that sand is good for carnations. A little can be used, but avoid too much of it, for carnations



AN ENCHANTING spray of roses and delicate maiden-hair fern. Lovely for interior decoration, roses also make a perfect corsage posy.

For cooler climates, and where the soil suits them, such as the highlands in the mountains, in Melbourne, Victoria, and Hobart, Tasmania, my selection of the best twelve is: E. G. Hill, Lorraine Lee, Talisman, Etoile De Hollande, Hadley, Ophelia, Shot Silk, Bryce Allen, Golden Emblem, Dame Edith Helen, Rev. Page Roberts, Lady Hillingdon, Golden Dawn. In the Perth areas the selection would be much the same, but there are many others from which to choose, also.

For South Australia and Adelaide areas I would select Mrs. David McKee, Mrs. Herbert Stevens, Mrs. A. R. Barracough, Molly Blyth, Mrs. George Shawer, Souy. De Maria De Zayas, Gorgeous Lyons, British Queen, Dame Edith Helen, Habel Morse, E. G. Hill, W. C. Egan, and Hadley.

There are many more to suit these districts, but these are a guide.

For Queensland try E. G. Hill, Walter C. Clark, Red Radiance, Pink Radiance, Margaret Turnbull, Golden Dawn, Mrs. Harold Brocklebank, Luna, Mrs. Dunlop's Best, Edith Nellie Perkins, Una Wallace, and Madame Butterfly.

Remember that plenty of fresh air and sunshine are necessary for the robust growth of roses, so select a good position for your plants. If possible, provide shelter from the north and west winds. For this reason a situation open to the east or south is best.

Close shelters, such as walls of houses or fences, should be avoided—a position with no shelter at all would be preferable to a sheltered position enclosed by high walls. The latter places are apt to breed disease, and although the roses may flower well in a close environment they are sure to suffer in consequence.



## Lavender and Loveliness



Shopping in Bond Street

The fashionable Englishwoman takes the same fastidious care in the selection of her Perfume as she does in the care of her complexion, and the lovely clean, fresh fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is her favourite perfume. She finds it the one indispensable fragrance for Daytime Daintiness, and its simple, wistful appeal charming for evening wear, too.

Face Powder, Toilet Soap and Lipstick are in the same series and are used by her in conjunction with the Yardley Beauty Preparations, the wonderful Skin Creams and Lotions that comprise the famous Yardley Beauty Treatment on which the Englishwoman relies to enhance and preserve that unique loveliness, the English Complexion.



Yardley's English Lavender from 10/6 to 3/6. Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—1/6 a tablet, Lavender Face Powder 3/9, English Complexion Cream 5/6, Also Night Cream (Skin Food) 5/6, Foundation Cream 5/6, Liquefying Cleansing Cream 5/6, Rouge Cream 3/9, Lipstick 4/6. Write for our illustrated booklet No. 14B "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," post free on request.



## YARDLEY LAVENDER

YARDLEY AND COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, 44-52 Vine Street, Raffles, Sydney  
And at 33 Old Bond Street, London, New York, Paris, Toronto





HERE are very few people—the average small home-owner for instance—who can afford to have one room in the house idle—all dressed up just waiting for, perhaps, an occasional guest.

The practical woman turns the spare bedroom, or any room not used regularly by the family and more or less reserved as a guest room, into a sophisticated type of bedroom with an atmosphere also of a comfortable living-room.

In addition to the fact that a guest would prefer this type of room anyway, a room furnished in this manner can be used as an extra working-living room for members of the family when it is not functioning as a guest-room.

The room can be used for sewing,

### By OUR HOME DECORATOR

for studying, as a quiet corner for reading or writing, or as a corner where the housewife can plan her housekeeping budget and menus.

The sketch on this page shows a room of this type in which the dual purpose of the room is accentuated in the color scheme of blue and yellow walls as well as in dual-purpose furniture, studio couch, chest of drawers, easy chair, dressing-table desk and, if you haven't a built-in wall-cupboard for hanging space, a tallboy.

ABOVE: A room that could be used as a den or sitting-room for various members of the family, yet turned, at a moment's notice, into a comfortable guest-room.

## Let the GUEST-ROOM play a dual role!

DON'T keep your spare room dressed up for an occasional guest—make it also serve as an extra working-living room for the family.



THIS bed-sitting-room, with its dual-purpose furniture, offers another suggestion for furnishing a spare room in a practical manner.



RIGHT: This is the room described on this page. It has two blue and two yellow walls, and is designed to be used as a sitting-room by day and a bedroom at night.

Dark and light browns are introduced in the couch cover—cushions, curtains and the natural finish of the timber.

To make the room appear larger, the two walls facing the light are papered blue, while the walls that are in the shadow are a brilliant yellow.

A color balance is obtained by placing the lounge-bed, upholstered in brown with yellow piping, with its one brown and two yellow cushions, the chest of drawers, and the tallboy on the blue side. On the yellow side is the stand, dressing-table desk, an easy chair and side chair covered in vivid blue, repeating the color of the rug.

Single drop horizontally-striped curtains in yellow and brown tonings further complete the color scheme.

A decorative note may be added with a bright color print near the window.

The rest of the fixings, that is, the little homely touches, are left



'Look at those curtains—drawn, on a lovely sunny day!'

'But mother says the sun does fade the covers and cushions so.'

'Well, for once mother's wrong. Those curtains, covers and cushions are all Sanderson Indecolor fabrics and you just can't fade them any more than you can wash the colours out in the tub! Mother ought to know better than to

want to shut out the sunshine. Yes, I know they were inexpensive, but Indecolor fabrics are one of those rare things that are cheap as well as good.'

Sanderson Indecolor range includes reversible woven fabric, cretonne, linen and linen union, glazed chintz and the new lustrous-finish washable chintz called 'Sanderite', all guaranteed non-fading and washproof. Sold by good furnishing and stores everywhere.

THIS is the fifth of a series of articles which are appearing from time to time in The Australian Women's Weekly on interior decoration and furnishing for the average small-home owner.

to you. When you have a guest include fresh flowers, one or two magazines, a recent novel, two shades of face powder, a bundle of powder puffs—the kind you throw away after using—different brands of cigarettes, and the hundred and one other odds and ends that make a guest room comfortable—in fact, a home from home.

The two photographs of bed-sitting rooms also shown on this page offer further ideas not only for the decorating and equipping of the spare room in the house, but for the bachelor girl who must make one room her home.

The divans are beds at night and couches in the daytime. Furniture—some of it built in—serves more than one purpose, and nothing is included unless it has some specific use other than decorative relief in the way of flowers or pictures.

The room at the top of the page would be quite suitable for household use as a den or sitting-room. At a moment's notice it could be converted into a comfortable guest-room.

The other room shows another idea for a divan with built-in shelves and cupboards.

## DYNAMEL THAT CHAIR

NO BRUSHMARKS!  
Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

DYNAMEL always gives a mirror-smooth surface. Just Dynamel some old piece of furniture for a start—then you'll be eager to modernise your entire kitchen!

DYNAMEL dries twice as fast as ordinary enamels. Thirty-four lovely washable colors at paint stores everywhere.

New homes for old! This book tells you how—with 1,001 ideas!

**FREE!**

To Tautimans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters. Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, 'The Colorful Home'. I enclose 3d. in stamps, to cover postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

SANDERSON

Indecolor  
SUNRESISTING & WASHPROOF  
FABRICS

Trade enquiries to R. H. Wilson (Pty) Ltd, 40 York St., Sydney. 200 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



CHARM FOR LITTLE MISS  
FIVE-YEARS IN A DAINTY

## Knitted frock

THIS practical winter-time garment—just the dress to delight your small daughter—is knitted in white heather boucle and trimmed with fancy buttons.

ISNT this an attractive frock for the five-year-old girl?

Cosy and practical for cold-weather wear, it also follows a very pretty design. The wool used is white heather boucle, but the frock would look equally attractive made up in a color in heather boucle.

The garment is made with short puff sleeves and high neckline with tiny collar, and is trimmed with fancy buttons.

Here are the knitting instructions:

**Materials:** 9oz. White Heather Boucle. Two No. 9 "Beehive" knitting needles (or "Inox," if metal preferred), measured by the Beehive gauge. Seven buttons.

**Actual Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 21in. Width all round at underarm, 28in. Length of sleeve from underarm, 3in.

**Tension:** To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 6½ stitches to the inch in width.

An average knitter, using the size of needles recommended, will achieve this result. One who knits more tightly will require a size coarser needle, while a loose knitter should use a needle a size finer.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit plain; p, purl; tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loops.

**Recipe.—The Front:** Cast on 148 stitches. Work 8 rows in plain knitting.

9th Row: Knit plain.

10th Row: K 1, purl to the last

stitch, k 1. Repeat the 9th and 10th rows once.

11th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 23, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 23, k 2 tog., k 24.

Repeat the 10th row once, then the 9th and 10th rows twice, also after each of the following rows until the 85th row is reached.

19th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 21, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 21, k 2 tog., k 24.

25th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 19, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 19, k 2 tog., k 24.

31st Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 17, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 17, k 2 tog., k 24.

37th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 15, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 15, k 2 tog., k 24.

43rd Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 13, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 13, k 2 tog., k 24.

49th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 11, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 11, k 2 tog., k 24.

55th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 9, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 9, k 2 tog., k 24.

61st Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 7, k 2 tog., k 24.

67th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 5, k 2 tog., k 24.

73rd Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 3, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 3, k 2 tog., k 24.

79th Row: K 24, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., k 46, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 1, k 2 tog., k 24.

85th Row: K 24, k 3 tog., k 46, k 3 tog., k 24.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric without shaping until the work measures 12½ inches from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

In the next row k 1 (k 2 tog.) three times, \* k 1 (k 2 tog.) four times,



THIS PRETTY FROCK for the five-year-old girl is knitted in white heather boucle. It has short puff sleeves and little collar at the neck. Instructions are given on this page.

repeat from \* to the last 8 stitches, k 1 (k 2 tog.) three times, k 1. Work 9 rows in plain knitting.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2, \* increase once in the next stitch, k 6, repeat from \* to the last 3 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, k 2 (there should now be 62 stitches on the needle).

2nd Row: K 1, p 34, k 8, p 18, k 1.

3rd Row: Knit plain.

4th Row: Like the 2nd row.

5th Row: K 1, increase once in the next stitch, knit plain to the last 2 stitches, increase once in the next stitch, k 2.

6th Row: K 1, p 35, k 8, p 19, k 1.

7th Row: Knit plain.

8th Row: Like the 6th row.

9th Row: Like the 5th row.

10th Row: K 1, p 36, k 8, p 20, k 1.

11th Row: Knit plain.

12th Row: Like the 10th row.

13th Row: Like the 9th row.

14th Row: K 1, p 29, k 16, p 31, k 1.

15th Row: Knit plain.

16th Row: Like the 14th row.

17th Row: Like the 13th row.

18th Row: K 1, p 30, k 16, p 22, k 1.

19th Row: Knit plain.

20th Row: Like the 18th row.

21st Row: Like the 17th row.

22nd Row: K 1, p 31, k 16, p 23, k 1.

23rd Row: Knit plain.

24th Row: K 1, p 31, k 8, p 31, k 1.

Repeat the 23rd and 24th rows three times.

31st Row: Cast off 5 stitches, knit plain to the end of the row.

32nd Row: Cast off 5 stitches, k 1, p 36, k 8, p 26, k 1.

33rd and alternate Rows: K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

34th Row: K 1, p 25, k 8, p 25, k 1.

35th Row: K 1, p 24, k 8, p 24, k 1.

36th Row: K 1, p 23, k 8, p 23, k 1.

40th Row: K 1, p 22, k 8, p 22, k 1.

42nd Row: K 1, p 21, k 8, p 21, k 1.

43rd Row: Knit plain.

44th Row: K 1, p 21, k 8, turn.

Work on these 30 stitches as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last 8 stitches, k 8. Repeat these two rows six times.

15th Row: K 3, w. fwd., k 2 tog. (thus forming a buttonhole), knit plain to end of row.

16th Row: K 1, purl to the last 8 stitches, k 8.

17th Row: Cast off 10 stitches, k 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the end of the row.

18th Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

19th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the end of the row. Repeat the 18th and 19th rows three times, then the 18th row once.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K 8, turn.

2nd Row: P 7, k 1.



Tender baby skin  
needs a soap you  
can trust...an old  
family friend like



Take  
It!



The  
Wonder  
Tablet

## And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language how the Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumen to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation, the real basis of sound health! Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the

system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

What Users of Elasto say

"No sign of varicose veins now."  
"Completely healed my varicose veins."  
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."  
"Varicose veins quickly healed after 12 years of painful bandaging."  
"Elasto has banished my leg-aches."  
"Now walk long distances with ease."  
"I am free from rheumatism and neuritis."  
"My heart is quite sound again now."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1531R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores every where. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Friday night is Amami night



Shampoo IN LUXURY!

FOR AN EXPERT HAIR-SET

You can make fashionable waves and curls at home! It's so easy with a few drops of Amami Wave Set. Follow the simple directions enclosed with every bottle, and you'll quickly have the lovely setting you desire.

AMAMI WAVE SET

It costs very little to keep your hair fresh, fragrant and really lovely to look at. Simply shampoo regularly with the world's luxury shampoo—Amami. No. 1 for brunettes. No. 2 for blondes.

**AMAMI SHAMPOOS**

YOUR HOROSCOPE FREE & POST FREE! Send now for FREE copy of wonderful AMAMI BIRTHDAY BOOK containing your horoscope, specially written by famous astrologer. Write: Geo. Ripley & Co., (Dept. B.45), Macdonell House, Pitt St., Sydney.



IMPOSSIBLE —  
NO FOOD CAN RELIEVE  
THIS WRETCHED  
CONSTIPATION...

BUT THIS FOOD CAN!  
WHAT'S MORE IT'S  
THE SAFE METHOD

Not a drug or medicine—  
but a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal that  
relieves constipation naturally

NO ONE likes to have to rely on purging to bring about what should be a normal bodily function. And no one really needs to. Common constipation can and should be relieved naturally.

Common constipation is nearly always due to lack of "bulk" in our food. Daily staples such as meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk—contain little or no bulk. The residue they leave in the bowels is so slight that the bowel muscles cannot "take hold" of it and so cannot eliminate it. This explains why habitual purging with gripping cathartics fails to give permanent relief. Such medicines make the bowels act artificially—but they cannot make them act the way nature intended they should.

#### What you need is "bulk"

The only way to relieve constipation permanently, naturally and with perfect safety to your system is to eat regularly the kind of food which contains bulk and forms a bulky residue. Fruit and vegetables provide some of this bulk—but seldom enough for perfect regularity.

But there is a food, no less "natural" than fruit and vegetables, which is a far more effective corrective—Kellogg's All-Bran, a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal!

All-Bran is a "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables—but much more surely, much more thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of" and which gives them the gentle

exercise they need. And it does more: as it passes through the intestines, it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination of the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched.

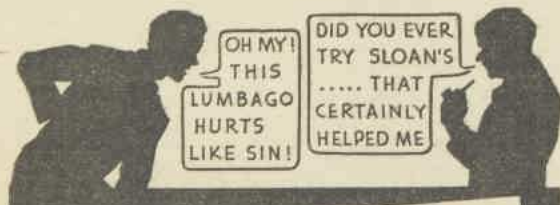
And, in addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—either with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this every day, and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with common constipation. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiant healthy and makes your life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



SOLD AT  
ALL  
GROCERS

Eat it every  
day and "never  
miss a day"



OH MY!  
THIS  
LUMBAGO  
HURTS  
LIKE SIN!

DID YOU EVER  
TRY SLOAN'S  
..... THAT  
CERTAINLY  
HELPED ME

IF THERE EVER IS A TIME when a person wants the quick relief that Sloan's Liniment gives it is when attacked by agonizing, crippling lumbago. How comforting then is the penetrating warmth of Sloan's that stimulates Nature to work faster—to rush a supply of purifying, healing blood to the muscles of the back and loins and relieve the painful congestion settled there. Sloan's is also a splendid aid for bruises, strains, twists, sore muscles, etc.

**SLOAN'S**  
Family LINIMENT

MAKES  
NATURE  
WORK  
Faster

## Your Handy Hints SCRAPBOOK

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

#### To Wash Corduroy

Use warm, soapy water and a soft brush for washing corduroy. Rub the material gently with the brush until all marks are removed, then rinse in warm water to which a little lather has been added, drain off and hang out on the line without wringing. When dry and ironed, brush the nap with a soft brush to bring it up.

#### Knitting Hint

Very often, after knitting a jumper or cardigan, you will find that the neck is too loose for the collar. To overcome this difficulty, work one row of double crochet round the neck, bringing it in as tightly as is necessary for the collar to fit exactly.

#### Thermos Flasks

The inside of a thermos flask nearly always becomes discolored with use. To remove this stain, put some ordinary coarse sand and a little warm water into the flask, shake vigorously for a while, then empty. Repeat this process until the stain has disappeared, then wash the flask out thoroughly.

#### Wrap in Colors

White paper should not be used for wrapping articles that are to be put away for some time. Yellow or blue is the best to use.

#### Cleaning Hearth Rugs

Now is the time to renovate your shabby hearth rug. Give it a fairly thick coating of bran, and leave this on overnight. In the morning, cover the rug with cooking salt, and brush the rug with a stiff brush.

#### For a Glossy Finish

Add a small quantity of mixed starch to the last rinsing water of any white clothes that have been boiled. This will make them iron better, and will give them an attractive glossy finish.

#### BE SHOPWISE



#### The A.B.C. of cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

**Macedoine Fruit Salad:** Macedoine of fruits, or mixture of various vegetables. Macedoine of legumes (French).

**Maitre d'Hotel:** French, name for hotel steward, but applied to several dishes easily prepared, flavored with parsley.

**Maraschino:** Sweet syrup or liqueur flavored with cherries.

**Marinate, to:** To cover with a liquid (marinade) of French dressing, allowed to stand for two or three hours.

**Marjoram:** Sweet lemon-scented herb, grown freely in gardens.

**Marrons Glaces:** Crystallized by stewing in syrup. French.

**Mace:** Fibrous network which envelops the kernel of nutmeg.

**Mint:** There are many varieties all used for flavorings, but spearmint is the one most popular. Leaves used fresh or dried to flavor pea soup, new potatoes, spinach, sauce for roast lamb, and in beverages.

## KNITTED FROCK for little Miss Five-year-old

Continued from previous Page

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 4, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows six times, then the 1st row once.

10th Row: Cast off 10 stitches, k 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

11th Row: Knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1.

12th Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat the 11th and 12th rows four times.

27th Row: Knit plain.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, p 7, turn.

2nd Row: K 3. Cast off.

#### THE BACK

Cast on 148 stitches. Work exactly as given for the front until there are 62 stitches on the needle.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at each end of the needle in every following 4th row until there are 72 stitches on the needle.

Work 9 rows without shaping.

Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of each of the next two rows.

Decrease once at each end of the needle in the next and every alternate row until 32 stitches remain. Work 29 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain to the last 7 stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Purl to the last 7 stitches, turn.

3rd Row: Knit plain to the last 15 stitches, turn.

4th Row: Purl to the last 15 stitches, turn.

5th Row: Knit plain to end of row. Cast off.

#### THE SLEEVES

Cast on 32 stitches.

Work 8 rows in plain knitting.

9th Row: K 1, \* increase once in the next stitch, repeat from \* to the last stitch, k 1 (there should now be 82 stitches on the needle).

10th Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

11th Row: Knit plain.

Repeat the 10th and 11th rows until the work measures 3 inches from the commencement, ending with the 10th row. Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Cast off 1 stitch, knit plain to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Cast off 1 stitch, purl to end of row.

3rd Row: Cast off 2 stitches, knit plain to the end of the row.

4th Row: Cast off 2 stitches, purl to the end of the row. Repeat these four rows four times.

21st Row: \* K 2 tog., repeat from \* to the end of the row. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

#### THE COLLAR

Cast on 17 stitches.

Work 10 inches in plain knitting. Cast off.

#### TO MAKE UP THE DRESS

With a dry cloth and hot iron press lightly. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeve seams, joining the seams of each piece by sewing together the corresponding ridges (formed by the stitch knitted at each end of every row). Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew the 8 cast-on stitches in position on the edges of the fronts. Sew on button to correspond with button-hole. Sew on the other six buttons, in groups of three as illustrated.

How to get your  
New Season's  
FROCKS, COATS, etc.  
CASH OR EASY TERMS

\* All the  
Dignity  
of an Account  
\* All the  
Convenience  
of easy payment  
\* All the  
Thrill  
of smarter  
clothes

Garments made to  
your individual measure. Goods sent to  
you Post Free on receipt of small deposit.  
Balance by small  
monthly payments.  
Complete satisfaction  
guaranteed or money  
refunded in full. Credit  
service available  
throughout Commonwealth.

GET THIS BIG  
NEW ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE..

FREE

Post coupon  
below without  
delay.

**WELDREST**

PROPRIETARY LIMITED

135-5 LIVERPOOL ST. SYDNEY

Please send me, absolutely FREE and Post Free, your New Season's Catalogue.

Name & Address .....

W.W.S.

*Lips of  
Refinement*

Tangee gives a  
dignified beauty  
because it's  
natural beauty

You will never appear excessively  
made-up with Tangee. Instead, it  
gives your lips a natural loveliness  
that is always in good taste. Because  
it isn't paint—it can't paint. Orange  
in the stick, Tangee changes magically  
on your lips to a blush rose,  
the color most becoming to you.  
Never that glary, painted look! Try  
Tangee for natural beauty! Your  
friends will approve.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK  
Aust. Agents, Turners, Melb. & Sydney.

Nervous People  
Avoid Breakdown

Amazingly successful Nerve Vitalizer  
Ends Nervy Days, Sleepless Nights.

Thousands of formerly hopeless men  
and women, caught in the treacherous  
trap of nervous exhaustion,  
have found joy and swift lasting  
relief in a marvellous nerve vitalizer  
from across the seas. It is called  
Phosphorated Iron.

Many say that they have been  
saved from a breakdown or complete  
collapse by this famous combination  
of phosphorous and iron. Phosphorated  
Iron's powerful upbuilding  
of the nervous system is quickly  
felt through your whole being... you  
think more clearly—sleep is more  
sound and restful—"nervous stomach"  
goes. Your whole outlook on  
life changes. Try Phosphorated Iron  
now. Its whole goodness is concentrated  
in tablets. You simply take  
two with each meal. Ask any chemist  
for Phosphorated Iron to-day.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants  
In many homes Baby does not appear  
to the disappointment of husband and wife.  
A book on this matter contains valuable  
information and advice. Copies Free if you  
sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs.  
Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



## In lovely cutwork

EXQUISITE SUPPER OR LUNCHEON SET IN AN IRIS DESIGN



OBTAINABLE from our Needlework Department traced for working on white or colored linen—cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green. The cutwork design, carried out mostly in button-hole and satin-stitch, is simple to do.

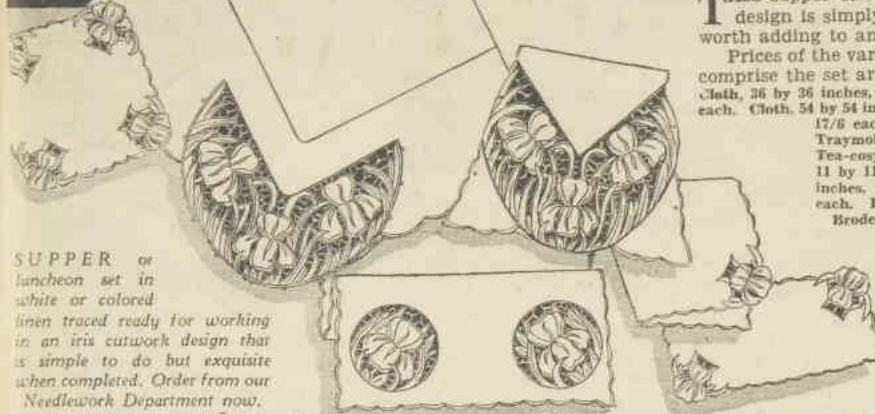
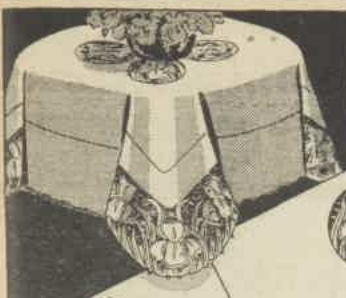
THIS supper or luncheon set in the iris cutwork design is simply exquisite when completed and worth adding to any glory-box.

Prices of the various pieces in traced linen which comprise the set are:

Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6 each. Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9 each. Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6 each. Cloth, 72 by 72 inches, 17/6 each. Cloth, 72 by 90 inches, 19/6 each. Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6 each. Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6 each. Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/- each. Serviette, 15 by 15 inches, 1/3 each. D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/- each. D'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/- each.

Broder cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 31d. per skein.

Before attempting to work the design, pad the work well. Then buttonhole the outsides of the flowers and the leaves, and the whole of the outline. Satin-stitch the centres of the flowers, and either satin-stitch or stem-stitch the stamens and the leaves. Press the completed work carefully before attempting to cut the material.



SUPPER or luncheon set in white or colored linen traced ready for working in an iris cutwork design that is simple to do but exquisite when completed. Order from our Needlework Department now.

If your FAIR HAIR has gone OFF-COLOUR — MOUSY...



USE STA-BLOND THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel! — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, potent in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

## Smart frocks for your small daughters

Attractive little frocks, obtainable from our Needlework Department, with the pattern and embroidery design traced on the material, ready for you to work, cut out, and make up.

THE frocks are traced on linora, which is an excellent washing and hard-wearing material, in pale blue, pale pink, or cream, complete with a celluloid zipper fastener in a contrasting shade.

The prices are:  
WW2859—Sizes 2-4 years, 2/9 each; sizes 4-6 years, 3/9 each.  
WW2860—Sizes 4-6 years, 3/6 each; sizes 6-8 years, 3/11 each.



(ABOVE): WW2860, Sizes 4 to 6 years and 6 to 8 years.  
(RIGHT): WW2859, Sizes 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years.  
Both designs traced on linora with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidery. Paper patterns of these designs also obtainable, price 10d. each. Transfer for embroidery, 1/- extra.

For addresses of Needlework Departments see pattern page.

## CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR



in QUARTS and PINTS

**I THOUGHT BOB'S SHIRT WAS WHITE UNTIL I SAW SAM'S PERSIL-WASHED ONE!**

When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else. But it's not really surprising that Persil makes things so much whiter because Persil is quite different from anything you've tried before. Persil's active oxygen-charged suds go right into the closest weave and draw out every speck of dirt. It's simply by washing things so much cleaner that Persil gets them so much whiter. Use Persil alone for the whole family wash.

**Persil**

**PERSIL'S GENTLE CLEANSING MAKES THINGS LAST LONGER**

**THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER**



Some more prizewinners in . . .  
**Our big £1000 Cooking Competition**



**TALLY-HO CAKE** wins first prize this week of £1 and is a fruit mixture covered with a mock almond paste. Tested by our cookery expert. Mock almond paste is an excellent substitute for real paste and more economical.

**Right—BUTTER Dutch Cake**, another prizewinner, an economical mixture for afternoon tea.

**WEEKLY PRIZES ARE STILL BEING AWARDED FOR ENTRIES RECEIVED BEFORE OUR GREAT CONTEST CLOSED.**

**ALTHOUGH** our £1000 recipe competition has closed now, so that no further entries can be received for it, the competition committee will continue to select recipes from the entries already received and to award them weekly prizes until the winners of

the major prizes are announced. This announcement will be made very soon now, after which we shall resume our usual best recipe competition. For this week, the recipe for Tally-ho Cake, a ginger mixture with mock almond icing, wins the first prize of £1.

**Cake Section:****TALLY-HO CAKE**

Half-pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 6oz. preserved ginger, 1lb. seeded raisins, essence ginger, pinch of salt.

Wash ginger to remove sugar, dry well, and cut into slices, placing some aside for decorating.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs one at a time alternately with flour, beat all together for ten minutes, add salt and baking powder, flavor with a few drops of essence

of ginger, stir in fruit and sliced ginger. Bake in well-greased oblong cake tin in a moderate oven 2 hours. When cold cover with mock almond paste, and decorate with sliced ginger.

**Mock Almond Paste:** 4oz. bread-crumbs, 1lb. icing sugar, whites of 2 eggs, yolk 1 egg, 1 cup coconut, almond essence, lemon juice, a little sherry.

Sift icing sugar, work in bread-crumbs and coconut, mix to a paste dry dough with yolk, whites of eggs, lemon juice and essence, turn onto sugared board, and knead well. Roll out to required size, and cover cake.

**Icing:** Half-pound icing sugar, essence of ginger, a little water.

Place icing sugar in saucepan with few drops of essence of ginger and a tablespoon of water, and heat gradually (but do not boil), stirring all the time until mixture coats the spoon; pour mixture over almond paste and decorate with sliced ginger.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Biggs, 73 Crawford Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.**

**BUTTER DUTCH CAKE**

Four ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add salt and cinnamon, yolk of egg, lastly add flour by degrees. Press into a dish about ten inches square, sprinkle with almonds or walnuts, whip white of egg stiff, mix in a little sugar, and spread on top. Bake half hour in moderate oven. Leave in tin until cold, then cut in squares.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. W. Nolan, Nicol St., Yarram, Vic.**

**CHOCOLATE CANA CAKE**

Four ounces sugar, 4oz. butter, 3 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 level teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup milk, 1 heaped dessertspoon cocoa, 2oz. coconut.

Cream butter and sugar; add well-beaten eggs; sift dry ingredients (except cocoa and coconut) and add together with milk. Mix cocoa with a little hot water and add to mixture, adding coconut last.

**Icing:** Beat together 1oz. butter and 1oz. sifted icing sugar; add a few drops of vanilla essence, 2oz. icing sugar, 1oz. cocoa and enough milk to make a soft creamy mixture. Beat well and spread on cake, then sprinkle with coconut.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. E. Trezise, Renmark, S.A.**

**Dessert Section:****PINEAPPLE DATE CREAM**

Take one medium-sized pineapple, peel and hollow out centre; whip one cup cream, and beat in half cup dates which have been previously mashed with a fork (after stoning and steaming them first). Sweeten to taste, fill centre of pineapple with this mixture and place in an ice-chest to chill and firm. Have ready some wine-flavored jelly. Just before serving, remove pineapple from the ice-chest and cut into thin slices. Decorate each with jelly, cut into strips, and serve with sponge cake-fingers soaked in orange juice. This is unusual and delicious.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bakkele, 29 Herbert St., St. Plympton, S.A.**

**SOMERSET CREAM**

Wipe and quarter but do not peel 1lb. cooking apples, and slowly cook

in half-pint hot water, with grated rind and juice of a lemon, and 3oz. sugar. Rub through a sieve, add 1oz. gelatine soaked in 4 tablespoons hot water and strained. Color with cochineal, pour into a glass dish, and stand aside to cool. Whisk stiffly 1 gill of cream, also white of an egg; mix together, add a little sugar and flavoring; pile on top of apples, and strew with ratafia or chopped nuts.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Ivison, 184 Railway Pde., West Leederville, Perth.**

**Preserves Section:****APRICOT JELLY**

Six pounds ripe apricots, 3 lemons, water, sugar.

Wash fruit and slice lemons. Place in preserving pan, barely covering with cold water, and boil till lemon peel is quite soft. Then strain through a jelly-bag till all juice is extracted. Measure and for every cup of juice allow 1 cup of sugar. Return juice to preserving pan, and when boiling add sugar, stirring till it has all dissolved. Then boil briskly till it jellies—from 30 to 60 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. McIntyre, Merino, Vic.**

**PINEAPPLE MINT JAM**

Two cups crushed tinned pineapple, 3½ cups sugar, 1 small bunch fresh mint, 1 bottle liquid fruit pectin.

Measure fruit and juice into preserving kettle, add sugar, blend thoroughly and bring to boil (rapid), stirring constantly. Now add mint, washed and tied together for easy removal. Boil half a minute, remove from fire, take out mint and stir in pectin. Skim, then stir occasionally for 3 minutes. Turn into sterilised glasses and cover as for any jelly. Failing fresh mint, substitute five to eight drops oil of mint obtainable at any chemist's.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. C. Hook, Box 38, Monto, Qld.**

**TOMATO JELLY**

Six pounds tomatoes, 3 lemons, sugar.

Cut up tomatoes and simmer with lemon rinds till juice runs out well. Strain through a jelly-bag. To each pint of juice add 1lb. sugar, also strained juice of lemons. Boil rapidly until it responds to jelly test.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Boon, 28 King St., Sandy Bay, Tas.**

## HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out, then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

**ALLY SALMON—FROM CANADA**  
**THE BEST VALUE FOR MONEY I'VE EVER OFFERED MY CUSTOMERS!**

The enormous popularity of Ally Salmon is due to its good value. Ally Salmon is ocean caught—caught at its prime when it is small, tender and juicy. Each tin of Ally Salmon is alike. It is the dependability of quality that makes it unnecessary for the housewife to take risks with unknown brands. Why buy "a pig in a poke"?

Ally Salmon is packed under two labels—Red label and Gold label—each the very best of its class.

In quarter, half and 1 pound tins.

**A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT**  
**ALLY SALMON**  
**—IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED**



# Know your vitamins A, B, C and D



AN IDEAL luncheon dish and rich in vitamin content—baked eggs and vegetables.

GOOD health is dependent to a great extent on the food we eat.

And among the food elements essential for maintaining good physical condition are vitamins.

Without vitamins development in children is sure to be impaired and, later on in life, the body is likely to become an easy victim of certain ailments.

For adults vitamins are necessary for the renewal and maintenance of the body.

The different vitamins—A, B, C and D are the most important—are found in different foods and the parts they play are as follows:

**Vitamin A:** Prevents and relieves bone trouble, pellagra, anemia and especially eye troubles. Fosters growth and builds up resistance to disease.

**Vitamin B:** Prevents and relieves nervous diseases, neuritis, paralysis.

**Vitamin C:** Prevents and relieves muscular disease, scurvy, loss of weight.

**Vitamin D:** Prevents and relieves rickets.

Fruit and vegetables are a certain source of these necessary vitamins, and for this reason they should be included in the family diet in plentiful supply.

Other foods, such as cheese, eggs, milk, butter, etc., also contain vitamins, so that a diet, if well-balanced, should be adequate for maintaining good health and eliminating any actual worry as to whether you and your family are getting the right amount of the right kind of vitamins.

However, here are some recipes which will help you to plan meals that contain the essential elements for health.

## BANANA BALLS

Bananas, fair source vitamins A, B and C; carrots, rich in vitamins A, B and C; onion, B and C; cheese, A and B; lemon juice, B and C.

Slice 3 bananas, break up with fork, add 2 tablespoons grated carrot, small minced onion, 5 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons bread-crumbs. Mix well. Make into balls the size of large marbles, roll in egg-glazing, then crumbs. Wet-fry a golden brown. Drain and serve with lettuce and slice of lemon.

## VITAMIN SALAD

Carrots, rich in A, B and C; turnip, potato, onion, tomato, beetroot, and cross form ideal combination providing all the vitamins.

Cook carrots and turnips in stock till soft. When cold, slice finely with cooked potato, beetroot, and raw onion to taste. Mix. Serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with tomato and serve very cold with salad cream.

## SWEET CORN FRITTERS

Maize, rich in B; potato, contains A and B.

Sift small teacup plain flour into a basin with 1 teaspoon baking powder, add small tin corn, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, and 2 beaten eggs. Put in spoonfuls into boiling fat and fry till golden brown. Drain well. Serve with roast or fried chicken or baked meats.

THESE food substances are essential to health, so here are some recipes that will help you to plan vitamin-rich meals.

By MARY FORBES

Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



A LUNCHEON of this sort—a fruit and vegetable salad and a glass of fruit juice—is the best of all for the business woman. It ensures a regular supply of essential vitamins.

## CHEESE PIE

Cheese, good source vitamin A, tomatoes, rich in B and C, with a good supply of A.

Grate 4oz. cheese finely. Grease a fireproof pie-dish and sprinkle with crumbs. Cover with layer of cheese. Slice tomatoes thickly, sprinkle with salt, and lay in the pie-dish. Sprinkle over more cheese, then thickly with crumbs. Dot well with butter. Bake in moderate oven till cheese is melted and brown.

## NEAPOLITAN SALAD

Cheese, rich in A, cream, rich in A, lettuce, contains A and B, rich in C.

Mix 2 cups cream cheese with salt and cayenne. Color 1-3 pink with beetroot juice. Rinse out a flat dish with cold water. Put in layer of white cheese, then pink, and so on till used. Chill well. Turn out onto greasproof paper. Cut into slices. Serve on bed of lettuce.

## BEEF LOAF AND TOMATOES

Lean beef is a good source of protein for body building. Onion, rich in vitamin C, eggs and tomatoes together, rich in A, B, C; wholemeal bread, contains A and B.

Mince 2lb. lean beef with one large onion. Season with salt and cayenne, add 1 cup wholemeal breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 well-beaten eggs, and a little tomato juice to moisten. Put into greased basin. Cover with grease paper. Steam 1½ hours. Turn on to hot dish and serve with hot tomato puree.

## BAKED EGGS AND VEGETABLES

A Dish Rich in Vitamins

Three eggs, 1 small tin peas, 2 medium-sized onions, fat for frying, 2oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper, 1oz. butter.

Slice onions and fry golden brown, seasoning as you cook them. Drain peas and mix with onions. Put two or three spoons of onions and peas on to individual fireproof dishes or plates, break an egg carefully on top of each, dab with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake in a moderate oven for about ten minutes. Remove from heat and sprinkle with grated cheese, then return to oven to brown cheese.

## CREAM CHEESE AND TOMATO SALAD

Place lettuce leaves and slices of tomato on salad dish. Flavor with lemon juice and sugar. Then mix together some cream cheese, grated apple, and a little sugar. Put in spoonfuls on tomato slices. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve as luncheon dish or accompaniment to cold meats.

## PANAMA FRUIT SALAD

Pineapple, vitamins A, B, C; grapefruit and orange, B and C; lettuce, A, B and C.

Place a slice of pineapple on lettuce. Arrange alternate sections of grapefruit and orange like a dome on pineapple. Top with cherry, fresh or crystallised. Serve with French dressing, cream mayonnaise, or other desired dressing.



CREAM CHEESE and tomato salad is simple to make but delicious to eat and full of necessary food values. Recipe given on this page.

## PORRIDGE

Whole wheat is especially rich in vitamin B (nerve tonic) and also contains some vitamin A. Served with milk it constitutes a perfect food.

Put 2oz. rolled breakfast wheat into a basin and blend to thin paste with 1 cup cold water. Boil 1½ cups water, pour onto blended wheat. Mix well with wooden spoon, return to double saucepan, and cook over boiling water for 5 minutes. Lessen heat and cook slowly about 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Serve with sugar and hot milk or syrup and butter.

## CARROT PUREE

Carrot, rich in A, B and C.

Wash carrots, grate finely to make 1 cupful, add enough mayonnaise to form a puree. Chill. Serve in sauce boat with salad.

## MINT-GLAZED CARROTS

Carrots and peas both contain vitamins A, B and C.

Three medium-sized carrots, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon freshly chopped mint leaves, 2 cups peas, cooked or tinned, butter, salt, and pepper.

Wash, scrape, and cut carrots in 1-inch slices, then in strips of fancy shapes. Cook 15 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain. Cook slowly with butter, sugar, and mint, until soft and glazed. Add peas. Season with butter, salt, and pepper.

Make her a "Smile-a-Minute" Child



Two delicious Cups of "Old Gold" a Day—for profound sleep and boundless energy . . . .

Many a mother will tell you that her child is a "smile-a-minute" child, happy, self-confident, lovable, because of a cup of Old Gold Cocoa in the morning and another last thing at night. Such a simple little habit!—but bringing such tremendous benefits! The bedtime cup gives deep, peaceful, restful sleep—she wakes with all the happiness



of morning in her eyes. And the morning cup makes breakfast a delicious treat. She "tucks in" like a little pony, eats a breakfast that gives her boundless energy. Just think what a difference that PROFOUND SLEEP and BOUNDLESS ENERGY make! A wise mother gives her child the Old Gold Cocoa "smile-a-minute" habit!

MacRobertson's

OLD GOLD

QUALITY COCOA



ONLY 6D 1/4 LB. TIN  
—BUT WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

In 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb., and 1 lb. tins





When going to school or returning home, always look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road — and, be sure to ask Mother to butter some Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits and put them in with your lunch.

# Arnott's

## FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS

*Always ask your Grocer for Arnott's — they are better than ever.*



THE MIRROR LIBRARY  
19 APR 1939  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# *Till* I FORGET *to* LOVE

Australian Women's Weekly  
NOVEL, April 22, 1939



SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT  
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

By . . . URSULA PARROTT



# TILL I FORGET TO LOVE

By *URSULA PARROTT*



AS THE plates were being changed for dessert, conversation paused among those six who, dining together habitually, had been this evening so much more animated in their conversation than was usual with them.

Into the little silence Juliana Calvert said, "I wish you would all come down to Florida and console me. Val is abandoning me for some weird trip among the most unfashionable West Indies. Didn't he tell you?"

That, her husband realised, was the first moment in his life that he knew he disliked her acutely. The thought was so startling that it kept echoing in his mind. "I don't like her. Probably I haven't for a long time. I used to love her very much, but now I don't like her at all."

The thought had a corollary. "I don't like any of the people at this table either." They were supposed to be the most intimate friends of himself and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bradley, Mrs. Geneva Lansing, Mr. Philip Richardson. It would read in tomorrow morning's paper, "Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Calvert gave a small dinner party on the verge of their departure South," and so on.

Valentine Calvert had suddenly the most curious sequence of impressions. That he was seeing these people, even Juliana, for the first time. That Everett Bradley, with whom he played golf most Sunday mornings when the weather permitted, had become abruptly a pompous, silly, middle-aged man. That Natalie Bradley should choose clothes more to her age than to that figure of which she encouraged people to say, "Slim as her daughter's." It wasn't slim. It was lean. That Philip Richardson had been the town's most eligible bachelor much too long, and it was about time he made up his mind to marry Geneva Lansing. She'd been a widow half a decade, and her prettiness was beginning at once to fade and harden. He'd

never noticed before that she wore a simply vulgar amount of jewellery. So—so did Juliana. Those bracelets!

Juliana's bracelets seemed in that moment to symbolise their entire lives.

Not quite without irony, it had occurred to him before that his life was one of the trite patterns of American success. The phrase was, "He married the boss' daughter."

Because he was in love with her and she with him. For absolutely no other reason.

On the first Christmas of their married life, he'd presented her with a very narrow bracelet of diamonds. It was not expensive, but it was a great deal more than he could afford. She'd been delighted and said, "I'll collect them, like pearls. For every year that I'm a good wife to you, you give me one little bracelet."

He'd remembered, the next Christmas. Even then, he'd managed a slightly wider bracelet. In a few years it was taken for granted that, included among her other gifts, she would find a circlet of glittering stones.

They'd been married thirteen and a half years. They'd shared fourteen Christmases. The bracelets of emeralds and diamonds—she cared for no other stones—stretched two-thirds of the way from her wrist to her elbow. Once he'd heard her call them her service stripes, and had assumed she read the phrase somewhere, for her speech varied according to the dialogue of the current best seller.

Once he'd denied himself small luxuries to obtain for an adored young wife various bands of diamonds linked with platinum. Nowadays he detested the glitter of those hard stones on that wrist, that arm that was heavier than it used to be. In particular, he resented the fact that the least of Juliana's bracelets cost more than the average wage in the mills for six months' work. Time was that comparison of values would not have come into his mind.

But since the beginning of that

strike just now ended, many odd comparisons had occurred to him.

Over the triumphant ending of that strike, everyone throughout dinner had been rejoicing more than himself, who didn't think the conclusion as triumphant as the rest of them did. The owners had won, hands down. Himself, Philip Richardson, owner of the somewhat larger mill up the river, Edward Bradley, owner of the mills below his.

As Everett had said five times in the course of the early evening, "Well, we stood together. We showed them." He "stood together" because he couldn't afford to pay quite what the men demanded. Also because he sincerely believed that the leaders of this strike, strangers mostly, did not represent the men in his mill, were using them for political reasons. Also because one had to stand on one side of the fence or the other, and his side had been settled for him (for life? he was not quite sure of that any more) when Juliana's father left him a controlling interest. With that brief note, Juliana never knew about: "I leave the mills to you, not to my daughter, because you will always look after her, and more particularly because, in my old-fashioned opinion, marriage is happier when the husband is the head of the house." Inasmuch as Juliana had not forgiven her father for leaving the mills to anyone but herself, there would certainly have been no point in showing that letter to her.

The bitter cold of winter had beaten the strikers as much as all the tiresome melodramatics of imported strike breakers, machine-guns mounted to guard the main gates, passwords for admittance to the grounds! How he had detested all that. Yet he had organised it very efficiently, since it had to be done.

In his opinion, the whole struggle had been futile. In the spring the men would try again. The value of the dollar went down. Their wages did not rise to compensate. He used



to wonder, driving with a motor-cycle escort of police through the familiar gate, whether if this and that had been different, he would be standing among those angry men who watched him pass, or inside among those hard men who replaced the strikers.

If little things had been different. If his widowed mother had not been ambitious for him, and urged him on to college and an engineering school afterward, instead of having him taught a trade.

Juliana's voice was sharp, as she seldom permitted it to be. "You haven't left us yet, Val—except perhaps in spirit."

It was clear that Bradley had asked him where he was going in the West Indies. He explained evenly that a college classmate of his, who had studied medicine, was now settled in the West Indies, doing research on the effect of tropic temperatures on certain diseases of the temperate zones. That on his last visit to New York, he had happened to meet this friend, North for a holiday, and had promised to visit him if he went South this winter.

"Oh, dear—" said Geneva, "it doesn't sound romantic. It sounds dull."

Juliana stood up, mentioning that coffee was in the library.

He sat between Geneva and Natalie and made an effort to talk, realising that he was acutely tired. The last weeks telescoped, became a tumult of shouting and struggle in his mind. A meaningless tumult perhaps. An inconclusive struggle certainly.

He sat watching his wife. Very like her father superficially, but with none of his breadth of mind. There was a strong physical resemblance. He forgot about Juliana's father and began to consider her.

If as he had thought in that odd moment at the dinner table, he was seeing her for the first time, what would he see? A handsome woman with extraordinary red hair, the fine complexion that does not always go with it, and the bright blue eyes that frequently do. A woman with a clear rich voice. A woman wearing a gold lame dress that suited her.

He could not pretend consistently that she was a stranger. After an instant he remembered too many things about her. Her present never-relaxing, only partially successful effort not to gain weight. She had been an extremely athletic girl, for a period of years the state golfing champion, and a notable horse-woman. It was a hunting accident

that had changed their lives, and been the cause of their first violent disagreement.

At that time they had been married four years and were talking about having children, an event postponed because Juliana had said at the beginning, "Give me two years or three more, darling, to collect my nice silver cups, so that I can boast about them to my grandchildren." The two or three years had stretched out longer. He had not particularly cared. They were both in their twenties. Juliana was having an extremely good time, he was sufficiently in love with her to feel that was important. He wanted children, he wanted the sense of continuity and the obvious reason for effort that possessing them gave. But there seemed to be time enough.

They went for a week-end's hunting to the house of an acquaintance of his, friend of Juliana's, a man whose principal interest in life was horses and patronised people like Valentine who were not brought up with them.

Their host had just acquired a new horse which Juliana was mad to try. The host was extremely unenthusiastic. Said, "Wait a year until he's had more training. He'll be a beauty then." When Valentine saw the horse rearing and kicking as a groom saddled him, he forbade Juliana to ride him.

He had never heretofore forbidden her anything. They quarrelled through an unpleasant day.

The next morning she bribed a groom and rode off before the rest of the house-party was awake. She rode about ten minutes, until the horse jumped a wall with broken stone on the farther side. She had been unable to stop him although she knew the stone was there.

They lifted the horse, who had broken his neck, from Juliana when they found her. The doctors were consoling after several months: "Only your wife's magnificent vitality pulled her through," they kept saying. There were to be no eventual sons or daughters. Nor were Juliana and Valentine to tell each other all their thoughts, about that or any matter of importance again.

She sat very erect in her golden dress. Philip Richardson looked at her admiringly. Geneva noticed that. It irritated her or perhaps it frightened her. So Valentine intervened. "Will you be warm enough in that frock on the way to the station, my

dear? Or do you want to change now?"

He moved, on pretence of getting more coffee, to change the grouping, and was successful. Philip moved to the chair he had left vacant beside Geneva.

Juliana told him she was wearing her silver fox coat and would be warm enough. So Valentine recognised that they were to make one of their conspicuous departures. In evening dress, with their friends rather noisy on the station platform. The station was just at the edge of the mill district and beyond it. No doubt many of the mill workers, coming out of picture houses (those who could still afford picture houses) and saloons (those who gave themselves alcoholic consolation whether they had food or not) would see the owner and his wife depart for a pleasanter climate. His white shirt-front showing under the fur-lined overcoat which Juliana had given him for Christmas and insisted that he wear because she said it made him look "substantial." Himself in a gold dress, a wrap that cost two thousand dollars, and—he remembered suddenly that the sleeves of the silver fox coat were short—all her bracelets glittering.

She had an uncanny way of reading his thoughts. She said, softly enough so that only he heard, "Yes, quite deliberately. I want those people to see that we're not afraid, that we don't care what they think."

"No one, Juliana, has ever accused you of caring very much what anyone thinks."

She answered that. "I care what you think—but I can't usually help it."

He encountered her a few minutes later on the staircase landing, while everyone had gone to get their wraps.

She said: "Kiss me, Valentine, and stop being cross. You are just tired." He stood quite still. She said, then, "I have to pretend gestures are important, just as you do sometimes. And, if you don't think I'm a liberal, I think I was a liberal to marry you. I've never been sorry."

"We don't agree about gestures, though."

"It's partly that I'm so glad to leave this dreary town for a while I want to celebrate. We'll go straight to our drawing-room, and we shan't be so conspicuous."

He couldn't well explain that elaboration of motive to his employees, since he did not understand it completely himself. Surprisingly, she asked, "Are you ever sorry you married me?"



He said, "No. Never for a minute," firmly to convince himself. Because the foundation of his fortune was her father's money, and because he had loved her and had loved no one else. Also, because she was—pathetic, though she would hate to know it. Also, because he meant to straighten out his own labor trouble in the spring.

He laughed at his own sufficient elaboration of motives, remembered she had asked him to kiss her and kissed her.

"There," she said, "that's better. Do you know, Val, you don't look thirty-seven years old, ever, but you do look extremely tired recently. I'm going to let you go for as long as you like to the West Indies, and not fuss any more about being lonely in Florida. The truth is, I'm never bored there and you usually are."

She was, he realised, making an effort to be generous. He reciprocated by telling her she looked very beautiful. It was true enough.

They all went to the station in the limousine. The luggage was being brought along in another car. But he had taken in his hands a small attache case containing some papers he wanted to look over on the train.

Natalie looked at the initials, P.V.C. "I never knew that you used that any more, Val."

Geneva said, "What does it stand for?" She had not known them before their marriage.

He said, "Patrick Valentine Calvert. The Valentine was just my mother's idea because I was born on the fourteenth of February."

"Pat Calvert," said Geneva. "I like it."

Natalie giggled. Juliana said crossly, "I don't."

She had thought the name Patrick extremely undistinguished. He had not realised that when during the time of their engagement he had liked her to call him "Val" because no one else had had. But he had been surprised and very exasperated when she had cards engraved, "Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Calvert." He had been too much in love with her then to say what he thought, therefore he had ceased being Pat Calvert ever after.

Geneva said: "This was that corner where the girl used to make speeches. You remember, Philip, we stopped in the car, with the guards on the running board, one night and listened. When everyone saw us they were so furious."

Valentine thought more kindly of the guillotine in connection with

Geneva, than ever before. He remembered the girl. He had seen her one night. A slight figure in a thin red coat. An intense voice talking about a new world to come. Dark hair under a tilted beret, and big eyes of indeterminate color. At least he hadn't stayed long enough to determine, only to wonder how a very young girl got involved in making speeches to crowds of strikers.

The light changed. The car moved on. Everett was saying fussily, "You'd better cable your exact address in the West Indies, Val, when you leave Florida. Can't tell what may turn up here. We could need you in a hurry."

"Oh, we'll barricade ourselves until he comes back," Philip said lazily.

Then they were at the station. The train pounded in, with snow frozen to its sides. The conductor said cheerfully that they were running ahead of a blizzard coming from the West.

Everyone said: "Good-bye. Have a good time." Five times at least. They got aboard, Juliana turning over her shoulder to give last minute admonitions to her maid, who was travelling in the next car.

They waved, and the train moved on. As they settled themselves, the porter brought in telegrams and many small boxes of fruit and sweets for which they would have no possible use. The conductor came and said: "Drawing-room, compartment adjoining. That's right."

Drawing-room for Juliana, adjoining compartment for himself.

She slipped the silver fox coat off her fine white shoulders. She said, "Give me a cigarette, Val."

And then, "Now, I mean to have the best possible time and think of nothing disagreeable at all. This awful winter is over as far as we are concerned."

He said, "Yes," and thought tiredly that he was unfortunate not to share with her the comfortable conviction that they were the exact centres of their worlds.

ELIZABETH STURGES climbed the three flights of stairs to the New York offices of the union slowly, rehearsing the words she must say to Mikhail. If she didn't convince Mikhail, Constance just would not go. Therefore she had better not lose her temper, as she too frequently did with him.

This place seemed drearier if possible than in the weeks when Mikhail had been organising the strike. Yet she had thought then it was the dreariest place she had ever seen.

She paused on the last landing, heard the slow irregular staccato tapping of a noisy typewriter. That would be Mikhail. Constance typed evenly and swiftly. She went inside.

Now that the series of strikes was lost and over, the rooms that had seemed to be filled with hundreds of people all talking simultaneously, felt acutely empty. Mikhail in a corner typing, and blessedly, in the haze of smoke opposite, Owen Thane. He would help her because he liked Constance, too. She wished she had had a chance to talk to him privately. She had telephoned his newspaper, and been told he was out of town on an assignment.

He stood up and smiled lazily. Elizabeth thought rapidly that he was extremely attractive when he smiled. That long lean body, tanned face under the too-short sandy hair, had its own distinction. If only Constance would be human.

"Phenomenon on the labor front," Owen said. "The lady in mink."

"It's a phenomenon the labor front ought to be used to by now. I've been up these stairs so many times I know every creak in them. Where's Constance? How are you, Mikhail?"

He said, "All right." And went on typing.

Owen told her that Mikhail had sent Constance to the docks, to meet some British labor speaker.

She said, furiously, "Do you happen to be able to see through that dirty window that it's snowing, Mikhail? Do you happen to remember that Constance is just over pneumonia? What good will killing her do for your darn cause?"

Mikhail looked startled, and did stop typing. But she knew perfectly well his mind hadn't come into the room yet from whatever glorious phrases about the future he had been composing. Therefore it was silly to be angry with him. But—she was so fond of Constance.

Mikhail spoke mildly, "She has that warm fur coat you gave her. You didn't want to see me, did you? Only Constance. So why don't you and Owen wait in the back room until I finish this?"

It would give her time to tell Owen what she wanted and get his help. "All right. Come along, Owen."

Mikhail's mild little face looked relieved. How absurd his resemblance to a country minister with that cherubic face, those old-fashioned spectacles, that thin hair growing grey.

There were three dusty chairs, two



dusty desks, and a broken couch in the rear room. Also a view of backyards, fire escapes and roofs.

She wiped off a chair with her handkerchief before she sat down. Owen said: "Why don't you give up crusading for the salvation of Constance? It's probably useless. And your chauffeur must hate waiting in this neighborhood. Bad for his prestige, I should think." His amused voice changed. "Not too utterly safe for you perhaps, this district. Had you ever thought of that?"

"A little," she said, "sometimes. I don't have Larson wait because the car's conspicuous and he is conspicuous. I walk up to the Square and get a taxi. Once or twice when it is late, I've been nervous. Once, I actually made Mikhail escort me. He went on at great length about how I was an antiquated type. He's not a bad little man, Mikhail, but fanatics always infuriate me."

"What does your husband think of your encounters with the social revolution?"

"Oh, Peter, the darling! I can always manage him. Besides he is fond of Constance. He wants to see you and talk politics. I called you at the paper. Where were you?"

"Out at the mills, interviewing the losers."

She asked what she had always wondered about him. "Do you believe in this, Owen?"

"When I am as tired as this, I believe in nothing."

"Other times."

He shrugged. "In sincerity, if anything. Wherever it's found. It's rather rare but far from extinct. Mikhail has it with his dream of a new system, and his ruthless struggle to achieve it by strikes and violence. You have it, too. You are a very pretty, fashionable young married woman, who makes no apologies for being part of the class to which she was brought up. Yet, you are so genuinely fond of Constance Pritchard that you will stop at practically nothing to make her way easier, even if her life is a continuous denial of all your own values."

"Constance," she said, "thinks she is sincere but is not. She is obsessed."

"That is quite bright of you. I've never understood the obsession."

"You've only known her a year. Tell me, would you marry her if she would marry you?"

He tossed back his head and laughed. "You didn't parade all the way downtown, to ask me that? No, of course not. You didn't know I

was going to be here consoling Mikhail."

"If I knew that you were in love with her, Owen, and wanted to marry her, I would try to persuade her. You are attractive."

"It would give you a specific goal to work for, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. You haven't answered me."

"What a persistent person you are." But he smiled. They had always liked each other. "I have been a little in love with various young women. I could have been more than a little in love with Constance, if she had not made it so clear she loved the American labor movement more. Sometimes I'm glad, because in the wandering life of a newspaper man, it's usually better to avoid matrimony."

"How about the times you are sorry?"

"Oh, in my minor way, I should like to buy her pretty clothes and see that she ate properly. She's a gallant child. But she is not interested, and I learned to cut my losses long since, Elizabeth."

She sighed. "That's that, then. I've just been talking to the doctor we had for her when she came back from that dreadful middle-western town with pneumonia. He says she should go away for the rest of the winter, that she's dangerously underweight. I've got her trip all planned, but we'll never get her to start on it unless we persuade Mikhail to make her go, that she'll be more useful later when she is strong. You know, his line about being an efficient weapon for the cause."

"Money, Elizabeth?"

"I can get Constance to take money when she is actually convinced it's for the good of the union, not herself. You manage Mikhail for me, Owen. You are so much better at it."

He stared at her. The lovely blonde wife of Peter Sturges, who had been the debutante of her year, had married brilliantly, produced Peter Sturges Junior gayly, managed a huge Long Island establishment and a town house without ever talking about the management of either—and spent latterly nearly half her days mitigating the effects of the way Constance chose to live, in so far as anyone could mitigate them. As a consequence of her efforts, she was on terms of mutual first names with an assortment of labor officials the ideas of anyone of whom would terrify eighty per cent. of her friends and infuriate the other twenty.

"What do you believe in, Elizabeth?"

She smiled, that smile so frequently photographed for society sections. "My times. I believe in my husband who never did anyone an unkindness, for all he's labelled 'conservative.' I believe my son will have some kind of good life, if I see he is brought up to be healthy, and to think clearly, whether we are living at the end of an era or the beginning of an era or the edge of a chasm, or any other of the nonsensical terms people use. I believe that everything can be helped, to some degree. And also that it's easier for me to have faith and be without bitterness than it is for most people. Because I've had such a nice time."

"Not a bad credo," he said. "You gave Constance a good bit of money to feed the families of strikers, didn't you? Though your husband stated, when asked, that their tactics of intimidation were unjustifiable."

"If people are hungry, they should have something to eat. While the issues are being debated."

"You and Constance were classmates at college, weren't you?"

"Yes. That's how we met. I didn't graduate because I was in a hurry to marry Peter."

"It must have been an odd intimacy, even then."

"Because I was the richest girl in my class, you mean, and she one of the poorest?"

"Yes. You are direct when you want to be."

"Why not? She was a darling. Fragile, even then, but so pretty. And bright. I tried to be head of all my classes, to prove that a debutante could, you know. But I never was, in the classes where I was with Constance."

She hesitated, said to herself that he was much more interested in Constance than he pretended, and then, "All right. I'll tell you about the obsession. I never told anyone. Constance was the daughter of a lawyer in a mill town in New Hampshire. A very poor lawyer. The kind who handles the small difficulties of obscure people and never sends a bill if they seem poorer than himself."

"Once we drove up to see the house where she used to live. A pretty house with vines on the porches. On the fringe of the residential district, very close to the mill district. She and her father lived there alone with a sort of housekeeper-woman. Constance's mother had died when she was a baby."

"She says they had a pleasant time,



though there was never any money. In the evenings after school they would go for a walk by the river that passed the mills, and her father would recite poetry to her. I saw his picture once, a tall man with one of those intense faces—a dreamer's face, but a kindly dreamer.

"So, there was a strife in the mills down the road. Her father tried to help some of the workers with advice and friendliness. The strike went by the usual formula. Trouble started by one side or the other, when the strike breakers were brought in. The night of Constance's fifteenth birthday there was a rumor the troops were to be called out. Her father went down to advise the leaders to be calm, to be far-sighted. Something like that," Elizabeth's crisp voice wavered.

"Constance followed him, because she was worried. She was there to see the beginning of the riot. A flurry of stones thrown. Then a shot. The crowd swayed one way and another, uncertainly. It opened long enough for her to see her father, trying to talk to the men. Then there were more shots. She saw him fall. But the crowd closed in after that. It took her minutes to get through across the road. He was dead when she reached him."

Owen said: "I never guessed. She never told me."

"She never would have told me, but I got it out of her. It makes the rest explicable, don't you think? The union in the mills took up a collection to pay her way a year in college, after the strike ended, because some of the men had heard her father say he meant to send her to college, and of course he died without any money. After the first year she went through on scholarships—and straight to work at the New York union offices. So would you or I have done, don't you think?"

He said, "Yes."

They heard voices in the next room. "There she is," Elizabeth said.

In a minute Constance came in to them.

Elizabeth said quickly, "My immediate reason for coming was to bring you uptown to eat with me. Peter's at some masculine political dinner, and I'm lonely. Please come. You know how I hate to dine alone."

It was, Owen thought, extremely well if hurriedly done. He supposed Constance, because she was so intensely focused on her own world, had less realization than he, who touched so many worlds, that Mrs. Peter Sturges could fill her enormous

dining-room every night in the week with people who would be flattered to receive even a last minute invitation to dine with her.

But he had been aware of that expression so quickly concealed on Elizabeth's face, and arranged his own features, as rapidly he hoped, for concealment of a similar expression of alarm. By contrast with Elizabeth's glowing health, Constance looked actually ill. A white ghost of a beautiful small girl, with the fine grey eyes enormous in her face.

He ran over the facts he had heard. He had been out of town while they were happening. That Constance had returned from the middle-west strike with influenza, yet continued at the office for several days. Until one morning she couldn't get up from her bed to go on with work, or even to summon help for herself. Elizabeth had found her in her room, and taken her at once to a hospital. Pneumonia had developed. But even Elizabeth had been unable to persuade her to stay at their Long Island place for adequate convalescence. She had insisted on returning to her job.

She was saying tiredly now that she and Mikhail were taking the Englishman to dinner.

Then with an effort at gaiety that he thought heartrending she changed the subject, and began to tell Elizabeth that she felt so fashionable in her fur coat she was a little embarrassed about it. She was sure no speaker in the labor movement was so attired. Owen looked at the fur coat. A good warm unfashionable coat. He had no doubt that Elizabeth had chosen it carefully, that it was just as expensive and durable as she had dared buy, without having Constance refuse it. Also that she had convinced Constance it was something she had around, and not bought for her especially.

Mikhail called her from the next room.

Owen said quickly to Elizabeth: "You're right. She should go straight away. I had no idea that she was so worn out."

There were tears on the edges of Elizabeth's eyelashes. "Owen, she is five-feet-two and she only weighs ninety-five pounds. I'm five-feet-three and am supposed to have a good figure: I weigh almost a hundred and twenty."

"Well, I'll persuade Mikhail. He isn't inhuman. He is just unobserving. Where do you want her to go?"

"Do you know Dr. Cyrus Rowley?"

"The man who does research in tropical diseases? And has a place somewhere in the remote West Indies? That's an excellent idea."

"It's a lovely place. Peter and I visited him there last winter, when we were cruising from Florida. The doctor doesn't mind having guests, if they don't bother him when he is busy; and his wife is a lamb. I cabled her about Constance. A ship sails Wednesday—day after to-morrow. Owen, go in and talk to Mikhail now. Also make him send Constance up to dinner with me. Tell him I'll give him a check for his next strike fund. Sometimes I think I'm trying to make a good place for my child on either side of the social revolution, which is not a bad idea. You come to dinner with us, too. Peter will get home early, and you and he can probably prophesy about Congress and the market. Pessimistically, because you both enjoy that better."

He said, "You are a very pleasant little realist, Elizabeth." And went inside to meet the Englishman and separate Mikhail from him long enough to be convincing.

It was easier than it might have been, because in the midst of the Englishman's very interesting discourse on his last visit to Russia, Constance fainted.

It was Owen who picked her up. It was Elizabeth who was most articulate as to the necessity of a vacation for Constance beginning that instant.

When Owen was past the minute of shock at the lightness of Constance as he lifted her, when her eyes opened and she said, "So silly. Just tired from standing on my feet at the dock," he was so relieved that, in reaction, he was inordinately amused at the Englishman's bewilderment as to Elizabeth's possible role in the American labor movement. She had flung off her mink coat to stuff it as a cushion behind Constance's shoulders, her assorted golden necklaces of the latest fashions swung back and forth as she rubbed Constance's wrists, and she never stopped berating Mikhail for obtuseness and brutality, meanwhile. Though as she had often admitted, Mikhail, in the brief intervals he took time off from his philosophy of idealistic ends justifying dubious means, was the kindest of men.

Owen intervened eventually. They said "good nights" with the understanding, which Constance protested in a fatigued sort of way, she would take a month's leave.

They three rode north in a taxi with Elizabeth, now she had got what



she wanted, so amiable and gentle-voiced one would never have suspected her of firmness. Through dinner she accepted Constance's trip as fait accompli, and by dessert Constance, out of sheer weariness, was taking it for granted, too.

Whereupon Elizabeth commanded coffee in her little sitting-room upstairs, arranged Constance on the chaise longue, Owen in a comfortable chair with some excellent brandy beside him, summoned her maid, and ordered her last summer's wardrobe brought out in its entirety, to see what would do for Constance.

She lay back against the chaise longue pillows, her dark hair that looked so wonderfully soft tumbling on her shoulders. There was faint color in her thin face now, but her long clear grey eyes were remote as her thoughts probably were, Owen thought.

Almost so, she had looked the first time he had seen her in Mikhail's perennially dingy offices. Fourteen months ago, on an early winter afternoon.

A man on another paper had told him that Mikhail's new assistant was a beauty, but he had never expected a girl who had a profile of exquisite delicacy, beautifully made hands and feet, and a look of immaturity, of innocence, that was enchanting.

He was instantly convinced that she did not belong in Mikhail's office, involved in the hard work of a notoriously hard-bolled union. Society girl slumming out of curiosity? No. Her clothes weren't just simple clothes, they were cheap clothes.

She answered his questions about that day's progress of the shipyard strike, the first one that the union won, crisply, intelligently and impersonally, meanwhile interrupting herself to answer two constantly ringing telephones, to give directions to some new pickets going out, and to sign various orders for the distribution of food and coal to strikers.

People were coming and going, the offices were crowded with fairly noisy minor union officials waiting for Mikhail. She alone was quiet, apparently quite calm. In a few minutes he changed his mind about the last, there was intense excitement under that quietness.

He left very reluctantly.

That night he heard her speak warmly, movingly, intelligently to a surging crowd that was far from good-tempered because there had been trouble on the picket lines in the last hours.

He made an excuse to see her the next day, and as often as he could for many days. When the strike ended, she accepted a dinner invitation from him, not troubling to conceal her surprise at receiving it.

They talked about the labor movement. In the months since, he had never succeeded in making her talk about anything else, at any length. But he had tried!

The paper sent him out of town for a fortnight. He missed Constance so sharply, so continuously that he knew he had arrived at that state he had for so long so successfully avoided, the state of a young man seriously in love. It was disconcerting.

He was twenty-eight. He was successful and meant to be more successful. He had been a foreign correspondent of some note, had come home because he thought the American scene more interesting. He kept his political principles well concealed, sometimes even from himself, convinced that a newspaper man who lost his objectivity rapidly thereafter lost all his judgment and common sense.

He did not want to take on a wife from the labor front. Nor the capitalistic front, though they didn't call it that. If he wanted a wife at all, he wanted someone like himself, possessed of detachment, and with humor.

Yet a small slim girl with lovely eyes and an exciting soft voice had become whom he wanted.

Only it didn't seem ridiculous, it seemed desirable, sensible, quiet perfect, when next he sat across a restaurant table from her. And not very long after that he asked Constance to marry him. She was startled. But she only said, "I don't think marriage would fit in very well with my work. I could not divide myself."

Constance was now making efforts to include him in the conversation, realising perhaps that he had been silent, and liking him enough to take a very little trouble.

He admired three dresses and said a fourth wouldn't suit her, because her looks weren't gaudy like Elizabeth's. That created a sufficient diversion by Elizabeth. Then he heard Peter at the foot of the stairs calling for his wife. Elizabeth sent him down and said she would join them later when she had made Constance go to bed.

He and Peter, who had been acquaintances for years before Peter's marriage, talked for a little.

Then Elizabeth came down, and said, rather surprisingly, "Go up and say 'good night' to Connie."

He was out of the room but still within earshot when she told her husband, "I was so long because I was dressing up Connie. Owen says he's lost interest."

Peter answered, "What a lot you wish on him. Though, if he could cure poor Connie of her nonsense, it would be all right."

Owen laughed a little and went on upstairs.

The stage set by Mrs. Peter Sturges was excellent. In her best moderne guest room decorated in silver and lemon-yellow, Constance sat propped up by many pillows in what was surely Elizabeth's best lemon-yellow negligee.

She said with slight impatience, "Elizabeth insisted that you and I had things to say to each other alone. She would have been hurt if I had insisted we had not. Besides, I thought of something."

He caught his breath, and waited. "Owen, don't suffer over me. Forget about me while I'm gone and find someone gay, who wears smart clothes."

"You would not care in the least if I did, would you?"

Her complete honesty was always what made him utterly hopeless. "A little. You have spent a good many evenings trying to see that I had a pleasant time. I'm not completely ungrateful, and besides, I haven't known many young men who are attractive."

He wondered what she would do if he took her in his arms and kissed her, twenty times, fifty times, violently. Probably she would be just distressed and bewildered.

Then she stretched out her hand, and the negligee fell back from that arm, thin as a child's. "I really wanted to say, 'Good-bye. I've liked you.'"

He took her hand. In a minute he discovered himself kneeling beside her bed, begging her to take care of herself, to get strong, to gain weight. As if he were imploring her to save his soul. Absurd—and he simply could not help it!

She said, "Of course. That's why I'm going. I shall cease to be useful if I let myself be an invalid. Oh, Owen, please don't cry. I shan't know what to do."

He said aloud, "I'm not going to the boat to see the last of you. I should detest it." His voice was extremely cheerful, because he had come to a sudden resolve.



He had a holiday due. He could fly down, near enough to the island where she was to stay. In three weeks or four weeks, when she was well rested, and some while separated from the labor movement.

She said, "All right. This is absolutely good-bye then."

He tried to believe that her voice sounded slightly distressed.

FIVE and a half slow sunny days south of New York, when the sunset was liquid gold across the wide sea, there came to Constance, drowsy in a deck chair, the most astounding idea.

"Perhaps there is no city of New York. That may be the dream and this the reality."

Almost since the voyage's beginning, she would have been content if it had never ended. The sun dropped down. In the saffron glow where the sun had been was an island, high hills black-blue against the swiftly fading sky. She knew because there had been other islands in the last days that as the ship drew near, the dark hills would change to brilliant green. There would be a bay, a little town with pink and white and yellow houses at the water's edge. But this was the island where in two or three hours she would land. It would be dark. She would not see at once the bright houses, the laughing people in the streets, the wooded skyline.

A ship sailed. There ceased to be occasion to make any effort. She slept something like forty hours of the first seventy-two, ate and slept again, to wake in a warm air, the warmth of which was utterly unrelated to the sickening heat rising from city pavements, summers of a long bad dream. She waked a stranger to herself.

There were trivial things, too, that were important in the change. She had never felt that she belonged anywhere in particular, since she left the wide-verandahed shabby house where she lived with her father. She was shy with people and things unrelated to the cause, to which she had dedicated herself with the usual melodramatic emotions of a girl of fifteen. In college she had felt ill at ease with her gay irresponsible contemporaries.

Elizabeth's warm devotion was an unexpected delight—but Elizabeth's kindness and generosity were frequently dismaying to one devoted, indirectly at least, to fighting the sources of fortunes like Elizabeth's. She excused Elizabeth to herself by saying that Elizabeth had never seen

the things she'd seen and didn't understand the labor movement.

Owen was more troubling. He had seen a good deal more than she herself had seen, was even better read on the sources of labor philosophy, and continued to ignore conclusions that seemed to her obvious. He disturbed her faith in the importance of what she was doing. Also he made her uncomfortable when they didn't talk about work, when he insisted on treating her like a pretty girl to whom he wanted to make love. Quite well aware that she didn't know how to manage a suitor, convinced that she had neither time nor need for one, she resented his desire to add another problem to a life which seemed to have sufficient.

On a ship approaching the Caribbean, she waked to find herself taken for granted as the prettiest and best-dressed girl on the boat. She hadn't known that Elizabeth's last summer's wardrobe would be so noticeable. She didn't realise that the passenger who spends the first day inventing stories about half the passengers to entertain the other half had recognised Elizabeth, who came to the boat with her, from many pictures in society columns, therefore she had described Constance, seen at first only in the dining-room and asleep in her deck chair, as a young Long Island society girl who was being sent south by her people, to convalesce from illness caused by a love affair with someone unsuitable.

Now as she went over to the deck-rail, one of the ship's officers joined her. They stood watching the island at which she was to land to-night seem to grow as they drew nearer.

He said, "I'm so sorry you are leaving us here. But perhaps you will come back on this ship. Try, won't you?" As if he really meant it. She smiled, said she would try, and went downstairs to dress to go ashore.

The little lighted space of the dock was like an unimportant oasis in the desert of darkness. There was her luggage—there was Dr. Rowley, a lean absent-minded man, and his wife who was round, amiable and conversational. There was another man with them, a tall, noticeably handsome blond man.

"Miss Pritchard, this is another guest of ours, Mr. Calvert."

Very far off a voice echoed in her mind: "They are fighting outside Valentine Calvert's mill."

She said aloud, "Calvert?"

The man looked a little puzzled at something in her tone. But—

how pretty she was. He smiled down at her. Not since he'd said good-bye to Juliana in Palm Beach had he let anyone call him by that more "attractive" name. He was on vacation from Juliana's preference.

"Yes, Patrick Calvert," he said. Why on earth should young Miss Pritchard look relieved?

Three days later Mary Rowley said to her husband, "Look here, my dear, Elizabeth's letter was very detailed. Has it occurred to you that Constance was an organiser and speaker in the Calvert mill strike?"

"It doesn't matter. We never tell guests about one another's backgrounds. Whatever they think they come down here for, it's always really to get absolutely away from whatever they spend their lives being."

She hesitated. "Still—" and jumped to another aspect of the same situation. "What is Mrs. Calvert like, Cyrus?"

"I only met her once. Tiresome woman."

"Constance is very young."

He said with genuine interest, "I should think she had suffered from slight malnutrition for years. Very interesting how tropic sun is improving her noticeably from day to day."

His wife thought that she was more concerned about the effect of tropic moonlight, but there was no use to trouble Cyrus about anything so unscientific. She said instead, "Is Patrick Calvert what you would call a responsible citizen?"

"Oh, too much. The kind that gets high blood pressure from it in the end. He won't, of course, for a dozen years."

To Juliana, diverting herself at Palm Beach, Valentine Calvert would, in the natural course of events return. Now, however, he walked out into the clear tropic morning, down a hillside through a young cacao plantation past the fishermen's thatched huts to the water's edge, sat on a stone wharf where, it was said, the Yankee sailors from the clipper ships used to load rum, a hundred years before, and waited for Constance Pritchard to appear so that they might go sailing.

Outside the nearest fisherman's hut, a negro woman was cooking over a charcoal stove. There was a faint pleasant scent of burning charcoal, and a thin grey-blue curl of smoke rising in puffs as the morning breeze stirred it. The woman sang softly. He was too far away to hear the words. Their cadence was at once melancholy and sweet, seeming to rise slowly as the smoke



rose in the bright air. The scent of charcoal commingled in his nostrils with the fragrance of some white flowering vine growing along the steps to the wharf. When he sat there yesterday, the vine had not yet flowered.

In the north, people hurried as if they ran a race to accomplish as many trivial things as possible before all accomplishments should cease, for them. The trees grew slowly. Here, people lived unhurriedly as though they expected to live five hundred years.

There was some magic in the land that caught at one, a deeper magic than the sunlight Rowley praised so continuously. Nostalgia or its opposite, a strange sense of homecoming? A peace, confused somehow with the anguish of parting?

He, Patrick Valentine Calvert—he used the whole name in his thoughts then, deliberately—sat on an empty stone wharf at the edge of a bright-blue sea, and knew that he wanted to stay forever in that luminous sunlight beside that shining sea.

In the north, he had been irritated and embarrassed one day—was it a month ago or longer in that other life—when he happened to read a newspaper editorial that described him as "the man of importance in the situation." That had been when he was conducting the negotiations for ending the strike.

Juliana? He had ceased disliking her. He had been very tired, and was now splendidly rested. He thought of her with various slight emotions.

Constance was coming out of the house and starting down the hill path, her yellow frock bright against the green hill. The reason he did not want ever to go back!

Patrick Calvert had never been in love at all, until he met a slender dark-haired girl with grey eyes that were steady and honest and clear as a child's. He did not know from what world she came. He only knew that lately in the last days she was breathless when his hand touched her shoulder accidentally. As he was breathless.

He went a little way up the path to meet Constance.

"You overslept again." He had meant to add darling, and simply could not get that word, small change of greeting in the set he knew spoken. It would be important when he said it to her. So he sounded abrupt, which he hadn't intended.

"Yes. Not as much as usual. I'm catching up really."

"What on earth did you occupy

yourself with in New York to get so short of sleep?"

He had not meant to ask her. He did not want to know what she had been or seen or done before the day they met. They could only share time to come if he was firm in his conviction that time past ended when they landed on the island.

She said very slowly, "I overworked, they say."

He was puzzled, at what a young girl in as luxuriously simple clothes as he had seen in his life might be permitted to overwork. Still, even in the middle-western city where he lived, debutantes spent among committees, luncheons, teas, lectures, shopping, dining, dancing and so on more energy in an average day than the hardest worked of his employees. He assumed in New York the life was more intense.

She said, "Shall we go sailing?"

"By all means. Mary made me promise to bring you back by nine. She says the sun on the water will be strong enough after that to burn your face in spite of your wide hat."

She sighed. "I should like to tan a little. While it lasted, it would remind me—" and began that sentence over. "Dr. Rowley says I don't, because I've had a sort of anaemia. But I'm improving so fast that I'll begin to tan any day."

The boat was tied below the wharf. He helped her down the ladder, into it, and seated her comfortably before he spoke. But he didn't raise the sail. He had to know first. He repeated her words. "While your tan lasted, it would remind you—Constance, have you ever thought these last days that two people could stay here—" How blunt and how stupid! But, a beginning. And she understood.

Her small hands moved against each other. Then she smiled, a rather shy but quite happy smile. "To be sure. Doctor and Mrs. Rowley are people who stay here, I mean that I wish, my dear, my dear, that you would give me a little while, a day or two. I've never loved anyone. I expected I never would. It's only since yesterday that I have been sure I love you. And—I'd like to be sure quietly, without trying to talk about it yet. Because I can't talk about it very well, scarcely at all, it seems." She laughed then, softly. "Please, lift up the sail and untie the boat, and sit quite still. I know those are all wrong nautical expressions. But I've never sailed in a boat either. Is this a specially desirable boat?"

"At the moment. Otherwise, it's rather awful. Rowboat with a sail

attached. Suppose we abandon it and go walking instead. I don't mean that, you know. I mean I want to kiss you."

"I don't want you to kiss me, Pat, quite yet. Not for the day or two I asked."

"Why, Constance dearest?"

"Because when you kiss me all my life before I met you will cease to be. I'm not sure I can let that happen."

He was conscious of his heart pounding in his chest, then of her face grave, gentle, her grey eyes suddenly remote. He spoke very slowly. "There are a great many things we shall have to tell each other. Not immediately. They have nothing to do with us here. Except this one thing that I want you to know. When I kiss you, all my life before will cease to be, too. I want that to happen."

She did not answer him. He had a most dreadful feeling that she was not thinking of him at all.

They sailed out into the bay. After some minutes she spoke as she might have spoken on the day before, pointing out to him a purple fish going slowly along beside the boat.

"Pat, what were you thinking just then?"

"Why, Constance?"

"You looked—unhappy."

"No." She was trailing two fingers in the water. "Constance, take your hand out of the water, quickly!"

"What a frightening voice! You're right, of course. I did forget about barracuda. The water looked so peaceful."

"It is a nuisance that one can't swim in it."

She said reasonably, "Well, we'll go back and swim in the river. Doctor and Mrs. Rowley like to swim there at eleven. Pat, are you cross because I asked you to wait?"

He grinned. "Yes. I have no least right to be."

A barracuda leaped then, without warning, made a great arc in the air, fell again into the water. Another leaped. He looked at her. Suddenly he was quite sure of something. Though he knew nothing about her, more than that she was small and beautiful and gentle-voiced, he was sure that she was unafraid, had gone through fear long ago and beyond it forever, in spite of her youth.

Whatever happened to them in the years or only the days they might share, she would meet it gallantly, steadily. The boat moved on slowly. He watched her face. He had forgotten the barracuda.



She walked ahead of him up the hill path. Half-way home she turned and caught his hand. "Pat, just once, without settling anything. Just once because it is here and there a beautiful world," put her arms round his neck and drew his head down. He kissed her. Warm and sweet her mouth and promising all the things that Patrick Calvert used to believe he would find some day.

When he realised she was trembling in his arms, he let her go. She said, "Just for a day, two days. Then perhaps I shan't ask you to let me go ever."

"I never shall in any case, after two days."

It occurred to him that evening after dinner that they were being chaperoned. He had thought so earlier, when they went swimming in the river where swimming was safe above the rapids. Mary Rowley seemed to be very much more constantly in presence than usual.

But after dinner he was sure. He asked Constance to come out on the verandah with him, as he had asked her most evenings, to watch the thick warm gold tropic stars that seemed so near. This evening Mary, without pretence of reason, came along with them.

He had accumulated in the course of years a very small private fortune. Nothing compared to his interest in the mill. But that came from Juliana's father, and he intended to return it in its entirety to her. What remained would do for him and Constance, if they were content to live here for a time. He supposed people didn't, literally speaking. Ultimately, he would buy a sugar plantation or limes, and make some sort of living. Enough to keep Constance comfortably.

From one or two things she had said, he assumed she was an orphan. There would undoubtedly be some relatives of hers to deal with, however. He would ask Juliana to divorce him, tell Constance's people the truth—that he meant to marry her as soon as he was free, and wait here with her under whatever circumstances she chose, until the mechanics were arranged. Just possibly, it would be necessary for him to go North to sign the transfer of the mills to Juliana.

Meanwhile he should talk to Cyrus Rowley at once, Constance was under their care, and Mary—the dear—was behaving as if she felt concerned. He supposed both he and

Constance had been sufficiently obvious all day.

He told Mary, "I'm going to talk to Cyrus for a bit," and touched Constance's hand, and went inside.

He brightened at the sight of his guest. "Ah, I hoped you'd be in. I'll send for some more coffee and some rum. I wish I knew what that plant third from the left on the bottom shelf is." It looked, Patrick thought, like a tropical exaggeration of an old-fashioned rubber plant.

"I wish I could get Gavin down. You know—the naturalist." Cyrus said plaintively. "He would tell what all these things were in a minute. But he always goes on his holidays to Asia. Asia, for a naturalist! Well, you didn't want to hear about Gavin, you wanted to tell me you're in love with Constance Pritchard, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Patrick, "I did."

Cyrus' thin face looked very serious. He ran his hands over his thin greying hair in an absurd gesture that was oddly touching, Patrick thought. "He can't be more than a year or two older than I. Still, he begins to look old. And I—I feel younger than in a decade."

"I'm sorry, as it affects you with her people," Patrick said. "Otherwise you must believe that it is inevitable, and that I'm not sorry at all. Juliana and I ceased to be close, long ago. I don't expect she will be sorry in any deep sense when I ask her for a divorce."

"You are believing what you want to believe," Cyrus said. It was the tone not the words that stopped Patrick. The tone was startling in its gravity.

Cyrus went on in a minute. "I'm not going to ask you to leave my house, or the island. If you left, you might persuade that child to go with you, which would be a greater catastrophe. The ethics and conventions of the situation don't interest me much. I've been a scientist so long I find all emotional problems about equally senseless. If I were not so completely happy in my own marriage, I grant you I might be more interested." He paused.

"The point's different. I know more about Constance and about you than you do about each other. Now I have no intention of telling you anything about Constance; that's for her to do, if she wishes. I just tell you plainly that you should give up any idea of marrying each other. You would waste each other completely, and in the wasting, be most dreadfully unhappy."

Pat Calvert decided that he had been stupid. Of course, Constance was an actress, a dancer in musical comedy, perhaps. He must have seen photographs of her somewhere, and that was why her face was familiar.

Cyrus went on. "The idea of her friends who sent her here was not that she go home nervously shattered by what used to be called a broken heart, but in as excellent health as possible. I'm speaking as a physician when I say I mean she shall. Also, when I mention that you've been under a long strain this year, and didn't arrive here for your holiday in a very calm state yourself."

"I'm not going back. Neither is she if I can help it."

Cyrus simply refused to take him seriously. That was the most maddening thing of all. He said, "I never knew anyone yet who came to vacation in the tropics who didn't announce at some point that he was never going home. It's a symptom of the stage before boredom."

"We are not a couple of case histories, Cyrus. We are two people who have fallen in love."

"Everyone is a case history, whether they like to be or not—well, let's drop it. Mary and I are taking a holiday from the laboratory tomorrow to take you and Constance on an excursion up by the waterfalls. Did she tell you?"

In the morning they were dressed in riding clothes, and finishing an extremely early breakfast so as to start before the heat began, when the mail arrived.

There were a great many letters for the Rowleys, none for Patrick Calvert and just one for Constance.

He was relieved that Juliana had not written. He hoped she would not until he went to her and told her the facts.

The letter Constance was reading made her laugh.

It was from Elizabeth: "I went to see Mikhail so I could give you a report. Really, he gets on surprisingly well in your absence. He has acquired a tall thin young man who types the letters that have to be typed fast, and regards me as if I were a labor spy, and talks in a conspiratorial voice. Probably he will be quite clever when he grows up. Mikhail sent you all sorts of messages to the general effect that you must get strong, energetic and so on because in the spring you would have ever so much work to do. But there is no hurry about coming home. The



weather is fantastically bad. We are packing for Florida and are leaving to-morrow morning. If Peter has time, we shall hire some sort of cruiser and descend on you fairly soon. In ten days or even less."

Constance laughed at dear Mikhail and the new assistant, but as she read on she grew grave. For all her affection for Elizabeth, she did not want Elizabeth to come and be outspoken in either praise or disapproval of Patrick Calvert.

She continued to consider the problem vaguely all morning as they rode over the mountains and then into deep jungle where the arch of trees was so heavy overhead no sun penetrated, and they went for hours through a cool forest in dim green light.

Sunlight poured through a gap in the trees overhead, a warm golden cascade of sunlight. She turned to share that loveliness with Patrick. The sun on his blond head was so shining she did not remember what she had meant to say to him or whether she had meant to say anything.

"What were you thinking then, Constance?"

She laughed, because of the glory of the day and because she never remembered feeling so young. She laughed at her own words as she spoke them. "I was thinking of possible meanings of life."

"We shall explore them all."

"We shall have to live a thousand years, shan't we?"

They rode on toward the camp. He had for the first time—as he watched her serene young face—a sharp consciousness of the difference in their ages. She could wait peacefully, content with just his presence. Because she was twenty-two and had all her adult life ahead to spend. He had spent fifteen years that she still had waiting for her. Almost immediately he decided it was unimportant. But afterwards, he remembered he had thought of that difference then.

Cyrus said to his wife that evening: "We aren't good chaperons. We are too sympathetic."

She laughed. Then she said, "I wonder whether we are justified in being chaperons at all. Don't say 'Mary' in a shocked tone, darling. Wait until I finish. We are pretty scientific until we encounter a situation that runs counter to the mores we acquired in our 'teens, in an extremely unsophisticated little town. Then we react exactly as we should have reacted when the last twenty years hadn't happened. How are we

sure we can judge? The child has a flowerlike look, therefore we confuse her in our minds with the young daughter we didn't happen ever to have. She's been out in the world half a dozen years, even if she looks like a schoolgirl. He, judging from every encounter you have had with him since college, is a decent sort. You said yourself 'solid citizen.' If he's decided to let his marriage go, and his past success besides, perhaps he'd decided he had sufficient cause."

Her husband said very mildly, "You propose that we give them our blessing?"

"No. I can't. They haven't known each other long enough. They haven't had any test by which they can judge whether this is just tropics or real. But I think we might stop waiting on their every sentence, for the chance to interrupt with a line of common sense. Maybe they'll go on forever, and maybe they'll have the fortnight or so they stay here, and remember conversations of how eternal it felt. Let's not spoil the little they are sure of."

"We don't seem to be spoiling it," Cyrus mentioned.

They were sitting on camp chairs outside the tent where they had all dined, where Mary and Constance would sleep. There was no moon but the starlight was so bright it lighted the whole plateau and outlined the surrounding mountains clearly.

Two or three of the bearers were singing, in their camp farther up the river. Sound of their voices, beat of the gongs that accompanied them, were the only sounds in the warm stillness.

Constance and Patrick were coming back from swimming in the river. They were laughing. They walked hand in hand.

Constance kept telling herself that she must remember every minute of those days because she could not quite believe, though Patrick said so over and over, that they would ever again be so completely happy.

She must remember that first evening on the starlit plateau, and the second day when they saw the deer. There was a stirring in the giant tree ferns that grew thick as yew hedges and tall as old apple orchards. Then, three deer moving close to them down the hillside, walking lightly, unhurriedly, not afraid at all.

She must remember the second night, half way up the mountain-side when the new moon shone a little while. They all four slept in army cots set close together in one tent, because half the mosquito net-

ting had been torn that day when the boy who carried it went close to a thicket of briar. In the night she waked, and turning saw that Patrick was sitting up looking at her. They did not speak. He bent and kissed her. She slept again, with that kiss warm on her lips.

And the third day when they rode down and down steep hillsides, where the land changed suddenly from jungle to grass country, and the golden grass taller for a mile than their horses' heads. The boys went ahead beating a path for the horses. Then they came out on the bare slopes of a dead volcano, and went on, descending still, leading the horses over the rough lava, until they were in sight of cultivated fields and the ocean beyond. The Musgraves' old house at the island's northernmost tip.

She slept that night in a high-ceilinged room, in a carved Louis XVI bed of which the gilded and painted decorations were very much faded. But when the candlelight flickered up in the night breeze, one could see them still, pale ghosts of cherubs and rose garlands.

The french windows of her room were open.

He walked down the balcony slowly.

She had fallen asleep with a candle lighted on the table beside her bed. Her dark hair was tumbled across the pillow like a child's. He went into the room. She was smiling as she slept. Her thick eyelashes curved against her cheek. A long, long moment went by. Then he turned and went out of the room.

They sailed along the hilly coastline all morning, through the heat haze shimmering on the water at noonday. The sun's rays were lengthening again when they reached the twin peaks that marked the Rowleys' harbor. They were all tired, happy and silent.

When they entered the bay they saw a yacht anchored near to shore.

Constance said, "Elizabeth! But she couldn't have come so soon. She was still in New York when I had her last letter."

"That's not the ship she and Peter had last year. It's probably just some visitors from one of the other islands," Mary said.

Their small sailing craft was able to make directly for the old wharf. When they passed the yacht, there seemed to be no one aboard but the crew. There was a tender anchored beside the wharf.

Mary and Cyrus hurried along the



hill path to greet their guests. Constance followed them with Patrick. The Rowleys' screened verandah seemed to be crowded with people, with women in bright sports dresses and men in yachting clothes.

They went up onto the terrace.

Half a dozen voices said: "Well, Valentine. We decided we'd surprise you." A woman laughed then. "It appears we have."

Cyrus introduced Juliana and Mary. Juliana introduced Mrs. Bradley. Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Lansing, Mr. Richardson. She looked inquiringly at Constance, but Mary hesitated.

Geneva Lansing laughed again. "We've met! At least, I don't know your name. But Philip, everybody, it is the girl who made speeches during the strike. The one we used to go and watch. Please present us, Val or Mrs. Rowley or somebody!"

From what seemed a long way off, Valentine Calvert heard Mary saying, "My guest, Miss Pritchard," and all their names in order. He only watched Constance. That small erect figure, in a wonderfully cut plain pink linen frock, that dark head tilted back, those grey eyes startled and angry, too, but cool. The eyes of someone who had faced a hostile audience before, and not been frightened then or now.

There'd been a girl in a thin shabby red coat at a windswept street corner, a girl talking eagerly about a new sort of world. Yes, that girl was she!

Mary had got as far as: "Mrs. Valentine Calvert, Miss Pritchard," when Constance smiled. He had not known that soft mouth could look as angry and as scornful. She repeated softly, "Mrs. Valentine Calvert!" with such slight emphasis on the first name he thought no one noticed but he.

Then he knew Cyrus noticed, because Cyrus said, "It always seems so odd to me to hear that name. We never called Patrick anything but Pat in college. Valentine is only his middle name. Sit down, Constance."

She went to the nearest wicker chair, moving lightly.

Juliana said, "Valentine's the name I preferred, Dr. Rowley." Deliberately, as if that settled everything. Her husband looked at her then. She was seeming to regard her host, or perhaps the view behind him. Actually Val was aware she watched him and Constance with curiosity, and some amusement. Then he remembered that he had not spoken to her directly.

"I'm glad you came, Juliana. If you had not, I was going to see you in a day or two."

She said, "You are looking very well and rested, Val."

No one chose apparently to break the silence then. His host and hostess passed iced drinks, said, "Limes, a little more sugar, better try it first as it is." Things like that.

It was Geneva who spoke first. "Well, I never did expect to meet a labor agitator, in such a charming frock, too. It suits you much better than that funny red coat you used to wear. Tell me, do the leaders really spend the money they raise for strikers' families on Southern holidays for themselves? I thought they probably did something like that."

Three people spoke at once.

Constance: "Did you think so?"

Juliana: "You're being a bit stupid, Geneva darling."

And Cyrus: "Mrs. Lansing, Miss Pritchard is our guest, and also my patient. She's convalescing from a rather serious illness. Her afternoon rest is considerably overdue and I'm sure you will excuse her. Will you go along to bed now, my dear?"

She nodded, stood up, and went inside the house, unhurriedly.

Val had been too furious to be able to speak, for an instant. As soon as Constance was gone, Cyrus looked at him quickly, and began to ask his guests what sort of trip they'd had across from Florida.

He was, of course, right, Val decided. It wasn't worth while to have a scene with Geneva.

A bitterly unfortunate contretemps, this arrival. That was all. Things could be done about it. It was necessary first to have a talk with Juliana. Then to go to Constance. Extraordinary, that he wasn't much interested and not at all disturbed by the fact that she was a labor agitator. She, when he succeeded in telling her all the facts, wouldn't care at all about whether he owned a factory or worked in one, if she felt as he did. As she had seemed to.

Juliana said easily, "I know you people probably want to bathe and change after your camping trip. Your servants told us about it. Why don't you just let us wait here—it's a glorious view. Then come aboard with us to dine, all of you."

Both Mary and Cyrus declined politely, on the plea that they had been away from their laboratory for too long. But Valentine accepted. It would be the easiest and swiftest

way of accomplishing his interview with Juliana.

He went inside to change, after some superficial conversation with Everett and Philip as to conditions in the mills. He introduced the subject, for want of anything better, but sensed immediately he had done so, that they were concealing something from him. He supposed they had managed to do something arbitrary and silly, in the few weeks since he had left. Well, it was now no possible concern of his.

Before he went to his room, he walked down the corridor to the other wing, and knocked on Constance's door. There was no response. He would have to wait until he came back from dinner.

He did manage to see Mary for a moment before he left.

"Will you please tell Constance that I want to see her to-night—that it's important. I'll try to be back by eleven, even earlier."

"It may not be important to Constance now, Pat."

"I would have told her this evening in any case about Juliana and the rest of it."

"Yes. She followed her own thoughts. I arranged these last few days as well as I could, so that you both would have pleasant things —"

She stopped.

He said, "But, Mary, you mustn't talk as if this were the end of anything."

She did not answer that. She said, "I'll tell Constance."

In the tender on the way to the yacht, Geneva said, "Maybe I should have waited to ask, but I haven't been so intrigued since I can remember. You will tell us about it at dinner, won't you, Val?"

He said in a voice that he tried to make indifferent, that there was nothing to tell, that he had not recognised the girl, that the Rowleys frequently had guests suggested to them by friends or by other physicians.

Juliana spoke of the sunset.

The women were changing for dinner. The men, already in whites, were not. As soon as they were aboard, Juliana went to dress.

Before she went below, she asked him a shade too lightly, "Would you like to see my cabin, Val? It's very beautifully arranged."

He said, "Later, perhaps. I'll talk shop with Phil and Everett for a while, if you don't mind."

He sat on the deck with them. A steward brought cocktails, which he refused. No one, it appeared, wanted



to begin talking shop. Everett gave a lengthy account of how he had happened to charter this particular yacht.

They were all three somewhat relieved when the three women returned. Everyone talked about acquaintances in Florida for a while. Then they went in to dinner. Everett suggested that they might have some bridge after dinner.

Vai said quickly then, "Will you excuse Juliana and me after dinner? I'd like to borrow the tender and take her ashore for a bit."

Everyone tried not to look as if they had expected him to say something like that. Juliana asked whether she would need a wrap—if the night was chilly as sometimes in Florida. He told her that the wind was cool, and she had better take a wrap.

He tried to decide where to go with Juliana when they got ashore. She would not, he supposed, consider sitting on the sand, in white chiffon. He did not want to take her to the Rowleys', where private conversation might be impossible.

She resolved that problem with her usual efficiency.

As soon as they were out of hearing of the yacht, she said, "You and I had better not go to those people's house, if we're going to have a talk. What is that light?"

"A fisherman's hut." Outside which sometimes sang a young woman as she worked.

"Give the fisherman five dollars and tell him to go look at the moon."

The young fisherman and his wife were rather embarrassingly obliging. The man explained in detail how to bar the door and windows, and said he and his wife would not return for two hours.

The floor was earth. The roof was corrugated iron. The one room contained a bed against one wall, a chest opposite, a table in the centre, and there were three hand-made straight-backed chairs.

The man had brought out four candles, rather proudly, stuck them in bottle necks on the table, and lighted them before he left.

Vai said, "Won't you sit down?"

She sat opposite him at the table, when she had put her white and silver wrap on the opposite chair. The first thing she said was, "Well, this is better than it might be. I thought it would smell of fish."

"They don't bring them into the house."

"Oh." She said in exactly the same voice, "I suppose you met that girl in the strike and arranged to

bring her down here. Where did you keep her while we were in Florida?"

He stared at her.

"None of that is true, Juliana."

"But you came up from that sailing boat hand in hand. I saw you on the path."

He had not remembered. It had seemed so natural to take Constance's hand. He said, "I suppose we did."

She waited. She had her own strength, her own composure.

She took a cigarette from her evening bag and lighted it in the candle flame. Her bare arm glowed in the light.

"You aren't wearing your bracelets."

"No. You think they are vulgar." "But you don't usually care what I think."

She said slowly, "I made up my mind in Florida—that's why I persuaded Natalie and Everett—" and did not finish, said, "No. You talk first. Let me say that you have not been in the habit of lying to me, so I shall believe what you say."

He said, "I never met that girl until she landed here. I did not know who she was. I don't care. Because I'm in love with her, want to marry her, and spend my life with her."

"Where?" asked Juliana. "Here?"

He said, "On this island or some nearby island perhaps."

She flung back her head and laughed, peal after peal of laughter. Then she said, "But, darling. You're too young. I didn't expect I'd have to go through this with you until you were towards fifty. Leave the world behind. Live in the tropics with a little young girl. Is she going to organise a fisherman's union? Or just watch the sunset, the moonrise, the coconuts fall off the coconut palms?"

He said, "If you don't stop having hysterics I'll shake you until you do. I mean it."

She glanced around the hut: "Must be the primitive atmosphere," paused and said easily, "You won't shake me into giving you a divorce, Vai."

He caught his breath, scarcely aware that he spoke aloud, "I never realised before how people can be angry enough to want to do murder."

"Well, we're both having an illuminating evening. How long have you and she been having an affair?"

He made himself speak quietly. "We have not had and are not having an affair. I want to marry her."

She said in an entirely different

voice, "Good heavens, you are serious. Now I do have to think."

She reached absently for another cigarette. He gave her one of his. The small civilised gesture steadied him. He said, "Please don't behave as if I were your opponent in a game of chess, Juliana—that you now need ten minutes to evolve the next three moves. It isn't like that."

"Suppose you give your version of what it's like."

She listened then. He tried. He did not sound convincing to himself. He had no gift for translating his emotions into words. But she waited, her face very still above the candle-light, until he finished.

Then she said, "What of me?"

"You have the life you seem to want."

She stared at her hands. "I wanted children, too, Vai. I know it was my fault." Near as she had ever come in the decade since that accident, to expression of apology or regret!

"I wasn't thinking about that."

"Perhaps not. If we had a couple of children at home, would you be asking for a divorce now?"

"I don't suppose so."

He was suddenly tired. They had been in love once, and were long out of love.

Juliana said, "I'm sorry."

"What does that mean?"

"Probably that I can't give you what you want."

He stood up, walked once the brief length of the room, sat down again. "You'll have your mills."

"That was a little unnecessary. I consider my pride more important even than my father's mills."

If he was ever to get through this and past it, he must make no more mistakes. "How long since you've been in love with me, Juliana?"

"Almost ten years."

Evidently she saw that the answer surprised him!

She explained it. "After my accident, I blamed you. If you hadn't forbidden me to ride that horse, I wouldn't have done it. It just happened because you like to give orders and I don't like to take them."

Well, that was the past. Painful and futile to let that finished past be real again.

Her eyelids narrowed a little. "You can't discharge me like an inefficient employee."

"My dear, I've never been very good at discharging inefficient employees. And I'm not ordering you to give me a divorce. I'm asking you, since we do not love each other, to let me be happy in my own way."

She said, "You may as well know."



You should come home right away with us. Philip and Everett are having a field day discharging everyone who was in the least prominent in the strike. Their committee still gives orders to your foreman, you know, since you're away. Production's dropped because the men are restless, and somebody threw some sand into a three thousand dollar piece of machinery the other day and ripped it to pieces."

He said, "The darn fools."

She shrugged. "They came to Florida very reluctantly, only four days ago. I telephoned them that if they did not, I would send for you. They are trembling lest I tell you, and are enormously grateful that Miss Pritchard is on the scene to confuse the issue."

"It's over for me, Juliana. You must get a manager, with common sense, and use your own judgment."

"That was what father had in mind when he left you the mills?"

"No. But he could not predict—"

"That you would grow tired of me."

"I say again, Juliana, that you make it too simple. I am tired of the way we live, the people we know, the problems that we have to deal with. I don't know the answers—"

"So you are running away from the questions?"

"If you choose to put it so. If I felt I were irreplaceable to you, to the mills, but I'm not as concealed as that."

She stood up. "You'd better take me back to the tender. I'll think over what you've said. You think over what I've said."

It was only a little way to the wharf. They walked in silence, until she held out her hand to say good night. Then she said, "Think of the mills, the men coming in the morning, the sound the machinery makes—"

He interrupted quickly. "Not if I can help it. Think rather that I've died, and been resurrected outside the boundaries of the industrial age."

Her voice was mocking, yet it was friendly. "Adam and Eve, Paul and Virginia. Any version you like. You can visit in Paradise, but you can't stay there. No, don't come out to the yacht with me. I'd rather you didn't. Good night, again."

He went up the hill path quickly. For a little of the way he was troubled, more troubled and confused than he ever remembered being. When he could see the screened verandah, he saw that it was lighted dimly. Someone moved,

stood up when his footsteps clicked on the stones of the path. It was Constance.

This girl, this lovely child standing a dozen feet from him, had used to stand in the cold, pleading with indifferent and uncomprehending people to make the world over. She was smiling now. The smile was his answer. She cared no more than he about the world behind them. They would make their own small perfect world. He moved the little distance that separated them and put his arms around her. She clung to him. She answered his kisses now. But, rather strangely, she never spoke a word.

That evening Constance had sent a message she would like her dinner in her room. Mary and Cyrus had dined alone. Before they had coffee, she said, "I think I'd better go see—"

Constance said, "Come in." She had been in bed resting perhaps and perhaps weeping, but she was dressed now and her eyes were dry and very bright.

Mary gave her Val's message. Constance said, "Yes, I'll wait up for him." Almost as if it were not very important and then, "Do you have to send a boy across the island to send cablegrams?"

"Yes. To the wireless station. They're radiograms actually. But we send boys across all hours of the day and night."

"I should like to send Elizabeth a message. She should have reached Florida by now."

Mary said, "We keep blanks in Cyrus' study. Come along and I'll get you one."

OWEN THANE went to Florida with Elizabeth and Peter Sturges very reluctantly. Elizabeth maintained that it would be more "casual," more matter of course, for him to turn up with them to see Constance, than alone. But he had come to a point where he did not care to be casual or matter of course either.

Three days after Constance sailed, he had had a long talk with his managing editor as a result of which it was decided that he should return to Europe for a year, to the Paris office as a base, with political events of major importance from London to Moscow as his field. In many ways he would have preferred to stay in America, but he was to be given an extraordinarily free hand, and the assignment was a promotion.

Therefore it seemed to be now or never for him and Constance. He wondered slightly why he had any hesitancy in granting that it was to be never.

He finished odds and ends of work at the office, was given a month's leave, and would sail at the end of it. When he was dining with Elizabeth and Peter on the eve of their departure south, Elizabeth maintained that Constance was much fonder of him than she realised. He knew well enough that Elizabeth was just arguing her own wishes in the matter. Peter even told her so. It was then that Elizabeth suggested he go south with them instead of flying directly to the West Indies.

Owen accepted. "I'll go down with you. It makes no difference. Which is a rude and ungrateful way to accept an invitation. I mean that I'll propose to Constance once more, she will refuse me. Then I will feel I've done everything I can about it, go to Europe and marry on the rebound one of those Russian blondes five-feet-ten tall, weight a hundred and sixty-five, all muscle. She'll marry me because she'll be so fed-up with the social revolution, she'll want to get out of the country on my American passport. In Paris she'll murder me for my letter of credit, and spend the proceeds on clothes."

"You aren't being very funny," Elizabeth said.

"I know. But I was making an effort."

Elizabeth said seriously, "If you go away and give her up, I shall almost despair. No one but you and Peter and I know that she is a complete darling who ought to have becoming negligees and manures and gaiety and two nicely-dressed children, and a pleasant apartment."

She refused to be in the least disconcerted by their laughter, and went straight on. "She's just like all the rest of us, only prettier than average, and more generous-hearted. She could vote for liberal candidates—I always do myself—and it's exactly as much use as working for Mikhail."

Suddenly two tears rolled down her cheeks. Owen and Peter stared at her in amazement. "Don't try to comfort me," she said, "and I'll tell you what I really mean. I can't bear for anyone so sweet and so normal, under all her mad devotion to a special theory of answer, to miss her life altogether. To grow older and tired and plainer—and more and more odd from having lived an odd life too many years. Never to have had a husband and a baby."

"I want her to have her own life, the years of being gay and carefree and getting more responsibility gradually and working from within her life, really trying to be useful,



but not lost and lonely. I'm sounding more mixed up every instant, Peter darling." She was frankly sobbing now. "I want her to be as happy as I am with you."

Her husband put his arms round her and smoothed her fair hair back. She said against his shoulder, "I suppose we're making Owen acutely embarrassed. Go home, dear, and call Peter's secretary in the morning to attend to your train reservations with ours."

The next day Owen was packed early, and on an impulse, went to see Mikhail.

He and Mikhail talked for a little while about the situation in the mid-west mills, then he told Mikhail that he would not be covering the next strike if it came, that he was going abroad in a month. Astoundingly before he could go on to say, "I'm taking a vacation and will see Constance," Mikhail said with definite surprise, "Going abroad. How about you and Constance? I've been meaning to call you and talk to you about her, anyway."

He hesitated, his mild little face rather unhappy. Owen waited.

"Well," said Mikhail, "she's a good worker, but I am not taking her back as my assistant. That young man in there is much more useful."

Completely aware that the news was the best he could have heard, as far as his slight personal chances went, he was nevertheless indignant. "You people are so noted for gratitude and sentiment. But even I wouldn't have believed this. Now she's worn herself out for you and built her life round her work here, you'll just say, 'Good-bye, I've found someone better.'"

"You are not demonstrating much of that detached attitude you've often assured me is so characteristic of the liberal newspaperman, Owen," Mikhail spoke tiredly, a little indifferently.

"About Constance. In your own words, we, the movement I represent, has no time to waste. No time for people who live in two worlds. I have been much criticised by my associates for having as an assistant anyone so conspicuously friendly with a woman of Elizabeth Sturges' class. No, don't interrupt. I know the history of that friendship as well as you, that Elizabeth not Constance has forced it. That Constance only when she was ill and helpless accepted anything material from Elizabeth. I defended Constance for a while, and have been overruled, I believe rightly."

"We have no time to waste debating anyone's motives. No time to

make allowances. If Constance had died of pneumonia in a hospital ward, we should have remembered her as a martyr."

"For a week or two," Owen said. "Would you consider telling me what you think just once, instead of the results of some committee symposium held on the case of Constance, with the friends of that young man in the next room, her successor, very articulate I don't doubt."

"I wish I knew how to be flip-pant," Mikhail said. "It must be restful. Well, I shall miss Constance. You know as well as I that she worked hard, thought herself sincere—a young bourgeois conditioned by the death of her father who was only a bourgeois liberal after all."

"Maybe his daughter was just as fond of him as if he were a good party member," Owen said.

Mikhail interrupted. "I started to say you know as well as I that Constance is just a young girl who's taken to the social revolution as young girls used to take to a convent, or more recently, to a career. A devotion they get over when they fall in love."

"I didn't know you thought that, Mikhail."

"In some ways, though Elizabeth Sturges does not believe so, I approximate normal intelligence." He stood up. "This does you a good turn, I think, Owen."

"I'm not going to thank you."

"No. So good-bye."

"Have you written Constance, Mikhail?"

He flushed. "I began a letter—but it was so difficult."

"Don't bother. I'm going down to see her and I'll tell her."

Not that that would be a pleasant fifteen minutes, but certainly it would be easier for Constance than to receive the news by telegram.

After consideration, he did not tell Elizabeth about that interview. She would have been indignant with Mikhail, altogether uncomprehending of his viewpoint, and quite capable of postponing her journey south a day to descend on the headquarters and say what she thought, which would have profited no one.

On their arrival in Florida, Peter set about hunting for a boat. His specifications as to speed and suitability for fishing and so on were so complicated by Elizabeth's requirements as to space for her wardrobe and a maid if possible that Owen anticipated the search would take a week.

On the third day of their arrival, he came back from swimming before

luncheon to Elizabeth's announcement: "We've chartered a four passenger seaplane and are going this afternoon. We'll be there by the middle of the afternoon."

When she had gone out of the room, Peter said, "I'm not supposed to show this to you. Elizabeth wants to see what it's about first, and thinks you would worry." He handed Owen a radiogram: "Could you come immediately to take me back with you?"

PATRICK CALVERT waked at dawn, showered and dressed quickly with the consciousness that a great deal had to be resolved in a short time and an eagerness to begin resolving it, then realised that he could not hurry anything, practically speaking. He had to talk to Juliana again before he could make plans. Juliana was unlikely to wake for hours, regardless of tropic sun-rises.

He was at ease about Constance, although her manner puzzled him. When last night he had tried to tell her about Juliana and himself, or of his own attitude toward the labor difficulties at the mills, his utter weariness of the senseless complicated pattern which his life had become, she stopped him repeatedly.

She kissed him. She said there was nothing to explain, nothing that could not wait. She said all that was important to them was to know that they loved each other. And in a few minutes told him, "To-morrow we'll talk about whatever is necessary," and went away.

He laughed at himself and the clear morning. He knew perfectly well that Patrick Calvert was having an attack of Valentine Calvert's executive efficiency. He wanted everything documented and in order.

Mary Rowley was alone at the breakfast table. She smiled at him vaguely and continued to drink coffee. He noticed, in a moment or two, that she looked very tired.

"This is pretty much of a bore for you, Mary, isn't it?"

"Not exactly a bore. I have a 'what comes next' feeling."

He shared that feeling, but refused to admit it to himself. "Next, Mary, they all go away, except Constance and me." He hesitated and decided he had better find out. "Constance and I, too, if you'd rather we did."

She shook her head. "It's just that you make me feel old, settled."

"You are no older than I."

"No. We are the same age."

He knew more or less what she



wanted him to say, and would not. So she said it. "Constance is fifteen years younger than either of us."

"It doesn't matter since she says she loves me."

She did not answer that, unless it was an answer to say, "I've changed my mind about you people twice. First I thought it would be tragic for you to fall in love. Next, that it would do no harm, confined within the limits to which Cyrus and I would see it was confined. Now I think you should say 'good-bye' as quickly as possible."

She refused altogether to amplify that. Instead she said, "It's completely easy to entertain people down here. There are only three or four simple things to do. I've sent a note to ask all your guests—"

"Not my guests, Mary."

"The guests for luncheon on the higher peak at the harbor entrance. That's one of the easiest things to do. They ride out along the beach path, have the lava and coral formations pointed out to them, say 'Oh, ah, how interesting,' have nice flat rocks to sit on while they're lunching, and are not too uncomfortable while they think they are being primitive."

He could ride back with Juliana and take the other path so they could talk. "Am I asked, too?"

"You and Constance."

He did not see Constance until the tender from the yacht was half-way to shore, and the horses were waiting by the dock. He was still on the verandah waiting with increasing impatience, when he heard her step behind him.

"There you are, Pat."

"And have been, it seems like hours." But he could not pretend that he minded, now that she was here. In a flowered muslin frock, a sort of modern satire on Victorian demureness. How serene her eyes were!

Then he realised she was not dressed for riding. She answered his glance quickly. "I'm not going. I just told Mary that I have an important letter to write." He did not suppose she was serious, as to the letter, but thought she showed good judgment in not joining them.

"I'll get back as early as I can. We might go swimming in the river?"

"Yes. Perhaps. You'd better hurry, Pat, they are all landing."

"In a minute. Yesterday's interview with Juliana was rather melodramatic. To-day's I hope will be more to the point."

"Don't make conversation, my

sweet. Run along. Are you waiting for me to kiss you?" Her voice half laughing, yet not quite steady.

"Of course."

She kissed him warmly.

Half-way down the path he turned to wave at her. He was absurdly disappointed that she was no longer standing on the verandah.

She had gone inside, to Cyrus' study, having in fact a letter to write that seemed to her important.

It was a love letter to Patrick Calvert. Since she had never written a love letter to anyone, she had an idea that this might take her a long time, and, with her message now no doubt in Elizabeth's hands, she was not sure quite how much time she had.

Cyrus Rowley's typewriter happened to be the same model as her own, in Mikhail's office. The familiar keyboard made her remember suddenly, some dozens of letters she had written in the last months—letters urgent, persuasive, encouraging—that she had thought at the time were important, too.

But not like this.

"My dear."

Not hers, never to be hers. She had known that in the first instant that woman whose name she forgot said, "Philip, everybody, it is the girl who made speeches during the strike," and Juliana Calvert's blue eyes watched her so carefully.

She had even known then clearly that the only immediate necessity was to stand steady, to seem completely calm, just as when in the midst of a speech one realised there was going to be trouble.

She wrote: "We played a pleasant comedy for each other. We were both happy playing it," and could not, for a moment, go on. The agony of that first hour in her room after she knew who he was, what he was, agony that had so shaken her that when she heard his knock on the door, his voice calling her name, caught at her again. She had fought past it yesterday, had come to a decision, and to calmness enough, she hoped, to behave as she must, for the hours, the day or two that remained. Yet it seemed to her now in this too-quiet room, where sometimes his eager voice, his warm presence had been, that she could not write the half-truths that her decision made necessary.

It had seemed to her that she must arrange the mechanics very smoothly, lest she be unable to arrange them at all. If she talked to him directly, he could not help

guessing how much she really loved him.

Let him think she cared very little, and he would more easily go back to what he was. His wife? His wife would not have come for him unless she loved him.

She drew a long breath, and wrote quickly:

"That's a silly introduction. But as Cyrus says so often, this is a melodramatic climate. I think that though you, too, may have a day or an hour when the knowledge that we are done with each other seems unendurable, as soon as you go north, you will almost forget about me."

"You are Valentine Calvert, owner of a mill I've seen, a mill rather badly run, as a matter of fact."

"I'm Constance Pritchard who caused you a sufficiency of trouble, as much as I could, though I never thought of you as more than a name."

"We've been friends for two weeks out of the thirty-seven years you have lived, and the twenty-two I have. How extraordinarily well we liked each other for that space of time!"

She paused, truth would be: "How extraordinarily well we loved each other!" But it need not be stated. Let him substitute the word, if he chose.

"I stick to the facts and leave the emotions out usually." Who had said that? Mikhail? No, Mikhail just stated with conviction that the end justified the means.

She forgot Elizabeth, forgot Owen, thinking of that night in the hills, when they all slept in army cots in the large tent, and she waked to see Patrick sitting up watching her. He had bent down and kissed her. She remembered exactly the warmth of his mouth.

Then she read over the last sentence of her letter: "How extraordinarily well we loved each other," and, in a minute could continue:

"I am going home almost immediately. I wired some friends of mine in Florida to come for me. They may arrive to-day, or to-morrow. It's quite possible that you and I shall have no opportunity to say good-bye as we should like. It's even probable that we could not, if we had the opportunity."

"The only solution for me that is dignified or sane or that I now want is to return to my reality. Specifically, to the central offices of the union for which I work. I don't expect that you will ever be a caller there, my dear."

"Let's call the rest presumption on



friendship. I seem impelled to advise you on how to manage your life, though I never was more completely aware than at this moment, that I have managed mine rather badly.

"As to you, if whenever you remember me, you'll go out into your mills and consider whether you would like to be one of your own employees, I may have done something more practical for the condition of labor than in all my speeches to date. Do you know I'm committing heresy? Confusing theory and practice, also.

"My dear Patrick, which no one apparently has called you for years. I'm utterly serious. And can't help it that the result of seriousness is to sound like the worst sort of foreign missionary I've ever read about. It would make me happy, remembering you, to believe that some little good came from our liking for each other."

She lifted her head.

Very far off there was the sound of a plane. No planes ever came here regularly. Therefore Elizabeth had been even more immediate than she had expected.

There was a great deal more that she would have liked to write. That she would hope, all her life, that he was happy. That she would remember later, when she dared, very many things about him. Little things. Sunlight on his hair, the minutes that day in the boat when he had been so terrified for her, as the swift dark barracudas slid by like shadows, the cadence of his laughter, exactly his height in relation to hers.

The sound of the plane was louder.

There was of course nothing at all more that she had meant to write. She took the last sheet of the letter away from the typewriter, and read it over as fast as she could.

Tears in her eyes blurred the words a little. She dried them carefully, so they would not fall on the letter.

She signed it, put it into an envelope and sealed it. She brought it to her room for safekeeping until she could give it to him.

Then she went out on to the verandah to watch the seaplane landing in the harbor near the yacht. She looked along the shore. Rather far off, at a sufficient distance so they looked inconsequential little figures, she could see some people on horseback riding towards her.

FOR ten or fifteen minutes, Valentine had been having a difficult time keeping his temper. Luncheon had been amiable enough, at least no one mentioned Constance, or

questioned him as to the probable length of his stay.

It was Juliana who—quite innocently, he granted—precipitated the situation as they finished coffee, by saying that now she wanted to get off her riding clothes and go swimming.

Mary said it could not be done, always the wrong thing to say to Juliana, and then perhaps sounded a bit patronising in her discourse on barracuda.

Juliana laughed: "You people who live in the tropics are all the same about sharks, barracuda, whatever kind of eel it is that's supposed to stun you. Personally, I think it's a bit of conspiracy among you to make the calm blue sea seem a little thrilling." Her tone was such that she might as well have said directly: "To make your monotonous lives seem more exciting than they are."

Mary flushed and did not answer. Val, partly because it was the first thing that occurred to him, but probably more definitely because he was thinking of Constance, told them of the day the school of barracuda had followed "us" in.

"Us," Geneva repeated. "You mean you and the little communist? Did she address the fish to the effect 'we are all fellow workers' from force of habit?"

Philip Richardson laughed: "If we threw every labor agitator in America into a shark-infested sea, we'd be doing something for the country."

Val said: "Do you mean that?"

Everett Bradley said hastily: "Of course he didn't. You've lost your sense of humor down here, Val. It's time you came home."

Juliana intervened with: "I thought you weren't very eager for him to come home, you and Philip. I mean that you felt he needed a rest—" Too clearly not meaning that.

Natalie Bradley protested: "I'm sure dear Everett and Philip have used their best judgment since Val left, and that's all that can be expected of anyone."

"Miss Pritchard's much too pretty to be thrown to the sharks, isn't she, Val? I bet she'd had quite a career among the younger men in the labor movement. Did she ever tell you any of her adventures?"

Philip Richardson made no attempt to restrain his mirth. Geneva's laughter joined his after a minute.

Juliana said in an utterly quiet voice: "You two really ought to marry. You find the same things

amusing, which I've always heard is the best test. Haven't you ever thought of it?"

Mary looked puzzled at everyone's expression then. Well, she didn't know how many years Geneva had tried to marry Philip.

Val asked her: "Don't you think we may as well start back?"

Mary nodded, and went to give some directions to the boys who were packing the china and linen away in baskets. As soon as she was out of earshot, Juliana announced: "I have a short speech to make. To you all. Variant of the speech I made this morning, to the effect that I would not appreciate any pleasantries concerning Miss Constance Pritchard. As you know, Val and I have been happily married for almost fourteen years. I mean that we continue to be."

"Though you are all my friends, I should consider it unforgivable if you circulated stories when we got back home about Val and Miss Pritchard, out of any misunderstanding. We didn't want to tell you, but he came here knowing that she was to be here. Her doctor sent her down for a rest, I don't find it too remarkable that labor speakers have doctors, or nervous breakdowns either, like the rest of us."

"It was my suggestion that he meet her, and talk to her on a friendly, a social basis. I thought it would give us—Val and me—a better understanding of what these people are really after, a clearer ability to differentiate between the sense and nonsense in their demands. If we had that ability, we could run our mill without nearly as much labor trouble. Labor trouble is always expensive."

"Now, you know the whole mystery and I'm sorry if it's disappointing that there's nothing to make an amusing bit of gossip from, involved in it."

They walked in silence round the point to where the horses were tied. He helped her to mount. "Is there anywhere to go, Val, except straight back?"

"Yes, we can ride along the outer shore. It's a little more roundabout."

They walked the horses across the narrow peninsula, then cantered when they reached the sand on the outer beach.

"What did you think of my pretty story, Val?"

"Burning your boats, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Somewhat for your sake. Weren't you grateful?"



"In so far as you did it for my sake."

She pulled her horse down to a walk. He did also. They went along in silence. He was conscious that she was watching him from under her eyelashes.

"We'd better lead the horses round this next point. There are three or four inches of water, and stone underneath. The horses don't like it any too well."

She dismounted and they went round, the water running in above their ankles, the horses pulling back from the little waves.

"At low tide there's plenty of room to ride round farther out where it is sandy. But the tide's almost full now."

"Why are you making conversation, Val?"

"I wasn't particularly. There's a long stretch of good going now, then another point, and beyond that another beach with a palm grove. Fairly cool and shady. I thought we might sit there a while and talk."

A colored boy was fishing, casting a line into the sea where the sand shelved sharply. Otherwise the beach was deserted. The boy packed up his tackle when he saw them, and started to go away.

"Would you like some fresh coconut, Juliana? It's very thirst-quenching."

"All right."

He called to the boy, who went up the nearest palm like a monkey, and came down with a half dozen coconuts. Val opened them with his pen-knife. She watched him.

"I gave you that five Christmases ago, Val."

"It's a very good blade."

She drank the coconut milk with evident enjoyment. He looked at her. Her silk shirt was perspiration soaked. Her linen jodhpurs were crumpled. Her white riding hat was slightly askew on her short red curls. For once she didn't seem to care.

"Well, I know I'm not the well-groomed Mrs. Valentine Calvert at the moment."

"You look very cheerful, more gaminesque than in a long time."

"Actually, I'm not particularly cheerful. You're on the verge of taking a terrible toss, and involving me in it, too."

"About the last, I'm sorry."

"Look here, if you'll forget about it and come home, you can run your own mill as you choose, and there are other things. We could adopt a child, a boy."

"No use, Juliana. Once it might have been done."

"The first time you suggested it, I was furious because I thought you were reproaching me—"

"I never meant to reproach you."

"You are important to me, Val, even if I haven't always shown it—"

"What happens to you will always be important to me, in one sense."

"How important?" There was a new note in her voice.

"How can anyone tell?"

"If I jumped into the sea, would you come after me, regardless of barbacuda, for instance?"

He sat up straight. "No. There'd be nothing I could do."

Then she was running, and by the time he was on his feet, she was at the water's edge. She was over her head by the time he took his first step. She was swimming straight out. The weight of his boots caught at him when he began to swim, but in a stroke or two, he was used to that.

She laughed, turned and came toward him. He caught her shoulder. She gasped, "Let's not waste time quarrelling here. There's a bit of current. Come along ashore."

They could touch each other after a dozen more strokes. She was still laughing as they both waded out to shore. "It was hard on my jodhpurs boots, Val. But the rest of me will dry in a minute in the sun."

"You have never in your life been as near to having a beating as at this moment, Juliana."

"Yes, once when I was ten. Father didn't refrain, as I remember. Nevertheless, I proved what I meant to prove. Just now I mean."

"What?"

"That you don't wish I were dead. You could have been rid of me probably. I'd have gone straight on out."

He was shivering, for all the heat of sun on his wet shoulders.

"It's pretty near unanswerable, Val. I left cigarettes and matches where we were sitting. Very far-sighted woman."

"Juliana, do you realise what could have happened, not a dozen feet from shore?"

"You'd better wait for the moral lesson until you can keep your voice steady."

She lighted a cigarette. Then he saw her hands were shaking. "I always was a gambler, Val. Sometimes I've lost."

He lit a cigarette and went into the shade of the grove, to untie the horses.

Admiration, anger — well, he'd veered between those two emotions in respect to her before now. When

he brought the horses back, she was sitting in the sand, rubbing her hair dry.

"We'd better go along to the house and get you some of Mary's clothes, unless you have some more demonstrations this afternoon, or are prepared to make a little sense."

She said coolly, "I've made more sense than you admit. Let's be friendly. I'll get these people out of here to-morrow sometime, back to Florida. And, I won't give you a divorce, at least not now."

"I think you're wrong." But he was too let down to argue it.

"Maybe. Certainly, one of us is."

There was a humming in the air, rising quickly to the sound of motors beating. "Airplane, Val."

In a minute they could see it, beyond the point.

"It's going to land in the harbor."

"I'll be a pretty sight to join the welcoming committee. Well, it can't be helped."

"Will you let me talk sensibly for five minutes, Juliana?"

She mounted her horse, before he could help her. "All to-morrow morning, I'm suddenly as tired as if at the end of a long day's hunting. Truly, if a minnow had touched my skin in that water, I should have died of heart collapse. Let it go until to-morrow, will you?"

"All right."

When the plane landed, Constance went down the path to the wharf. They had sent the tender over from the yacht by the time she got there and the plane passengers were climbing into the tender. The sun was so bright on the water she could not see very well, until they were almost in-shore. Then there was Elizabeth's yellow head. Peter's dark good looks, a man she didn't recognise — that would be the pilot, of course — and Owen Thane. She didn't know whether she was glad to see him or not! At some vague future date, she had thought she might like to tell him what had happened to her. Not quite so immediately.

"Well," called Elizabeth, "here are the marines. I must say you don't look in need of them." The tender was docking. It wasn't necessary to answer. Elizabeth kissed her warmly. "Look what I've brought you, darling. Nice present?"

Peter said, "She means Owen, Constance, even if she sounds as one mentioning a box of chocolates." He bent and kissed her.

Owen said, "Hello, Constance." They shook hands.

Elizabeth wanted to know where Mary was.



"She took some people out for a picnic. You can see them on their way home now. But it will take them fifteen minutes or so to get here. Cyrus has been in the laboratory since dawn I think. At least he didn't come in for luncheon."

There was a little silence. Elizabeth began: "I've practically collapsed with curiosity—"

But Peter took his wife's arm. "As I remember, there was a screened porch at the house that was a good deal cooler than before. Come along."

Constance followed with Owen. His smile was as lazy as ever, his sandy hair as short-clipped. He was perhaps a little taller than Pat, or else his leanness made him seem so. She must not make comparison always or ever between any one of her acquaintances and Patrick!

"How do you like me disguised in whites, Constance?"

"Maybe that's what makes the difference. I don't, at the moment, feel that I know you very well."

"I doubt it's altogether the effect of white linens. Though wearing them does something to northerners usually. They feel they shed their responsibilities with their wool business suits."

"Do you feel like that?"

"You almost said, 'too,' Constance. Don't look surprised. I'm not uncanny concerning you. My perceptions are just sharpened by certain special emotions, which we won't go into now. You see, I've been analysing your S.O.S. to Elizabeth on the flight over. Therefore, who is he, why are you running away from him? Don't tell me unless you like. But Elizabeth is determined to know the last detail, so that she can better defend you, my dear."

"Valentine Calvert. I didn't know that's who he was until Mrs. Calvert appeared yesterday."

They were in sight of the house now. Elizabeth and Peter were already inside the verandah. She could see Elizabeth standing looking out at the view. She and Owen walked twenty steps in silence.

He said in a very flat voice, "I see." Then, "Would you mind telling me how serious—not that it's any business of mine."

She remembered abruptly those dreadful moments when she had known that illogically, stupidly—yet how bitterly—she was jealous of Juliana Calvert. She would spare him minutes like that if she could. So, it appeared she could not tell him everything either. Confession was

perhaps nearly always a selfish impulse.

Yet—to deny her love! That was simply childish. He was not her love, never would be her love. Might have been! That was all.

"Not serious, Owen. It could have been perhaps. But back working for Mikhail, I shan't remember him at all. It seems rather silly to have summoned Elizabeth. The fact is, his wife and the other people who turned up made me feel like something out of a zoo."

Owen looked at her. He didn't quite believe her—but he wanted to! "You'd like me to give this version to Elizabeth?"

"You'll do it better than I. I'll go change my dress, and Elizabeth will be pleased that nowadays I take so much interest in my appearance. There's just one other thing—I'd rather it was not mentioned that you have come for me. That is, except to Mary and Cyrus, of course. I—"

"Try again, Constance."

"I want to go away without saying 'good-bye.'"

"So that's how it is."

He held the verandah door open for her.

Peter and Elizabeth regarded them in silence. Owen said: "Run along, Constance." She could see Mary and her guests at the foot of the hill. But Val and Mrs. Calvert weren't with them.

She took a shower, and put on different clothes. When she was nearly dressed, Elizabeth came into the room.

"What a good time I've been having, Constance! I asked Mary in my most bored New York voice who all these people were, and after I'd told them I'd come to see my best friend, Miss Pritchard concentrated on being rude to the Lansing woman. I haven't been as glad in years that I'm the much-photographed Mrs. Peter Sturges."

"It was good of you to come, Elizabeth. I'm more grateful than I seem to be."

"Peter says you're more human than you ever were. He and Owen are afraid I'll insist on knowing every bit of everything. I shan't. When I saw Valentine Calvert and his wife, I understood all that mattered."

She put her hand on Constance's shoulder. "I'm sorry, though," and went right on. "The pilot says we can't fly out of that harbor after dark, and it's pretty late now. Also, Mary and Cyrus want us to stay over night. Will to-morrow morning do to go back? We'll make it dawn if you like. But I'm afraid I'll have to stay up all night and keep Peter up

to amuse me, because I can't get up early. You should learn the trick, Constance of talking very fast to get past things."

"I've learned a good bit lately."

"Shouldn't wonder. Can I have my bag brought in here? So lucky brought a dinner dress, and the Sturges pearls. Well, I generally travel equipped for what turns up. I'll spend the evening making Mrs. Lansing uncomfortable as possible. It'll be good for her. Any scores you want evened with Mrs. Calvert? I hate admitting she seems to be the best of the lot. She and her husband appeared soaking wet, said they'd gone swimming accidentally, and refused to make any further explanation. I can quite see about him. Still, Owen is very much more—Am I being the least use, darling?"

"Yes. You always are." It was true. Every moment that Elizabeth chattered increased in her the hope that everything would go on as before, that she would get over feeling that a void filled the centre of her days.

"I'll be back with dressing cases in a minute."

When she came back she searched Constance's wardrobe. "Wear the white lace. Beautiful—last appearance dress. A last appearance dress should always make one look angelic, but somewhat remote. Look here. Owen has something to tell you I didn't know about until just now. You'd better let him, as soon as you can get free, after dinner. No, I won't tell you first. However there's also this—"

She told her at some length of Owen's decision to go abroad. Constance was a little sorry. She would miss him! Yet it was probably just as well that he was going.

Mary said to Cyrus: "I've sent around in the hills to assemble a native orchestra. Just gourd and drums, but sufficient I hope to interfere with conversation. Luncheon was completely awful, and this evening could be worse. However Elizabeth promised me she would behave slightly better than on meeting Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Lansing and Mr. Richardson et al. Yet I must admit I enjoyed their discomfort. Why didn't she bother to be rude to Juliana Calvert?"

Her husband tied his dress tie. "Thank heaven, you let me wear soft shirts even for galas, Mary. Why, with Elizabeth and Juliana, like recognised like. You look very nice in that green dress."

She had had the green dress four years. He had admired it on all of its fifty wearings. She kissed him.



"You're so comfortable to be married too, Cyrus."

"You are, too. I wish you weren't so distressed about this situation."

"Constance gave me a letter for Pat. To be delivered after she's gone. She brought it in ten minutes ago when you were taking your shower. So that's the end."

You can't always tell about beginnings and endings. Neither of those two are quite what they were when they met.

With that dubious comfort she went out to receive her guests. It was already dark, and the young moon was risen over the sea. Constance and Val were alone on the verandah, standing close together. The night was so still that Mary could hear Constance's soft voice clearly.

"It is so beautiful, this minute, that if this minute were all we had—"

His voice repeating her words. "If this minute were all it would still be beautiful. But it is only a beginning."

Mary went on and left them standing there. In the patio, Elizabeth and her husband and Owen were waiting for her. In a minute they could all hear the motor of the tender bringing the rest of the guests ashore.

When she heard that sound, Constance put her hand through Val's arm. "There's one thing I want you to remember I said now, before this evening begins. Before we have supper and dance and are more polite than we have been, and carefully avoid any private conversation."

"What is it?"

"Once we knew, for all our separate beliefs, problems, responsibilities we knew most surely that we loved each other."

"Constance, please have faith that we'll modify the beliefs, solve the problems, deal with the responsibilities."

"I have faith even that we shall do all that." But not possibly together! She lifted her face for his kiss, and felt that her spirit was leaving her body. Grief, longing, despair were like the beating of dark wings about her head.

"You never kissed me like that."

"It was—it was good-bye for this evening."

He let her go. She felt at once calm and dully peaceful as she might feel when she was old. So it was all over.

The hours went by too quickly and too slowly. She danced with everyone, even with Philip Richardson

who talked civilly enough about West Indian history. In a pause between dances, while Mary had sherbet served, she talked with Juliana Calvert.

Afterward she thought it might conceivably be amusing to remember that she and Mrs. Valentine Calvert amicably discussed the possible strength of an American Labor Party in the 1940 elections.

The moon was vanished from the sky and the stars were already a little faded when the guests from the yacht finished saying their "good nights."

Elizabeth stood beside her with her arm linked in hers, and said "good night" to Valentine, and Owen and her own husband just as a matter of fact. She had mentioned before that she was sharing Constance's room.

As soon as she had closed the door she said, "Better change into your daytime clothes now. We've just over an hour. No, darling, you must not stare at that door as if you wanted to open it and go find him to have a proper 'good bye' after all. As I mentioned before, and you've forgotten, Owen has something fairly important to tell you. I said you'd meet him on the dock in twenty minutes from now. We're going out to the plane in the Rowleys' sail boat. Here's breakfast."

A maid brought in a tray.

"Drink some coffee, anyway, Constance."

Elizabeth ate an orange, and a piece of toast, between sentences. "The Rowleys will come to the dock to say 'good-bye.' Of course the sound of the plane warming up will wake everyone, but we'll be aboard then. Are you all right?"

"Yes. I'm all right now."

She put on her hat. Elizabeth said: "Purse, gloves, better take that white coat. It may be cool until the sun's well up. Peter and I will see you in a quarter of an hour."

Constance went down the path as fast as she could. There was just enough grey light to see her way. So many times she had hurried down this path in the sunlight to meet Patrick—

Owen stood up when she drew near.

The headlands, the yacht, the outline of the plane, blurred shapes in the first dawn, vague as the outlines of a dream.

"Put on your coat, Constance. The stones are damp."

"Yes." She sat beside him on the worn stone seat, suddenly glad of his friendly presence.

"There's no way to tell you this except brutally, and as fast as possible. Mikhail isn't taking you back."

She simply could not comprehend the words. He went on talking. He was explicit, impersonal. When she finally understood she said her first clear thought. "So I can't go back to what I was either." Then, "What shall I do?"

"Go to Paris with me, I hope." She stared at him. The light was brightening so that she could see his face, but he was trying to keep his face inexpressive.

"You are quite sure you don't love me, Constance. I realise that. Also that marriage, a degree of security, a reasonably amusing life, don't interest you at all at this exact instant of a tropic dawn. You see in front of you this island that has been your world for a fortnight or a little more. Yet you may never see this vista that seems so familiar again in the long time that you are likely to live."

"I know that."

"You don't know yet that very much remains. Almost the whole world."

He took her hand. She let it rest in his lightly. Then she noticed that his hand was trembling and somehow that touched her, broke through the sense of loneliness. She grasped his hand firmly. "Don't, Owen. Don't be unhappy."

"I don't want to be unhappy, dearest, unless you're determined. We could be good companions from the very beginning. We could enjoy doing things together, and even be useful citizens in an unpretentious manner."

The dawn was very bright now. "Owen, you really want this don't you? You aren't just being sorry for me?"

"Constance, don't be a little idiot forever. I've wanted it long enough, haven't I?"

Her laughter was uncertain, but he thought it the pleasantest sound he had ever heard. "I seem to begin to want it. Perhaps I shall more, day by day. Do you think possibly I shall?"

He put his arms around her instead of answering.

Elizabeth and Peter were far enough down the hillpath to see the wharf.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "I managed it after all."

Her husband laughed. "With certain adventitious aids, my dear."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.